

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JUNE, 1909



HOME PUBLISHING Co., WINNIPEG.

Some Facts You Ought to Know about Baking Powder

What Baking Powder Does

It is a convenient leavening mixture which gives to cakes, biscuits, etc., their light, spongy quality, much as yeast does with bread, only more quickly and with greater certainty of action. Without a leavening agent all bread and cake would be like the "unleavened bread" of Scripture, a hard, tough, solid mass, unattractive and difficult to eat and digest.

How It Works

If you let a few drops of water fall on a spoonful of baking powder, it will at once begin to fizz or effervesce, giving off little bubbles. This is pretty much what happens when the moisture in your cake batter comes in contact with the baking powder. Thousands of little gas bubbles puff up and separate all the tiny particles of batter, and make the cake "light" and digestible.

Three Classes of Baking Powder

All the different brands offered for sale may be divided into three general groups as follows:

(a). American Trust Powders

These are made in the States and are now little used in Canada. They are high-priced, because they have to pay a heavy duty to come into this country, and because they are controlled by a "trust" which works to keep up the price.

(b). Cheaply Made, Unreliable Powders

Although the price to you is about the same (25c. a pound) for all baking powders, there are vast differences in their real value and in their actual cost of manufacture. The great majority of them are put up as cheaply as possible, the idea being to try to induce the dealer to push them for the sake of the exorbitant profit, in place of some more reliable but less profitable brand.

Such powders are generally made of very inferior ingredients, thrown together without any proper inspection.



Pure and Wholesome

(b) Continued

The natural result is that impurities creep in, and set up chemical reaction in the powder, reducing the strength, causing wide variations in quality, and even injuring the quality of food made with them.

Of course any powder sold at less than 25c. a pound must of necessity be of very inferior quality.

(c). Reliable Baking Powder

Careful laboratory tests indicate that Blue Ribbon Baking Powder is practically in a class by itself. It has a greater Rising Strength than the trust powders, and leaves no harmful residue in the food. It sells at the standard price of 25c. a pound, but is manufactured very differently from the cheaply made powders mentioned above.

High Grade Ingredients Used

The ingredients used in making Blue Ribbon Baking Powder are not only Absolutely Pure, but are of the very Highest Grade—which means much more.

Such ingredients cost more, of course, but they are worth it, because they are entirely free from all impurities, and, as already explained, it is these impurities that make much of the trouble with ordinary powders.

All Ingredients Tested

As a further precaution, every ingredient is carefully tested, and if not up to our high standard, is rejected.

Lastly, all the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated with each other in just the right proportions.

Every Spoonful the Same

The result of this exceeding carefulness is that every spoonful in every can of Blue Ribbon Baking Powder is **exactly** the same Strength and Quality. It cannot fail to work strongly and evenly. There is no guessing. Your mind may be perfectly easy so far as the baking powder is concerned.

A Boon to Young Cooks

Young cooks will be saved untold worry, disappointment and loss of time and good materials if they use Blue Ribbon Baking Powder right from the start, instead of trying to get along with ordinary kinds.

No Extra Price

Although Blue Ribbon costs more to manufacture than most other kinds, it costs you no more—25c. a pound. Our advantage comes from the largely increasing sales.

Ask for Blue Ribbon when Ordering

When ordering baking powder, don't simply ask for "a pound of baking powder." Ask for Blue Ribbon. We have shown you why it will pay you to do so.

A Professional Chef's Opinion

I have used many kinds of Baking Powder in the course of my long career as chef, but have no hesitation in saying that I consider Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, which I have used while in Winnipeg, one of the very best and most satisfactory. In fact it gives better results than powders selling at twice the price.

PROF. JOSEPH BECKER, A.C.,
Winnipeg, April 21st, 1906.

What Women Say

Will Have No Other

I have been using the Blue Ribbon goods ever since I was married, and I will have no other Tea or Baking Powder if I can possibly help it.

MRS. G. H. ———, Hazel Ridge, Man.

Cheapest in the End

I use nothing else but Blue Ribbon goods, and would use no other, as I think they are the best and cheapest in the end.

MRS. C. E. P ———, Snowflake, Man.

Has Good Results

I am very pleased with your goods, especially Blue Ribbon Tea and Baking Powder. I have as good results as with powder costing as much more.

MRS. W. J. B ———, Melita, Man.

NOTE.—The originals of these entirely unsolicited letters are on file in our office.

Blue Ribbon
LIMITED

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

VOL. X. No. 6

JUNE, 1909.

Why the Hot Sulphur Mail was late.

A STORY FOR EVERYBODY.

BERTHOUD PASS is a mighty pass. It is the crest of a solid wave of granite two miles high, just at timber-line. Berthoud is a vertebra in the backbone of the continent. It is the gigantic aerial gateway to Middle Park, Colorado—a park one-fifth as large as all England. The mail for this empire is carried by one man, my friend Sullivan.

On Berthoud is a pebble. One summer a raindrop fell on that pebble, splashed in two, and each half rolled away; one down the Platte-Missouri-Mississippi, the longest river on the globe, to the Atlantic; the other down the Fraser, along the Grand, through the greatest of gorges, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where the stars shine by day, into the Pacific. Then from the two oceans the nebulized half-drops arose, sun-drawn, miles into the zen-

About them, in long, wavering lines and tiny whirls, the gritty snow blows like sugar. Shrub-like, the tops of pines bend under beards of alabaster moss, their trunks buried for seventy feet. Airy crystals float as on Polar fairies' breath; the sunlight is alive with blue sparkles; the twig splitting in the cold sends a puff of frosty feathers; in the gale white shot-sings in level volleys. Nature on Berthoud in winter is not dead, but alive. She is congealed into a new life. The very air seems to snap. A mist, frozen to a transparent blue, quivers with its own chill. Water is not ice but glass. When the black, solid lakes burst and shatter in the awful cold, ice splinters fly like slivers of white-hot iron. Ice powder, hard, dry, and sharp, grinds the web snow-shoes like steel filings. On Berthoud at night the stars are near; they silently crackle and spit colors like electric sparks.

In the valley the morning star paled as if frozen and with a spiteful snap winked out. The line of sunlight, half-way down the Pass, met Sullivan, half-way up. The blue-gray cold melted to a flood of Heaven's

his hands. Icicles hung from his eyelashes, yet his cheeks were burning. His nose was a blister, though his face was veiled as heavily as milady's on an escapade. In the sun the snow was mush; in the shadow it was marble. Such is light and shade on the southeastern snowbanks at timber-line. No wind. And the air was thin. Silence. The only sound was the carrier's labored breath, and the sock-rasp-splash of the shoes. And Sullivan came to the summit—and the shadow. There the mercury falls a degree in a minute when the sun goes down. A hundred and four at noon, an inch at dawn. The ground is frozen for five-hundred and forty feet. Such is the summer summit.

But this was winter. Up the south gorge like the burst of a volcano, so cold that the smoke was snow-dust, roared the storm. Sullivan saw it—looked with the indifferent interest of long experience, and put on his short fur coat. As he re-tied his snow-shoes he looked back—and down. Below him lay the west fork of Clear Creek, green in the coming spring. He stood on the rampart of

livan whirled, his back to the flinty sleet, and the storm fell upon his sack. But no snow-storm can stop the United States mail. With a belly-jerk Sullivan wrenched a breath from the torrent. "Quite a Colorado zephyr," he yelled, but could not hear himself. There was almost perfect silence around him, because he could hear nothing—only a leaden roar. No slush there; the surface was sand-paper. Zip-zip-zip, with his head low, Sullivan butted down the gulch. Then it eased up. The wind dropped to a mile a minute and it cleared greatly. Sullivan could see ten feet ahead. Easier now, he loped over the crust, down, down, down, leaving no track; not even a whiff of snow was blown from the trail. The snow was hard, sharp, and glittered in the white night as the surface of broken steel. A blast of snow-sand caught the flying carrier full in the face. The ground ice cut like powdered glass shot from a battery. Sullivan, his arms before his head, ran into and leaned against a cracking pine like a guilty child.



"Sullivan began to climb."

ith, and rode the winds straight back to Berthoud Pass. There they united and crystallized into a snowflake. And then came the cold. Far above the Pass, the frosted spirit hung in Damoclean deadliness over a creeping speck below—Sullivan, the mail carrier. The rising sun glorified the snowflake; but away down in Clear Creek Cañon, where other waters gurgled and strangled under the ice, it was still a blue dark. Sullivan and the sun began to climb. The morning light started down Berthoud just as Sullivan started up. The snowflake watched the crawling atom, then blew across the Pass, and from all along the Range gathered unto itself the storm. On Berthoud was all the power of the Arctic. But the intelligent dot climbed on.

Eleven months of the year there is snow on Berthoud; only in June are the flowers safe. Even then, in shades that the sun cannot search—packed by the centuries—is snow that fell on the rocks before they were cold. How black, how sharp the shadows are in the heights—and how cold! In them for ages has lurked ice from the glaciers of the North. Silent Christmas finds Berthoud hung with avalanches. At Easter they come to life, and, leaning over the valleys, are so exquisitely held that they are launched even by an echo touch.

own warmth. It will be warmer soon, then hot, then blistering on the snow. Sullivan stopped to rest, panting steam; pulled off his coat and put on his veil.

To climb Berthoud in winter is the work of a man. It is too much for an engine. The man was at his work. Slowly up the east side, around the Big Bend, up to the now deserted mail barn, labored the mail carrier. The summit was a mile farther on and a quarter of a mile farther up. No arranged postal car, warm, light, and convenient, was the lot of Sullivan. The car was on his back, a bag of mail. Contrary to regulations, devised by easy-chair postal officials in far-off Washington, the papers and packages had to be left over at Empire. Only the letters went over.

"They'll keep," said the Empire postmaster, a man of vast common-sense, as he tore a chew off Sullivan's plug. Then he and Sullivan hid the bag of "second-class" under the hay in the manger of the mail team until the thaw was over. So Sullivan traveled light—only sixty-four pounds on his back and twenty pounds of wet snow on each web snow-shoe a foot beneath the surface.

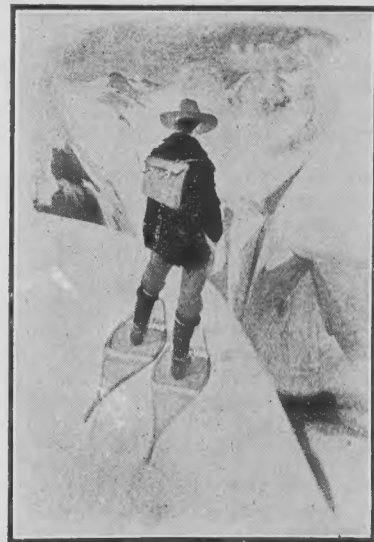
By the bleak station labored Sullivan. "Only zero! Hot. Wheew-w!" gasped the carrier as he wiped the sweat from his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. Sullivan meant it. Twelve feet of frigid white was between him and the earth; in the shadows the mercury was solid in the split tubes, yet in the sunlight the surface was slush. Sullivan was in his shirt-sleeves with fur mittens on

winter. On either side towered pinacles of storm-eaten rock, bleak as the poles themselves. From their tops white powder gleamed in the wind like crests, and floured down on the pigmy at their feet. The carrier was taking a swift, silent goodbye to the infant summer. Straight to the south flamed the sun, so low in the clear sky that Sullivan, standing on Berthoud, felt that it was below him, that he stood alone on the tip of the universe. Behind him the swirling heavens were murky. The world was black, white, and thin blue—silent, motionless, and cold.

But the cold was creeping for Sullivan's heart, and he swung his arms. "Good for the legs," he remarked to a stump that in summer was a dead pine tree. "Track looks like a hobbled elephant. Well, here goes." And down into the gorge went Sullivan. The gale had started in Alaska and swept two-thirds of a continent to the southeast. In Montana it had torn the anemometer, the official whirligig, from the signal station, but had left the register; and the needle pointed to eighty-five miles an hour. It was stronger now. Caught by the wide mouth of the south fork of the Fraser and jammed into the rocky defile, the white fiend roared straight into the air and doubled back on its track. Into this walked Sullivan. A single snowflake, sharp as a bunch of needle-points, struck his forehead, but glanced away into the white tempest. Snow-sand cut his veil. Instantly his breath was sucked from his lungs and sent twenty-thousand feet—four miles above the sea. Sul-

Important Notice to Our Readers

As announced in our last issue, after September 1st, 1909, we are increasing the subscription price of the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to 75 cents a year. Our subscribers, however, will get good value for the extra twenty-five cents. At the present time, we are publishing for 50 cents a magazine which is as good as any dollar publication on the Continent, but it is our intention to keep on adding new features and in every way catering to the taste of our readers so that by September the Western Home Monthly at 75 cents will be the equal of any \$1.50 magazine obtainable anywhere. We would draw attention to the fact that up to August 31st, 1909, our usual subscription rate of one year for 50 cents or three years for \$1.00 will hold good, thus a little foresight will make \$1.00 now go further than \$2.00 next year.



"He Stood on the Rampart of the Winter."

The pine straightened with a snap, quivering as if tired: Sullivan lowered his arms; all was still, quiet, pleasant. The snow was smiling, the sun was shining; there was no wind.

"Lovely, ain't it? Snowslide gone off wrong end up," said a voice.

Sullivan jumped. A quick sweep of the near distance showed nothing human but himself. "Did I say that?" he muttered. "This bucking snow is about as good on a man's savey as herding sheep. I'll be as locoed as a swelled-neck buck if I keep this up. Hello!"

"Howdy?" answered the voice, while from under a sheltering ledge, crusted over but filled soft and dry with icy down as if banked from a feather-bed, a sheeted figure appeared and shook itself. It fairly rattled.

"Nice little blow, wasn't it? I had an idea that I was the only pack animal of the long-eared breed on the Range; but I see I have company, baggage and all. Glad to see you, though. By the way, sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for those shoes and that coat; also any spare change you've got, your ticker, and that mail-bag. Now don't go off half-cocked and empty, or we'll have trouble."

He of the voice had leveled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow; at the mail carrier. Sullivan was not startled; what was the use?

But he was annoyed — this lacked mountain courtesy. Then he grinned. "Not this trip, pardner. Your artillery's as full of snow as the Arctic Circle, while this instrument I have—"

Flame, smoke, and steam exploded between the two men. As it floated upward, he of the voice was bent



"He of the voice had leveled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow, at the Mail Carrier."

double, squeezing his right hand between his knees. Blood was dripping over his felt boots and overshoes. An exploded six-shooter rang on the ice twenty feet away.

"I told you you'd have fireworks if you turned that ice-jam loose. No wonder she bu'sted. What'd you expect? You're too experienced a man by the looks of you to throw such a kid trick as that. Thought I wasn't heeled, hey, and thought you'd work a bluff on me, did you? Goin' to spear me on an icicle! Now, you fool!" Sullivan's tone became a dry metallic—"you wiggle a hair and I'll kill you. My gun has not been out all winter. It's ready for business. Just off the hip; hot as buckwheat. Now don't do the stage-eye act on me, nor try any football dives—and leave that sticker of yours alone. You might cut somebody with it. No, straighten up now, and turn your back. See here! Are you going to do as I tell you, or shall I fix your hide so that they'll tan it for chair bottoms? Jump lively now, or I'll fill you so full of lead that you'll assay for Leadville ore, and it'll take the coroner's jury twenty-four hours to count the holes. Still I don't want to kill you; it's a dirt job, and I would rather walk you into town than haul you there on my back. Oh, don't go frothing now and sass me back like that. Of course I'm festive. Who wouldn't be, with a five-thousand dollar winner—hold on there!—five-thousand dollar gold mine; as I was a-sayin', in your own self as a standing reward for Black Jack. N-no, my dear sir! A single jump into my latitude and I'll plug you. Post-office robber, hugh? And gathered in by Uncle Samuel himself in the person of your humble striker! Lord! I ain't talked so much since speech-makin' over good luck come into fashion. Oh yes, I know you. No; it ain't no lie either. I have your circular description here in my pocket, right next my heart, to tack up in ev'ry mail window between Empire and Hot Sulphur. You're wanted, wanted bad; five thousand dollars' worth of bad, too; and I've got you—and incidentally I intend to keep you. Now drop that cleaver of your'n and shinny on down the trail there, or you'll have trouble—"

A mile above a concussion jolted the cliff: a terrific echo to the pistol-

shot. Down came the slide—gently at first—so far away it seemed only as wide as one's hand. In an instant the snow shot from under the two men. The enemies fell flat. A mile of snow, bristling hair-like with root-torn pines, thundered down the slope. Sullivan and Black Jack, forgetful of each other, were tossed whirling in the air, and fell back into the grinding chaos. Yet the piece of ice on which they lay was thick and solid, laced and interlaced with tough brushwood frozen in. This woven acre rode the avalanche like a sled.

As hour later a mountain lion sneaked over the wreck. A hill of snow, ice, broken stone, and splintered logs dammed the gulch. Away to the top of the Range the track of the slide lay like a scald. Miles away, high in the air, a cloud of white dust was floating. All nature was hushed as if frightened. A screeching eagle went flapping far away. From under the ruin a wolf howled dismally; then weaker and weaker—a piteous whine—silence. Berthoud had struck a terrible blow: and humanity—where were the men? The panther was hunting; his nose had found them, but not his jaws. Settling himself he dug. As the famished brute raked a log to one side with his gaunt paw, he heard a groan within an inch of his ear. Whirling he flashed up the mountain side a streak of yellow. But his work was done. From the shallow hole Sullivan appeared, chalk white, his face a ghastly blue. He struggled carefully, then desperately, to free himself; but when he stopped exhausted, only his head and shoulders appeared above the snow.

"Pinned down—dead—my last trip—and yet not hurt. Freeze like a cockroach in the ice-house. Cool, my boy, cool—keep cool. Don't lose your head—don't get rattled, or your a dead man. Now's when you need all your brain. Keep cool—though you'll be cool enough all too soon."

Sullivan's head disappeared in the panther-dug hole. Slowly the end of a small log ten feet away rose into the air and fell aside. Up straightened the grizzly head of Black Jack, one side daubed with a red slush.

"Well—I—be—damned! This don't look much like hell: still it's a pretty good imitation," growled the desperado as he gazed around on the confusion. He noticed the straining mail-sack. Black Jack waited patiently until the carrier's haggard face again came above the rim. The two looked into each other's eyes.

"Hurt?" asked Sullivan.

"I don't think so. Both feet fast. How's yourself?"

"One leg in a vise—can't move it. What'd you think?"

"We're done for."

"Guess you're right. How's the snow round you?"

"None 't all—all ice. Solid."

"Hold still. I've got one foot a little loose," exclaimed Sullivan as he stamped on a log far below.

"Same log," said the thief, "got us both."

Nothing more was said. They went to work. The carrier unslung the mail-sack and laid it carefully aside. For an hour both men strained, pulled, twisted, and dug with bare fingers until the purple ends were raw. Human fingers are not panther claws. Both men were packed tight up to their armpits in solid snow. Four feet below the surface of the ruin their legs were fast between two parallel logs as in a steel trap. An inch closer and their ankles would have cracked like pipe-stems; an inch wider and the men would have been free. They were not hurt; merely held. Berthoud had been kind only to be cruel.

"No use," panted Sullivan; "my trail ends here."

"Mine don't. I wish it did," answered Black Jack. The hard tone was gone, the voice was almost gentle. "Hell's ahead of me. You're an honest man, my friend, and have nothin' to fear from death; while I—"

and there was a silence for many minutes. "Many's the time I've faced it, but not when I had to think it over—

like this," he continued as if to himself.

Then they waited. A camp-robber came like the blue angel of death, and scolded within a yard, mocking them. "Lucky jay, you've got what I'd give the world for," mused Black Jack. Sullivan said nothing. He was thinking of a little log-cabin at Hot Sulphur; of an old, white-haired lady who at that moment he knew was rocking contentedly before the open fire in the hot stone fireplace. The carrier was brave; he did not want to die. Life held so much for him to live and to work; yet he waited calmly, his brain as cold as his freezing foot. At intervals the men struggled, wrenched their muscles, with no hope of getting out, but to keep warm. The thirst-fever that comes from pain dried the carrier's tongue. He longed for water. A mouthful of snow burned like hot cinders. He spat it out and pressed the rigid jaw with stiff, bare hands to warm the aching teeth. He looked about for water. Fifty feet up the mountain, in the lee of a boulder, was a spring; but it was frozen solid and banked with snow. The breeze was gently keen. Sullivan's clothes grew cold; he felt nude and shrank from them; his skin became small and tight, smarting as if blistered. A chill shook him. Blunt pains worked along the bones and met in the joints. Each particular finger and toe seemed about to burst; his scalp stiffened; his chin was numb. The cold was gnawing between his shoulders, was biting for his heart. Only the wedged foot was warm, strangely warm. Webs of spidery ice floated in the cheerful sunlight and vanished. Flashing wrigglers swarmed before the man's eyes and disappeared—only to come again.



"We're Done For."

Sullivan was freezing. Away into the sky loomed Berthoud, hoary with icy ermine and wrapped in fleecy clouds. To Sullivan's hopeless eyes the wreathing veil seemed smoke and steam, curiously warm. He shuddered, locked his rattling jaws, and grimly faced the end.

Up on the summit the clouds were of gold; the very top was red. In oblivious majesty rose the Pass; but over and about the two heads sticking from the snow a single snowflake, flashing, dazzling, glittering, was wafted like a dancing diamond. It tickled Sullivan's face then tumbled into the air a very ecstasy of whirls. The man's head drooped, drooped, dipped, jerked back, drooped again, and hung pendulously. Sullivan was asleep, warm and comfortable. With a dull yell of pain he awoke. Black Jack had hit him in the ear with a snowball.

"Hang on, friend. Keep a-scrapin'. Don't give up," were the rough words of cheer.

The carrier knotted his muscles, shook off the torpor as if it were the cold coils of a cold snake, and rubbed his burning ear.

"What's the use? We'll both be stiff in three hours. Might as well have it over with," replied Sullivan as if speaking of a card game.

Aroused, he freed his feet of the

webs and forced some feeling into the imprisoned one. From his pocket he took his lunch, until now forgotten, and silently tossed half to his fellow prisoner. The camp-robber darted on a piece of meat in the air, and flew squeaking to a limb. Black Jack swore at the bird in profane amusement. Sullivan redivided his piece of pork and threw it over. The robber protested, raked it in, and tossed it back. Sullivan ate his own share, but this piece of meat he put back into his pocket.

Black Jack looked at him. "Say, pardner, you're a man." The fires of life rekindled, flew up anew in the desperado.

"I will get loose," he snarled with set teeth as he tore frightfully at the snow packed around his waist.

"Try this; my hands are too stiff to use it," said Sullivan, as he threw his watch to Black Jack.

"Ah, a regular snow-plow," grunted the other as he sprung open the lid with his teeth and began to scrape. "Sa-ay!"—the yell rang up the Pass—"here's my knife."

Buried tight in the snow was the knife—life itself—within easy reach, yet frozen fast. Sullivan did not answer, but waited. Just then Black Jack's hands dropped the watch. It vanished along his leg into the black hole that held him, and then faintly clinked on a stone under the log-jam. With a curse the lifelong criminal clawed viciously in the snow with scarlet fingers. Ten minutes of bloody scratching cleared the handle and hilt of the heavy bowie; and Black Jack's head and shoulders arose triumphant, his gory right hand flourishing the priceless steel. The light from that blade flashing to the very top of Berthoud. Sullivan writhed to keep warm.

The shadows were growing longer now. Another two hours the sun would be down, and their lives would go out like candles. Black Jack ripped, jabbed, strained, and from his burrow hurled ice, snow, and splintered wood. Iron against water, with men for stakes. In thirty minutes he was free all but his feet. Both ankles were held between two logs: one thick as his waist, the other a mere pole. Hack, slice, split. In five minutes more Black Jack, sweating and breathless, crawled painfully from the hole. He tried to stand, but tottered and fell as if on stilts. He rubbed, he pounded, he rolled and twisted his numbed calves and feet: the thick, black blood turned bright and throbed again. Black Jack stood erect, danced sorely, and except for his skinless fingers and a scalp wound, now stanch with a frozen plaster of bloody hair, he was as well as ever. The bruised shoulder was unheeded. A lusterless snowflake dropped weakly at the man's feet. He stepped on it as he picked up the knife and clambered over the snow and logs to the carrier.

Black Jack looked at Sullivan, and Sullivan looked at Black Jack. Sullivan's lips were without motion, but in his eyes was the look of a paw-fast grizzly. The desperado seated himself on a broken spruce branch not six feet from Sullivan, rested his hands on his knees, and thought. He stared at the carrier. Here was a man whom two hours before he had tried to kill; who in turn stood ready to kill him; who had even started him at the muzzle of his six-shooter on that short, sure road to living death—the penitentiary for life. Leave him there—why not? No crime: he had not put him there. What if it were a crime? Who would know? And what if they did? In the spring—perhaps not for years—they would find the skeleton, and fleshless jaws say little. Dig him out—then what? Was it not to set free a messenger sure to start all the machinery of the law to land the rescuer in a cage—a cage where nothing could come but insanity and death? Had he not escaped entirely by his own efforts? The watch! But the other's hands had been—still were—too cold to use it, so it could have done him no good. Black Jack thought these things, seated on the log-end in the snowslide that frigid February

(Continued on Page 64.)

MANDY'S LUCK

(A STORY FOR LOVERS.)



I was not altogether a question of beauty, perhaps, that made "Lish" Thomas hesitate before choosing between Mollie Stivers and Mandy Johnson; there was also the question of utility. Here, too, a

difficulty presented itself; for both were equally skilled in hoeing and in picking cotton.

They were of about the same age; and both possessed the same degree of beauty—of its kind. In figure, each was everything to be desired—tall, lithe, muscular. Mandy's foot was slightly larger than her rival's; and it was also wider, more mashed-down, and covered a larger area of soil. Mandy had a slight advantage in complexion, for, just below the lustrous eyes, where the cheek-bone rises highest, there was a suggestion of nut-brownness, while Mollie's face was one long, broad, Arctic-winter night.

One day, after dinner, as the red-faced overseer sat on his front porch, placidly smoking his pipe and surveying the broad acres of cotton surrounding him, Lish shuffled up the walk and approached the plantation White House; he stood before the overseer, and made his request, his hat in hand.

"Well, if that don't beat all, Lish! Maria, come out here!" called Mr. Peters. He leaned back in his chair and looked toward the room behind him, whence childish yells were issuing.

A fat, middle-aged matron came to the door, with a switch in hand, closely followed by a light-haired urchin with tear-stained face. On reaching the door, the young hopeful sped swiftly away into the backyard.

"Here's Lish," said her husband.

The woman, dropping her switch, came out upon the porch.

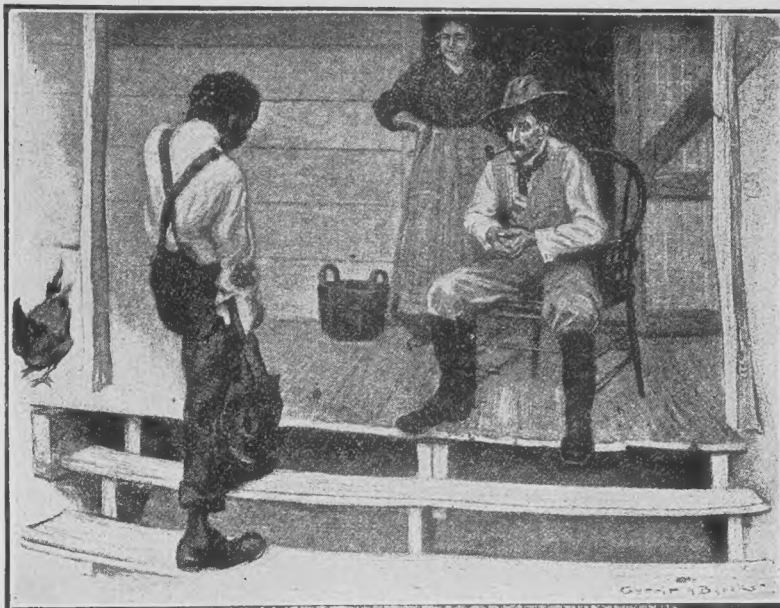
"Well, Lish?" she inquired.

"Lish wants me to get him a license to get married; but it's Mollie Stivers, he says."

"Well, I do think, Lish!" exclaimed Mrs. Peters, with an inflection that meant she was outdone.

Lish hung his head in silence. He had done something amiss, he perceived, and he was ready to admit his guilt, though by no means acquainted with the nature of it.

"Well, well," said the overseer, 'that's too bad! Tobe told us you were going to marry Mandy' and, as Phoebe has left, my wife hired Mandy to cook for us and put her in the corner cabin. We thought you'd live



"Well, if that don't beat all, Lish! Maria, come out here!"

there, too, and be near your land, and not have to walk so far every day from your daddy's cabin."

"Mandy won't stay 'long there by herself," cried the woman; "she'll leave; and she's the only good cook on the plantation."

"Maybe she'll get another husband," suggested Mr. Peters. "I'm sorry, though, it's not Lish, because the cabin's right near his land. However, it can't be helped."

"Jes' wait," said Lish, shifting his weight from one leg to the other and keeping his eyes on the ground. Over his mind was slowly creeping the recollection of how Mandy had called to him the day before when he was plodding homeward, with mule and plow, to his father's cabin two miles away. She had wished to tell him of her good fortune, he supposed; but he had not gone to her.

"We don't want to interfere with your love-affairs, Lish," said Mr. Peters, laughing. "I'm going to town tomorrow, and I can get the license for you and Mollie."

"Jes' wait," repeated Lish, getting back to the other leg again.

"If you've asked Mollie," interposed Mrs. Peters, "it's too late to wait. Have you asked her?"

"Kinder," admitted Lish, putting one hand under his head, just behind his ear, and still looking at the ground. "I can fix it," he added, suddenly looking up.

The overseer and his wife exchanged glances. Over the man's face an expression of infinite amusement was playing; but the woman said: "Lish, if you've promised to marry Mollie, you must do it. She's a good girl, I am sure."

"Yes'm," answered the young negro, and he moved slowly away.

"Lish," called the overseer, "let me know if you want a license—and who for," he added with a laugh. "And say," he continued, more seriously, "I want you to get through with this marrying business, and finish scraping that cotton before the crabgrass gets the start of you."

It was nearly dark on the following afternoon when Lish Thomas reached Poss Stiver's cabin. The dogs announced his arrival as he came up and stood outside the fence. A large yellow hound rushed furiously down the path leading from the cabin to the rail-fence, but stopped barking when he saw who it was. The pups ran farther, on through the fence, and solicited attention, but received none at Lish's hands. Old man Stivers poked his head out of the cabin door.

"Dar's Lish ergin," said he. Mollie rose from the table and stood in the doorway. She was gowned in a manner that was simplicity itself. The

huge bite of corn-bread she had just taken interfered with free utterance, but, after some manipulation, she was able to say, "Hi, Lish!"

"Come here," said he, mounting the fence. He then leaped down inside, and moved toward a log lying off the path in the weeds.

"Nar," demurred Mollie, "I ain't goin' in no dew in my bar feet. What you want?"

She stepped from the porch to the cypress log which comprised the front steps, and then to the ground. Walking down the path, she leaned against a stump and Lish came up.

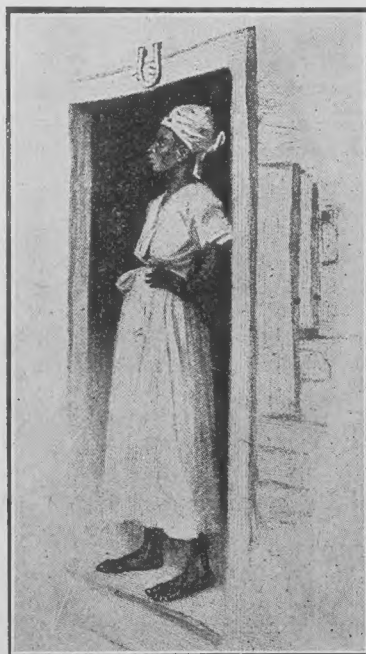
"I ain't done eatin'." "Ef you jes' come projeckin'—!" She paused when she observed Lish more closely. He stood before her, slouched over on one leg, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Something weighty, she saw, was in his mind.

"You see, it's jes this-er-way, Mollie: I've done all I could; it ain't no fault o' mine. When a man's done all he could, an' can't do what he hankers to do, he got to do what he kin." He paused and scratched his head.

"What you aimin' to say, Lish?"

"I'se aimin' to say this. I done all I could. I been carryin' on wid you an' Mandy Johnson, but I didn't ax Mandy. I ax you. Why'd I ax you? 'Caze I wanted you more'n I wanted Mandy." He paused again and looked up for approval.

"Er, huh!" said Mollie. She now



"Nar," demurred Mollie, "What you want?"

saw that something important was brewing.

"Er, huh," repeated Lish. "I done all I could. But them white folks, they didn't do right. They oughter axed me who I want to marry. They oughter said, 'Lish, what 'oman you want?' They should have disgivered t'at fact afore they let out the corner cabin. 'Stid o' which, Mr. Peters he lopes hisself off to town an' fetches back here a license for Mandy. Then he say to me, he say, 'Lish, you go marry Mandy. You go scrape that cotton afore the crabgrass choke him up. You go marry Mandy,' he say; darn quick," he say. 'An' ef you don't,' he say, 'I's gwine to cut me a lickery pole an'—'"

"Lish is sich a fool," Mollie explained afterwards, "Mandy was more'n welcome. He told me the beatenest lie."

June.

June is the time when all the wild things come a peeping in the grass,
When the buttercups and daisies bob and curtsy as you pass;
Such a flushing, such a blushing of the roses, pink and red,
Such a stirring, such a whirring of wee bird-wings overhead,
Such a tilting, such a tilting of the honny bob-o-link—
Oh! the June days are the joy days of the whole glad year, methinks.

June's the time when all the children come a-dancing out of school
Out to find the wild strawberries and the fishes in the pool;
Such a tripping, such a skipping, such a rush of eager feet,
Such a sounding and resounding of gay voices, clear and sweet—
Ah! 'tis you wee lads and lassies, with bright faces all aglow,
Make the June days just the joy-days of the whole glad year, I know.

Children's Hymn.

Help us to live! Lord Jesus!
That our days
May be bright and loving tokens
To thy praise.
Give to each thy Holy Spirit
From above;
Fill our longing hearts with rapture
And with love.
Be with us amidst earth's sorrow
And its strife;
Be our dearest friend and helper
All our life.
And when Jordan's mighty river
Near us rolls;
Speak the word of peace and comfort
To our Souls
Till at last within the kingdom!
Safe at Home!
We shall never from thy presence
Have to roam!
Give thy heart to Jesus
From thy earliest days;
Let his Holy Spirit
Guide in wisdom's ways.
He will keep thee ever
Through life's toil and strife;
Faithful to his promise,
Give Eternal Life!
Come, then, to the Saviour,
Do not longer stay!
Hear him gently pleading,
And no more delay.
In his glorious kingdom
You shall rest in peace,
When—Life's journey ended—
All your wanderings cease.

WINNIPEG

—CHAS. D. POWELL

Grandmother.

She sits beside the window wide,
In wooden rocking chair,
Through cap of lace I well can trace
The snowy waves of hair.
So white it shows, so warm it glows,
As sunbeams softly pour
Through the window pane and try in vain
To make it gold once more.
I love her eyes—dim, yet so wise:
And ah, so quick to see
The pitfalls deep, the snares that creep,
The trials that threaten me!
I love her cheek, the lines that speak
Of life's long toilsome day,
The tender touch that tells so much
Of patient love away.
So old and bent, so weak and spent,
Yet keeping youth enough
To help and cheer when skies are dark
And ways are steep and rough,
I love to sit where shadows flit,
My head upon her knee,
And feel her arm, so soft and warm,
Close gently over me.
I love to hear upon my ear
The broken voice, so mild,
"The long, full day of work and play
Has wearied you my child!"
A tender prayer is in the air,
Oh, sweet the hour and mood!
And sweet the tone, "My little one,
I trust you have been good."

—Jean Blewett.



"Come here," said he, mounting the fence

Dave of The Dauntless.

By FRANK A. SWEET.



A picturesque group gathered about Skipper Peddle and his son David, as their dog-sled came to a stop half-way down the street. Sealhide caps and boots, with the spotted, hairy side outward, covered the heads and feet of the assemblage, and big woolen comforters shielded their throats, while the remainder of their persons was clad in diverse materials. Each man's keen-edged, short-bladed knife rested in its sheath on his belt, and every one carried his gaff, or short club; thus, in the gathering darkness, they appeared not unlike a mob bent upon mischief.

The stout sealing steamer Dauntless, carrying at her masthead the much coveted pennant denoting the greatest catch of the previous year, lay at the head of the fleet in the harbor, belching great clouds of smoke from her funnel, while her anchor-chain rose dripping, link by link; and red, green, and white lights, like watchful eyes, flashed into view.

As the skipper stepped off the runner of his sled, he was beset with a multitude of questions; for he was a renowned seal killer, and one looked up to by his mates as an authority on all matter relating thereto. All would have joined the ship he commanded, had that been possible; for, with him aboard, it was counted a lucky ship; seldom coming home clean or without a heavy load of pelts and fat.

Brushing them aside, the old seal killer strode rapidly to the shore, followed by his son. He entered the boat waiting him, and was speedily ferried to the ship's side. Cheers from the deck of the Dauntless greeted his approach; and David, his son, who was now about to take his baptism in this bloody work of the far north, was congratulated vociferously upon the fact.

A gun ashore signalled the release of the fleet, for the law's restraining hand detains them until a certain date; and, amid the tooting of horns, the answer of deep-toned whistles, and the hiss of escaping steam, the Dauntless led the fleet from the harbor.

No sooner had she forged well out to sea, than canvas hoods were drawn closely over her lights until every betraying ray was shut from sight. Thus, she sped on in darkness regardless of the rules of the sea. Even the hitherto noisy loys of the crew was stilled at the captain's command, and the silence was broken only by the thud-thud-thud of her rapidly moving engines or the splash of a sea breaking aboard at the bow.

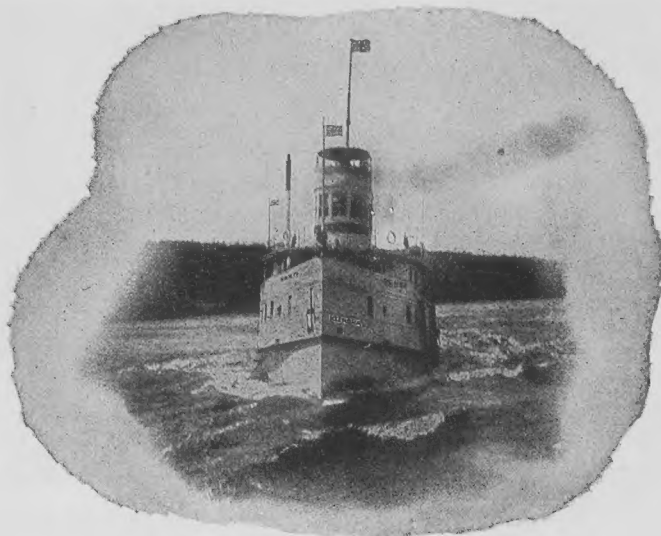
Years of experience had taught her commander that in this race for wealth, which was unknown in amount, and which might, as sometimes happens, be but little, every subterfuge known must be taken advantage of. If possible, he must outwit the other commanders; and, arriving at the whelping-panels, secure a full catch.

A flake of snow, another, and another, falling upon his weather-beaten cheeks; gathering clouds hiding the stars, and the murmur of the rising gale through the rigging pleased him.

"Garl!" said he, softly, "Twill be thick." And he lighted his pipe complacently, as he ordered: "Full speed ahead!" and felt the hull tremble with the violence of added impetus.

All night the ship drove through the storm, and when morning broke it was upon a sea of ice, through which she steamed warily—but alone. The seamanship of her commander had triumphed.

High up in the foremast, peering over the rim of the "cro'-nest" barrel there fastened, old Skipper Peddle closely scanned the ice-fields. Suddenly his keen sight detected a dark mass far, far away.



"Swiles! On the port hand!" he shouted to those on deck.

Slowly the ship pushed through the floes until, brought to a standstill by an immense pan at her bow, she rebounded. Hesitating momentarily, as if gathering breath for the struggle, she plunged forward again, and again struck. With a sound of protest as the ice parted, a great, snake-like crack suddenly appeared, and presently a channel opened. Nearer and nearer, under the able pilotage of Skipper Peddle, the ship moved to where a dark mass of seals squirmed on the ice. Then she stopped. Ice-anchors were thrown out, and the men gathered beside her rail to pour over the side, next moment a human avalanche of mighty hunters of the North.

In groups of twos and threes the seals lay, close beside the ever-convenient blow-holes, through which the creatures seek food from the depths, or escape threatening danger. Beside each mother lay its little white-coat—so called because of the

yellow-white coat which the young seal wears, and which grows darker soon after birth. The mothers often dive down into the blow-holes, but not one fails to return at feeding time, for its young, though the floe may have drifted far.

There must have been thousands of the little ones and their parents on the floe; for, as far as the eye could reach, the plain was in motion from their ceaseless activity. Their whimpering cries sounded plainly on the frosty air, and the home-guard of older seals hurried clumsily about, scenting the approaching hunters.

David Peddle, the old seal killer's son, was one of the first to plunge into the thick of the herd. Twisting and turning to avoid the vicious snaps of the home-guard, he tightened his belt as he ran. Whipping his knife from its sheath, he siezed its wooden handle with his teeth, and shortened his hold upon his gaff. Several young seals were whimpering in fear at his feet, but his blows were well aimed. He had secured several, when behind him rose a loud cry from the men.

"Ware the hood! 'Ware the hood!" they shouted.

Hastily turning, David found himself face to face with an old dog, hooded seal. This was a most formidable antagonist; and one that would try the nerves of the most experienced seal killer. David's own brother had fallen a victim to the furious strength of one of these beasts but the previous season; and the boy noted, with justifiable terror, the sudden inflation of the animal's hood, which, when erected, so completely enshrouded his snout, and the vulnerable forepart of its skull, within the tough skin bag, that neither club nor knife could avail against the dangerous enemy.

David had not dreamed of meeting a seal of this sort; for, while inhabiting the same latitude as the harp seal, its descent from the arctic is generally deferred a month later, than is the coming of the other variety, whose name is derived from the peculiar markings upon its back; he knew, however, that the stress of weather sometimes forces the domestic ice-pans of the two in close contact, so that occasionally, hood and harp are found upon the same pan.

All this flashed through his mind as he stood at bay, and he heartily regretted that he left his rifle aboard the Dauntless; for he realized, all too keenly, that a bullet was the only thing that could save him from a horrible death, were the monster once to close in on him.

The big hood's beady eyes gleamed, its nostrils opened and closed almost incessantly, and its great jaws snapped, as, erect upon its flippers, thus bringing its head nearly to a level with David's own, it lunged nearer and nearer, its flexible spine and great strength of muscle carrying it forward with astonishing rapidity. Now and then it uttered a barking growl.

Raising his bat David rained blow after blow upon the beast's distended hood, with a sound resembling the beating upon a bale of cotton; but his blows had little effect in checking its constant advance, or reducing the roundness of its hood. Whichever way the boy turned the beast presented its head, lunging nearer at each change of position, until he could feel its hot breath on his face. He reached for his knife, only to find that it had fallen from his belt. Tired with battling he felt that he could keep up the struggle but a moment longer and, with a quick glance behind him, he prepared to run.

In the moment of that glance, however, and as though he had been waiting for it, the great seal threw its immense bulk forward, and, with one great effort, bore the hunter to the ice.

At the same instant the sharp crack of a rifle sounded in David's ears, and the beast, with a growling bellow of rage and pain, rolled aside. As quickly as he could recover from his astonishment at the sudden withdrawal of what seemed certain death, David sprang to his feet unharmed.

"That was a close call, lad," a familiar voice said. "Pack your pelts, and go aboard," it continued, as David recognized his father, who, rifle in hand had come to his rescue from another portion of the floe, where he had noted the attack.

Stacking his pelts one a-top the other, David passed a line about them, and dragged them to the ship's side, where they were hoisted aboard. Then he returned and skinned his antagonist; but it took the combined strength of his father and himself to transport the three hundred-pound pelt that he stripped from the carcass.

Slowly the Dauntless steamed homeward, gunwales a-wash. Again she held the pennant; again she was the lucky ship. David Peddle, now as mighty a seal killer as was his father, still pursues the hunt, but he has never forgotten that wild cry, nor his battle with the old hooded seal.

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

MINNA IRVING.

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part,
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art,
The scientist pursues his germs
O'er this terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ship
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk
The broker reads the tape,
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth
To fit the human shape;

The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine and call
Or drive or dance or promenade,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman weilds his shining tools,
The merchant shows his wares,
The aeronaut above the clouds
Adizzy journey dares;

But art and science soon would fade,
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.



The First Picnic of the Season.

Pete, the Circassian Horse.

A STORY FOR MEN AND BOYS.

MY friend, Sam, was the most enthusiastic boy I ever knew, and I was constantly surprised by the length, breadth and depth of his knowledge. You could not mention a thing, from the aurora borealis to fish bait, that he did not know more about than anyone else, and he always had some plan to make a lot of money out of whatever was mentioned. I remember that once, when our back yard was full of plantain that had gone to seed, he enthusiastically convinced me that we could make a fortune by gathering the plantain-seed and drying it and selling it as bird-seed. We worked a week in gathering the seed, and had made about forty dollars, as Sam figured it, which was pretty good profit for two boys, before I thought of trying the plantain-seed on our canary. I never saw a living being so indifferent to food as that canary was to that plantain-seed. It refused to eat it—it would not even look at it. We lost in one minute the forty dollars we had worked a week for, and all because an ignorant little yellow bird had its own silly ideas about food! When I told



I Found Him Painting a Very Hairy Horse on a Sheet of Manila Wrapping-Paper

Sam he said pshaw; he knew that, but it had got out of his mind somehow, and we would have to look out for some kind of animal that did like plantain-seed and then we would sell the seed easily. But we never gathered any more seed.

One day my father went out in the country to collect a debt a farmer owed him, and he came back with a horse that he had taken in payment. The debt was only twelve dollars, but Pete was that kind of a horse, and father said he felt as if he had given the farmer a discount from the amount of the bill at that. He brought Peter in the back way, so as not to excite comment—for father was a dignified man—and put him in the barn. Then he called me and gave Peter to me.

"Edward," he said, "here is a horse for you. And mind you feed him and water him regularly, or I'll give you such a thrashing you will never forget it!"

I thanked father soberly, for there was not, so far as I could see, anything about Peter to grow enthusiastic over. Our town had many horses, but I had never seen one like Peter. I doubt if there ever was another horse quite as old—he was in his second colthood. He had a chipper, frisky manner that suggested a gay-hearted, frolicsome camel. But most of all, I am sure I never saw such a woolly horse as Peter. The horses in our town were mostly clipped, and those that were not were so curried and rubbed that they were as smooth and sleek as a silk hat, but Peter was like an old buffalo robe, or a piece of unplucked beaver, if you know what

that is. Part of his hair was woolly and curled, and part was long and straight, and he had a few bare patches that had no hair at all, and his hair was matted and fussed in all directions, with little chunks of burdock burrs here and there. He looked as if a strong wind was constantly blowing him.

A boy of the age I was then would take almost any kind of a horse and be proud of it, but I was not proud of Peter. He looked too different from the horses I had known. I felt that his coat must be some kind of a disease—that he must be a very sick horse—and I was ashamed to own him. I did not know that a winter-pastured horse grows a crop of that kind of hair and that all Peter needed was elbow-grease applied with a curry-comb.

It is hard for a boy to keep from bragging, and of course I could not keep a secret from Sam, so I made a brag of him.

"Ha!" I boasted. "I've got a horse!" "Say!—Is that so?" said Sam. His eyes sparkled with eagerness. "That's bulley, Ed! We've needed a horse, bad, all the time. Why, we can make a raft of money with a horse—piles of it! We'll go into the trucking business, and we can hire the horse out—! Say, we'll make a lot now we've got a horse!"

I couldn't become enthusiastic over Peter.

"It isn't a very good horse," I said deprecatingly. "I don't believe it is a very strong horse, Sam. It is rather thin and it don't look very nice."

"Pshaw!" Sam cried. "Oats! That's all it needs. Give a horse plenty of oats and it will fat up in no time, and get strong as an ox. I guess your horse has had too much hay. A horse can't get fat and strong on hay, any more than a man can on lettuce. Let's have a look at the horse. I'll tell you what it needs. I know all about horses. I used to have an uncle who had a horse before I was born."

I led the way to the barn rather reluctantly, and as I unfastened the latch I warned Sam again.

"Sam," I said, "I guess this horse is sick. I never saw any well horse like him. He's as fuzzy as a muff."

"That's bad," said Sam; "that's an awful bad sign, but don't worry. I can cure him up. You remember how I cured up my dog?"

I did. The dog died, but Sam always insisted that it died of a different disease than the one that was being cured, and I could not dispute it. Sam got a reputation by curing that dog.

I led Sam around to the stall, and threw open the board window so that Sam could see. For a full minute he stood speechless before Peter. I could see disappointment struggling with enthusiasm in his face. Enthusiasm won. His eyes began to sparkle and he turned to me with words bubbling up in him.

"Ed," he said, "we've got a fortune! Has anybody seen this horse yet?"

"No, I guess not. I haven't shown him to anybody."

"Well, don't! Shut that window and keep it shut."

I shut the window.

"He is rater woolly, isn't he?" I said.

"Woolly!" exclaimed Sam. "I should say he is! And mighty good for us, too! Do you know what kind of a horse that is?"

"What kind?" I asked, for Sam's enthusiasm was beginning to work in me, too.

"That's a Circassian horse!" Sam declared. "You can't fool me! Look at his hair! Did you ever see a common horse with hair like that? No, you didn't. Hardly anybody ever did. But I have."

"Where?" I asked breathlessly.

"In a side-show," he said. "I paid ten cents to see it: Sultan, the Long-

Haired Horse; but that horse only had a long mane and tail. This horse of yours, Ed, has long hair all over, all but the tail and mane, and that's good too. People that saw Sultan wouldn't want to see another just like him, but they will want to see this horse. Millions of people will want to. How much is a million people at ten cents apiece?"

"Hundred thousand dollars!" I said.

"Pshaw!" said Sam; "that's nothing! Everybody will want to see this horse. There's eighty million people in America alone, and then we'll take him abroad. We'll go to Europe with him. I'll bet we'll make a million dollars out of this horse before we are through. We can show him for years and years. We won't have to do anything all our lives but show this Circassian horse. But I won't work when I'm past forty. When we're forty we'll sell the horse. We ought to get a lot, cash down, for him."

"Sam," I said, doubtfully, "do you think this horse will live that long? He looks pretty old now."

"That's right!" he said. "I should have thought of that. I would have thought of it in a minute or two. I always do think of everything. We've got to get right to work showing the horse before he dies. We can't waste any time. Every day is worth a lot of money to us now. We ought to have a tent and one of those big painted banners to string up before it with Pete, the Circassian Horse, on it, but we've got to get along with this barn, and I'll paint up the best show-bill I can to tack up. The first thing you want to do is to get a curry-comb and comb that horse good. We couldn't show him the way he is. You buy a curry-comb and brush and get right to work, and I'll go home and paint up a show-bill."

I did not waste any time. I bought a curry-comb with some money I had been saving for the opening of the marble season, which was near, and began to curry Pete.

Peter seemed surprised and vexed, especially when I combed out the burr mats, but that did not worry me. What did worry me was that every stroke of the comb brought out a handful of the long hair. Even my coat, when it brushed against Peter, brought away quantities of the long hair. I began to think that we should have to exhibit Pete as the Hairless Horse. I then threw down the curry-comb and hunted up Sam. I found him painting a very hairy horse on a sheet of manila wrapping-paper. I told him what was the matter. To my surprise he did not seem downcast by thenews. If anything, he was pleased.

"Good!" he cried. "That explains it! I was just wondering, when you came, why that farmer let such a valuable horse go for a twelve-dollar debt. I couldn't understand it, but I see it now. He thought the horse was getting bald. I had an uncle who began to get bald just that way when he was forty, and that is just about as old as that horse is. That's where we are better off than that farmer. I know how my uncle stopped his hair from falling out. Was there any dandruff when you combed the horse?"

I thought there was, but I was not sure.

"Of course there was!" declared Sam. "There always is. Uncle had it. What we have got to do to that horse is to cure its dandruff, and then the hair will stop falling out. We have got to treat that horse's hair just the way my uncle treated his hair or that horse will be clean bald, and we've got to be quick about it. We've got to shampoo that horse."

Sam rolled up the show-bill and went into the house to find a cake of soap. The best he could do was to get a cake of brown laundry soap, but he said that would do, because the horse's hair was coarse.

"I didn't get any twels," he said as we went along, "because it's handier for you to get them. We want a lot of them. Get all you can, and get a lot of hot water. It will take an awful lot of towels."

I would have liked it better had Sam furnished the towels and let me furnish the soap. I had a feeling of diffidence about asking my mother for enough towels to shampoo a horse, and when we reached our barn I asked Sam if we couldn't make some pieces of old rag carpet, that lay in the barn, serve as towels. He thought they would do. In fact, he decided they would be a great deal better than towels, being rougher.

He looked Pete over and plucked out several handfuls of hair. Pete did not seem to feel it at all.

"It's a pretty bad case," said Sam gladly. "We've got to work like sixty if we want to cure it. We can't get at the shampoo a minute too soon. It's a wonder to me the hair stayed in so long. I never saw such loose hair. It is a great deal looser than my uncle's was. You had better hurry and put some water on to heat. Did you ever see a shampoo?"

I had not.

"It's soapsuds," he explained. "You rub it in with your hands. There are two kinds, a wet shampoo and a dry one. Uncle had both. They both be-



I Could See Disappointment Struggling with Enthusiasm in His Face.

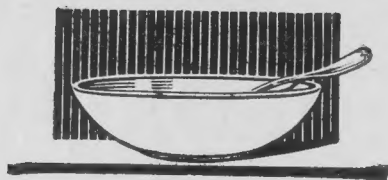
gin the same way, but in a wet shampoo the man puts his head under a spigot to wash off the suds, and in a dry shampoo you wipe them off with a towel. This is going to be a dry shampoo."

It took a good while to heat the water, for we needed a wash-boiler full, and it was lots of work to pump it, quite like washday. But Sam stood by and encouraged me, which made it easier. When the water was warm we carried the boiler out to the barn and began shampooing.

I don't believe the soap was the right kind of soap for shampooing. It was very hard to make suds on Pete, and it was awkward getting at him. We had to lean over the sides of the stall, and he moved around so much that he was usually out of our reach. Otherwise he did not seem to mind it, but if you ever want to know how much surface there is to a horse just try shampooing one. It is a large job, and by the time we had sudded him and rubbed the suds in, and rubbed him dry with the old carpet, we were tired out, and he had much less long hair than when we began. It came out by handfuls as we shampooed him.

The next day Sam said a dry shampoo was too much work—that a wet shampoo was every bit as good, and that, in his opinion, heating the water was all nonsense. He said he was strong as any man in town, but that there was no use wasting strength, and that we would take Pete down to the creek and give him a wet shampoo.

We covered Pete with a blanket, so that no one would get a free view of the Circassian horse, and took him to the creek the back way. Pete went willingly enough, but when we got to



The Best of All Breakfast Foods

There's a reason behind all fads and fancies.

We required light breakfast foods and the market was flooded with health foods (so-called.)

But—the best breakfast food in the world is “Zephyr Cream” Soda Biscuits crushed in cream or fresh, sweet milk.

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the swimming-hole he looked anxious, and he seemed much relieved when we began to shampoo him. We had a bucket with us, and we gave him a good cold shampoo and got him all lather and then invited him to step into the pool and wash off the lather.

I took hold of the halter and pulled, and Sam encouraged Pete by saying “Ged-dup!” But he refused to enter the water. The bank sloped gradually enough, but Pete would not move. Sam said he would push, and he got behind Pete and tried that while I pulled, and we did move him a little, but Pete sat down, and looked around so resentfully that Sam said it touched his heart. He said he could easily push Pete in single-handed, if he wanted to, but that when a horse looked at him that way he didn't have the heart to do it, so we took the bucket and soused water over Pete,



Pete Watched the Preparations Suspiciously and Gazed at Us Over His Shoulder as if Doubtful of Our Intentions.

and rubbed him down thoroughly, and by the time we got through the horse had hardly any hair left except the usual short kind.

Sam was very sober on the way home, and whenever he thought I was not looking he felt the muscles of his arms. I know how mine ached! When we had tied Pet in his stall Sam sat down and let me know what he had been thinking about. He looked sick.

“Ed,” he said, “I don't mind this shampoo business a bit, so far as the muscle part goes. You know how strong my muscles are. It isn't half a job for anybody as strong as I am, and I could keep it up for a year, but I don't want to tire you all out. You might get sick, and then where would we be? What I was thinking was that this shampoo business is taking all the Circassian hair off Pete, and even if it does start a new crop, like it did on my uncle, we can't afford to wait. It may take years for Pete to grow another crop. Pete isn't a young horse any more, and maybe he hasn't enough vitality left to grow much hair. My uncle was an awful vital man, and it took him a couple of years to get a good crop growing. What we want is to keep his hair in, and we've got to do it. Now don't you shampoo Pete any more tonight, and tomorrow I'll tell you what to do.”

“How are you going to find out, Sam?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, “it's your horse and you have a right to know. I'm going to ask Billy Smitt, the barber. I won't say it's for a horse. I'll just ask as if it was my uncle, or anybody. Billy will tell me.”

I said it was a good idea.

The next day Sam was stiff but happy when he came to the barn.

“It's all right,” he said. “Billy told me. We can do any one of four things—they are all good.”

“Go ahead and tell me, why don't you?” I asked when he hesitated.

“Well,” he said, “first, Billy says there is nothing better than a good hair tonic to keep the hair in, and he says the one he makes is best of the lot. It is clean and nice and smells dandy. He let me smell it. That is what I would use if it was my horse, but you have to do the saying.”

“What do you say, Sam?” I asked.

“What would you do if you was me?”

“I'll tell you, Ed,” he said. “We are going to make a lot of money out of Pete if we can keep his hair on him, so it is worth spending a little to keep it on. It's just whether you want to spend it or not. Billy's hair

tonic is a dollar a bottle, but he says, seeing that I always get my hair cut there twice a year, he will let me have twelve bottles for ten dollars. You would save two dollars right there on every dozen bottles, and in the long run would save a lot that way, for it will take a lot to cure Pete. About ten dozen, I should say.”

I shook my head. I had only twelve cents.

“Ch, well,” said Sam, “I didn't think you would want to use the hair tonic. That's why I asked Billy if there was any other way. He says an egg shampoo is good.”

“How do you do it?” I asked.

“I guess it's like a soap shampoo, only with eggs,” Sam explained.

I looked at Pete. I hated to think how many eggs I would have to rub into him to give him an egg shampoo. Sam did not wait for me to say it.

“I don't recommend it,” he said.

“He wouldn't have any hair left when we got through, and the third way isn't any better. Billy says that when he has a bad case of hair falling out he shaves the head, but it would be an awful job to shave Pete. And we would have to wait until the hair grew in. But there is one other way that is good. Billy says the latest thing is a singe.”

“Singe? What's that?” I asked.

“They burn off the ends of the hairs,” explained Sam, “and that closes the pores and keeps the roots healthy. I think it's just what Pete needs. You catch up some of the hair in a comb and burn just the ends.”

I got a comb—my mother missed it the next morning—and some matches and we began. Pete watched the preparations suspiciously and gazed at us over his shoulder as if doubtful of our intentions. He had never been singed before, and he had an idea he was too old to begin being singed now. As soon as Sam struck the first match, Pete doubled himself up in the opposite corner of the stall, and the match burned down and burned his fingers before I could get the comb in the hair again. We backed Pete all around the stall and burned twenty matches and did not singe a hair. Sam quit in disgust.

“If you are so anxious to singe this horse, Ed,” he said reproachfully, “go ahead and do it. I won't. I think it's cruel.”

“What shall we do then?” I asked.

“It's no go!” said Sam. “We can't show this horse as a Circassian horse. What we've got to do is to get at him with the currycomb and brush, and brush all of the hair off of him, and in a while all his hair will fall out and he'll be as bald as an egg.”

He got up and walked around Pete.

“That's it!” he exclaimed, his enthusiasm rising. “We'll exhibit him as Pete, the Bald Horse, the Only One in Captivity. It will be a great hit. I never thought much of that Circassian idea, anyway. Pete never was woolly enough. A Circassian horse ought to have hair a foot long. But a bald horse is new. I never ever heard of one. As soon as Pete is bald we will begin raking in the



But Pete Sat Down, and Looked Around so Resentfully that Sam said it Touched His Heart

money. You get at him with the currycomb and I'll go and paint a poster. Ten cents was enough to charge to see the Circassian horse, but a bald horse—! We'll charge a quarter! I would give a quarter any day to see a horse as bald as Pete will be.”

He went away and I curried. I worked three days, and the long winter hair came off Pete until there was left only his shiny brown summer coat. This did not come off at all, and I began to foresee that it would

(Continued on Page 62.)

An Unsolicited Contribution.



A man may be famous without knowing it. I have recently learned that public interest has been aroused by my labors on behalf of the Curate's Augmentation Fund at St. Mark's, Suburton, where I am the curate. The incident through which I became aware of this facts presents many gratifying features.

The fund, which is designed to supplement the curate's inadequate stipend, had not attained its customary proportions during the present year, and the bazaar held to make good the deficiency had failed to achieve financial success, owing to the contributions in kind too frequently taking the form of embroidery work and children's apparel.

In previous years any shortcomings in the fund had been made good by the generosity of Mr. Josiah Bailey, a wealthy and public-spirited member of our church. Upon this occasion, however, he was taking the bracing air of Sheerness, owing to indisposition, and his return was not expected until a fortnight after the quarterly instalment was due.

Under these circumstances the vicar suggested that I might, without impropriety, make personal inquiries into the state of Mr. Bailey's health, which naturally caused us great anxiety. I readily assented.

I had taken my seat in a second-class carriage at Victoria, when I became aware that I was attracting a large amount of attention from the

persons who had assembled upon the platform. One rough man whispered audibly, "That's him!" Another remarked, "That's Smith. Bill Smith to a certainty." Now, my name is Smith—the Rev. William Smith, B.A., Oxon,—but I am not ordinarily addressed by the abbreviated appellation of "Bill."

In a short time there was a crowd round my compartment, though no one entered it, and when the train started, several people wished me good luck in my undertaking. One young woman with frizzy hair over her forehead waved a discolored handkerchief, and shouted a hope that I'd come back a richer man.

As the faces of my well-wishers were unknown to me I conjectured that they were either new parishioners, or those of the casual order, who attend only upon those occasions when soup tickets are distributed. As my projected journey was known to the vicar's wife, it would, I realized, naturally be disseminated through the parish.

At Herne Hill a freckled-faced newsboy looked into my compartment and seeing me in the corner shouted, "That's him. I know him. Look at his nose! Hullo, Mr. Smith!"

Of course this imprudent and very offensive salutation I put down to the effect of bad home training, but I was irritated. My nasal organ bears the marks of an accident at school; but I could discover no justification for such a public recognition of the fact that the results of the injury are obvious. I concluded, therefore, that the youth had heard my name from some fel-

low-passenger and did not mean to insult my cloth—so far as that goes there was excuse for him, as my costume was not markedly clerical.

The journey passed slowly and uneventfully till we reached Chatham. Then two stout men, obviously of Judaic origin, after peering in several times at the window, entered the compartment. They addressed one another as "Ikey" and "Abram." When the train had started they addressed me.

"Fine day," the gentleman named Isaac observed.

"Very fine day," I agreed.

"Better than last time we met," the one named Abraham stated.

"Er—yes," I assented—I did not remember meeting him, but I am always careful to avoid hurting the feelings of the lower orders. "I don't know how it's going to turn out," I added. The clouds were somewhat threatening.

"I only hope it won't turn out worse than last time," Isaac said. "You took a pony off me, if you remember."

"Ah!" I said. "Yes, yes! I dare say—that is, if I remember. I never ride; but I am fond of driving."

They looked at one another and laughed, as if I had said something funny.

"Driving's all right!" Isaac said. "You took me in fair the night before. When I saw your pals wheeling you home in the barrow, I never dreamed it was all a fake, and you was as sober as I was! And Abram here was positive you wouldn't be able to stand on your legs the next day."

"Come, come!" Abraham protested. "We know you! Though I will say as you're got up a wonderful swell,

and might be a parson almost."

"Your conjecture is partly correct," I informed them, "but I think you are under some misapprehension as to my identity."

"We'd make a pretty good guess, anyhow," Isaac declared.

"Come now," I said playfully. "I'll lay you can't guess my name, or where I am going, or what I am going for."

"What will you lay?" He took out a grimy little black book and a pencil.

"I did not intend to propose a wager," I explained. "It would be inconsistent with my avocation."

They laughed louder than ever.

"Especially if you were to lay against yourself," Abraham remarked. "Not meaning as you would, of course."

"And I wish I hadn't laid against you, either," Isaac stated. "You've got a soft thing on; and if I'd known what I know now—well, I'd be glad to get out of it for another pony, and that's a fact!"

"Same here," said Abraham. "Will you help us?"

They both looked at me in a curious manner.

"I don't quite understand," I owned; "but if I can assist you in any—any reasonable way, that is—I shall be glad to do so."

They looked at one another and whistled.

"Now you're talking!" Abraham pronounced emphatically. "I told Ikey I knew you."

"I don't think you do," I said with a genial smile. "Suppose you guess."

"What's the good of beating about the bush?" Abraham asked impatient-

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ly. "We'll be at the junction in half a minute."

"Let us have our little joke, Abram," Isaac said, winking slyly. "Well, now, I'd guess as your name was something very like Bill Smith."

"My name is William Smith," I owned. "I am gratified to find that I am so well known—but—"

"Well known!" interrupted Abraham. "Why, that beak of yours 'ud give you away anywhere!" He alluded, I imagined, to my nasal organ.

"I'd make another guess," said Isaac, "as you were changing at Sittingbourne Junction for Sheerness."

I confessed that Sheerness was my destination.

"Just a short visit?" he suggested.

I admitted that I merely contemplated a temporary sojourn.

"Expecting to meet a chap by the name of —It's say Bill Bailv?"

"The accuracy of your information astonishes me," I said. "I may, however, mention that Mr. Bailey's Christian name is Josiah."

Always understood his proper name was Alfred," Abraham objected.

"Oh, no!" I told him. "Josiah, I assure you."

"I expect he isn't looking forward to meeting you?"

"No," I agreed. "I imagine not."

So far as I was aware Mr. Bailey had received no intimation of my visit.

"You're hoping to be a little richer for meeting him?" Isaac inquired.

"I confess," I said, "that my journey is influenced to some extent by pecuniary considerations. Possibly you are aware that the Curate's Augmentation Fund—the fund for paying the curate's salaries, I mean—is somewhat low, and—"

"And you're the curate?" Abraham suggested. "Eh?"

"I am," I agreed.

They looked at one another and laughed in an unroarious and uncalled-for manner.

"Eggs-ackly," Isaac said. He leaned forward and wagged his forefinger at me. "Now, look here, Bill. You're a sensible chap. You know as well as me that jobs like you're going on are uncertain—blooming uncertain."

"There is," I admitted, "an element of uncertainty in my errand; but I have no serious doubt as to the result."

"Still," he persisted, "you can never tell, now can you?"

I agreed that "in this, as in other terrestrial affairs, certainty was unattainable."

"Now, suppose," he went on, "for sake of argument, that you do pull it off. What do you get? It wouldn't be a pony now, would it?"

"Certainly not," I said. I could not refrain from smiling at the idea of Mr. Bailey's donation taking such a form.

"And there's the risk. Whereas Abram and me would give you fifty pounds—good hard yellow sovereigns—he jingled a bag in his pocket—'just to forget to change at Sittingbourne and go on to Dover.'"

I stared at him in amazement.

"I promised my friends," I began but he held up his hand.

"You would come back by the next train," he said, "and explain it was an oversight—what might happen to anybody. And you could meet Bill Bailey another time, the meeting this afternoon being off in his favor. We'd like to do him a good turn, you see, that's where it is." He winked at Abraham, and Abraham winked at him. "What do you say?"

"Do I rightly understand," I inquired, "that, on consideration of my acting in the—er—very curious manner which you suggest, you are prepared to subscribe fifty pounds to—er—"

"To the Curate's Fund!" Abraham said. He gave a regular squeal of laughter, and Isaac joined in with a gruff roar. They evidently possessed the cheerfulness of disposition which is the reward of benevolence.

"Understanding, of course, that you'll keep it dark," Isaac added.

"Trust him for that," said Abraham.

"Indeed, gentlemen," I assured them, "you may trust me to respect your confidence. I think I can guess the motives which impel you to this generous action, but—"

"I've no doubt you can," Isaac agreed.

"I feel sure I can," I said warmly. It was evident to me that, while they appreciated my charitable labors in the parish, they wished to avoid offence to the prejudices of their co-religionists, some of whom would probably meet them at Sheerness. "They are, I am certain, worthy of you. I have much pleasure in accepting your handsome offer."

"Done!" said Isaac.

He pulled out a linen bag, untied it, poured out a heap of sovereigns on the seat, and counted out fifty so cheerfully that I was reminded of the merits of the "cheerful giver!"

I had barely secured the money when the train ran into the junction. At the request of my benefactors I kept at the far end of the compartment. They skipped out with surprising agility before the train was at a standstill, evidently wishing to secure corner seats in the Sheerness train before they were all appropriated by some very rough individuals who were apparently proceeding to Sheerness.

I arrived at Dover in due course, and after waiting for some hours obtained a slow train, retracing my journey. When I alighted at the station I found that a huge crowd had assembled to witness the departure of a certain "Conkey Bill" who had won a brutal prize-fight. Among the crowd I saw my Judaic friends, looking very disheveled and unhappy. I regret to state also that they appeared to be under the influence of liquor. When they saw me they caught hold of one another's arms and gesticulated most violently. Then they pushed through the crowd in my direction.

Their utterances were somewhat incoherent: but I gathered that they repented of their sober benevolence, and desired the return of the donation which they had made through me. I explained that I had no authority to make any disbursements from the fund, and that their application should be addressed to the vicar, as chairman of the committee. This did not satisfy them, and they abused me with opprobrious epithets. A number of roughs gathered round, and as some of them began to jostle me most rudely, I offered to state the whole circumstances of the transaction. Thereupon the consciences of the Judaic men seemed to trouble them, and after whispering to one another, they said they had made a mistake, and I need not say anything. So I disengaged myself from the crowd and departed.

The man named Isaac wished to follow me, but his companion pulled him back.

"He's too fly for you, Ikey," he said. "Best keep away from him, or he'll have your watch and chain!"

I was returning with the view of remonstrating with him upon his entire misconception of my character, but a porter dissuaded me.

"They're as drunk as lords, sir," he said, "and don't know what they're saying. Why, they've been trying to make out t' 'Conkey Bill' wasn't hisself at all but somebody else in disguise, an' they'd seen him go off to Dover in a train!"

It was somewhat annoying that they should, even in their intoxicated condition, have regretted the contribution, which the vicar was most delighted to receive. I have been ever grateful for their unsolicited contribution to the fund.

When He Comes.

If the Lord should come in the morning

As I went about my work,

The little things and the quiet things,

That a servant cannot shirk.

Though nobody ever sees them,

And only the dear Lord cares

That they always are done in the light

of the sun,

Would He take me unawares?

Why do I ask and question?

He is ever coming to me,

Morning and noon and evening,

If I have but eyes to see.

And the daily load grows lighter,

The daily cares grow sweet,

For the Master is near, the Master is here,

I have only to sit at His feet.

THE HOME MISSIONARY.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.



UNTIL his nephew was born, John Meredith had been sauntering down the smooth way. He had started on the road unwittingly before he entered college; he had pursued it from choice. It was the easiest, merriest road, with Folly, who needed only wine to restore her mocking glee when Wisdom confronted her.

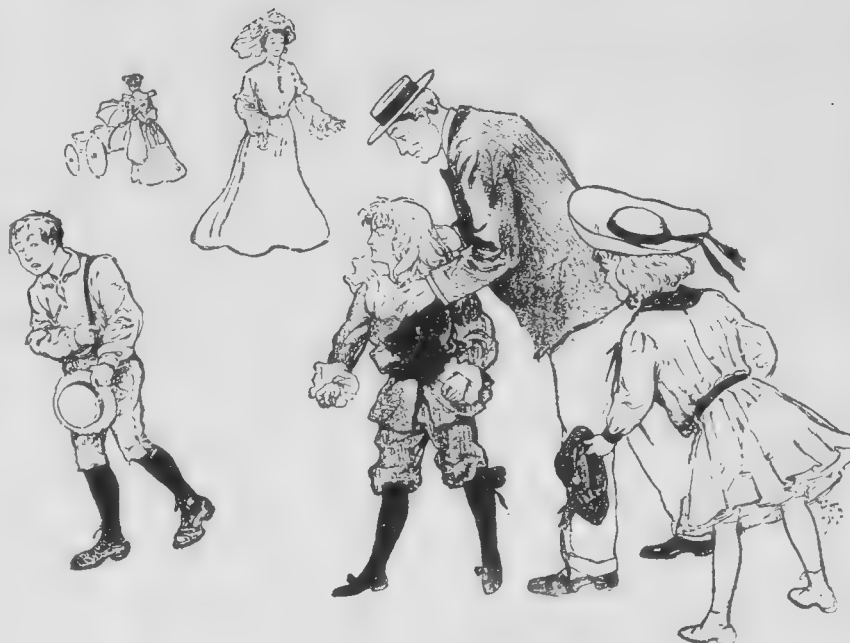
When John Meredith realized the black annihilation of the pit—and at times he could see it quite plainly through the bubbling champagne and Folly's fluttering robes—he contrasted the pleasure of the journey thither with the miseries of an uphill struggle to the starting-point, debating the matter without bias. As a conclusion he drank the yellow wine, took Folly's hand in his and continued on the broad smooth way without fear and with much cheerfulness.

He had acquired a conviction of the inevitableness of his end, a sort of fatalism that seems a complement to a life devoted to pleasure. He made the blunder of balancing the ledger of his life long before the business of living was closed, discounting things receivable at usurious interest. In his own mind he accepted himself as a failure and went into moral bankruptcy, thus seeking escape from certain troublous responsibilities in order that he might travel the broad, smooth way steadily, without halt, without haste, and, what was far stranger, without self-pity.

His friends said frankly that he was going to the dogs—"like a gentleman," they added hastily, as if it were something to be proud of in a degenerate time. Now and then John's brother Horace, a young, gray, quiet man absorbed in his financial schemes, would suggest, tentatively, that he marry and settle down. This usually followed a hint from Horace's wife, who thought her brother-in-law should marry Elizabeth Pollock.

"A man has no right to ask a woman to marry him to reform him," answered John on one of these occasions. "Sooner or later the woman always comes to the man's level, if they live together. There is no woman I wish to bring to my level."

He knew that Elizabeth Pollock was in the minds of both of them.



"Good work, Buster, Good work."

Deep in John's heart was the consciousness that he loved her, although he did the best to smother it with bitter facts. It was easier after Ned came into the world.

Between John and his nephew there existed a bond that began when Mrs. Meredith, in a burst of impetuous generosity, placed the baby in his arms. The bundle of things adjusted itself in the most mysterious way. The blue eyes looked into his with the wise, searching gaze that only babies have; presently the wrinkles were smoothed from the tiny forehead, the delicate mouth was opened in a round baby smile, a chubby hand grasped the man's lower lip, and the child gurgled a pact of friendship that was to endure.

Ned grew in fragile beauty and the years brought him and his uncle closer together. Mrs. Meredith viewed this intimacy with apprehension. She liked John—with reservations. She would have been delighted to see Elizabeth Pollock, her best friend, marry him, but to have her boy so closely associated with a man who was "terribly fast" was another matter. So it was with a shabby feeling of relief that she received the opinion of a celebrated specialist that the German water-cures would bene-

fit Ned. He was hurried off to Europe and John drifted back deeper than ever into the old ways. The flush of his face grew darker, the baggy half-moons reappeared under his eyes. Horace went abroad at intervals to see his wife and son, and John crossed the Atlantic twice in the four years, to find that mysterious barriers kept him and Ned apart.

When he heard the news that Ned was coming home to stay, John's heart bounded joyfully. He waited at the pier, eager and fearful; he was carefully prepared for the shock if Ned had forgotten him, but he was not prepared to see his nephew mince down the gangway, a puppet of a boy, dressed like an artist's model, with negligent golden curls, white transparent skin, tired eyes, and gloved hands. John came up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Buster boy," he said, "I'm glad to see you."

Ned started. He looked at John doubtfully for a moment and a flush came into his cheeks.

"Hello, Jack," he returned, a little uncertainly, as if recalling a forgotten word. There was just one little note in the voice that might have escaped John had not his ear been attuned to catch it, and the man entered a thanksgiving under his

breath as he gripped the boy's hand. "Oh, you hurt me," complained the child, and there was a whine that made John shake his head sadly.

Often in the next few days Ned made his uncle choke. The delicate beauty of the child, the artistic wealth of his clothes and his satisfaction in them, his perfect self-possession, his bored, blase air, his supercilious contempt for sturdy, chaffing youngsters with honestly dirty faces—these and other less tangible things made John very miserable.

"Poor old Ned," he said. "He hasn't had a chance. They have taken his boyhood from him. And they don't seem to understand. There isn't anyone to make a man of him but me!"

He smiled grimly at the grotesque notion of his teaching strength of purpose, self-reliance, independence, and manliness to anyone, and then sought consolation in the thought that the best teachers of art are often bad artists. "Anyway, there is no one else," he added, "and I'll have to do my best!"

So he went to Newport with the family, although Mrs. Meredith was not enthusiastic when he proposed his visit, and he studied his nephew closely. He observed that all the natural boyish instincts, the virile roughness, the jubilation over physical prowess, the delight in active games were smothered, or only flickered feebly.

"I'll make a boy of him first," said John sagely. He studied the problem. "By George!" he exclaimed. "I know the trouble; he lacks imagination."

It was a great discovery. Imagination is one of the least appreciated of the great forces in the world. With elaborate cunning John aroused the dormant instincts. He told stories of marvellous deeds in which the hero saved himself by strong limbs, a quick eye and cool judgment. The first triumph came when Ned evinced a concern about his muscle.

From driving a pony with a groom beside him to riding the animal was an easy step. Often they met Miss Pollock and her sister Nan, a year younger than Ned, on their early morning rides, although John avoided them when he could. More than once he caught a wistful look on the young woman's face, a blending of pain and pity; he was sure she was troubled about his association with

HAIL. HAIL. HAIL.

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NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

6 Pairs for \$2.00

Guaranteed Holeproof for 6 Months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for 6 months.

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It is made of specially prepared mace and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. We could use the cheaper single ply yarn, but we couldn't guarantee the hosiery for six months, because the cheaper yarns, being short fibred, are weak—break and split and cannot resist washing or wearing.

Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery making it *extraordinarily durable*—but not heavy—and *very soft and easy on the feet*. The heels and toes are *doubly reinforced* so as to resist wear where the wear comes.

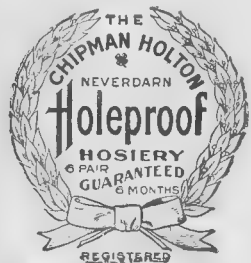
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Neverdarn Holeproof is the most clean and sanitary hosiery you can buy.

Read This Guarantee

If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good!"



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If your dealer cannot supply you with Holeproof, we will supply you direct. Send \$2.00 money order or bills and dispense with darning drudgery right away.

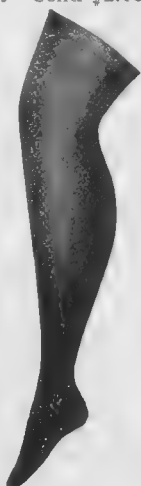
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Ned and the conviction made his heart sink.

The influence that he gained over the boy became patent to everyone through the youngster's habit of constantly quoting his uncle. Every normal boy must have at least one hero, and he can be constructed out of the least promising material. Mrs. Meredith did not hesitate to voice her alarm at the condition of affairs.

"They are together all the time," she said to her husband when he came down for the usual week-end, "and Ned seems to have more respect for Jack's opinion than for mine. He is taking my boy away from me, and I don't think Jack's example is good for the child. You know his habits—"

"I don't think Jack will demoralize the little chap," returned the father with one of his slow smiles. "It looks to me as if they were doing each other good. Ned is stronger and healthier, and so is Jack. I would not worry about it, little woman."

"I can't help being anxious," Mrs. Meredith went on. "Such a change has come over Ned. He is protesting against the beautiful clothes I design for him; he says they make him look like a girl. Today he actually asked me if he could not have his lovely curls cut off short! I am sure it is all Jack's doing. I am so afraid he will make a coarse, noisy, vulgar, careless boy of Ned, and I've tried so hard to keep him from anything of that sort."

"Jack isn't coarse and vulgar," said Horace Meredith rather dryly.

After the family returned to town Mrs. Meredith did her best to keep her son and her brother-in-law apart, and John often missed Ned. One day when he was told that the boy was walking in the park with the governess, the man decided to wait his return. When Ned appeared it was with his fine raiment begrimed and tattered, and his face swollen and blood-stained. The youngster's physical ills were nothing compared with his rage and mortification. It appeared that a band of youthful, ragged adventurers, led by one, "Red" Leary had teased him into striking one of them with a toy cane, and then "Red" Leary had thrashed Edmund Devereaux Meredith conscientiously and thoroughly. John discreetly remained in the background while Mrs. Meredith wept over her son and inveighed against his assailants. The governess went to even greater lengths.

Ned soon sought his uncle to discuss the fray. John inquired into the facts.

"What did you do after—what did you say his name was? 'Red' Leary? What did you do after he struck you?"

"It hurt me so, and I had to cry; I just tried to keep him away from me."

"Oh!" said John.

"What could I do? I can't fight with coarse, vulgar boys like that. I hope 'Red' Leary drops dead in his tracks!"

"So you put your hands to your face and cried while he beat you," pursued John.

"I don't like you," exclaimed the boy. "I won't talk to you any more. I hate you."

"I don't like you very well just now," returned his uncle gravely.

They did not see each other for three days, and John prayed that heaven was doing its work. When he received a message from Ned he responded joyously.

"Jack, is it wrong to fight?" asked the boy.

"Not always, Buster; why?"

"Mamma says it is wicked and evil. She says it is the worst thing a boy can do except lie and steal."

"Sometimes it is, but not always. Mothers don't always understand those things. Fighting is men's work, and women can't know all about it. If a boy starts a fight because he thinks he can whip the other fellow, or just to show off, he is a coward and a bully, and that is almost as bad as being a liar. Generally it is better to run away than to fight, but sometimes you cannot run

if you want to, and sometimes you should not run, but stand up and fight the best you know how. If you are whipped, it doesn't matter so much if you have done the best you can."

Ned pondered. Presently: "Then I ought to have fought 'Red' Leary the other day?"

"I think so."

"But I don't know how. Mamma has always told me never, never to fight."

"I know she has. In everything else, Buster, do just as she tells you, but a woman doesn't know about fighting. She cannot understand that men, that you and I, must fight sometimes for mothers and sisters, and we ought to know how."

"Did you ever fight, Jack?"

"Yes, but not very well. I didn't learn until it was too late, and generally I have been beaten."

The boy touched his uncle's arm; he still felt the smart of his own humiliation.

"And papa, did he ever fight?"

"Your father is a grand, good fighter," replied John, brightening, "a ripping good fighter. He hasn't been licked very often."

Again, Ned's deeply wrinkled brow indicated that he was thinking.

"Jack, will you teach me how to fight—when I have to?"

"Indeed I will, Buster."

And he did, keeping ever before the boy the chivalry of the game; he was learning to fight in order to be his mother's protector. This gave him a sense of responsibility that was manifested in greater consideration and gentleness. Ned realized that it was a fine thing to be strong. Your normal man has more vanity in his muscles than has a woman in her beauty.

Mrs. Meredith felt the change. She rejoiced in her son's new vigor and manliness, yet was she more miserably unhappy than in his weakling days. She was fighting one of the old, old battles that are the result of the irreconcilable man and woman point of view. She could not understand that because he was a man-child, Ned must enter a realm where she could not follow, must look upon things with eyes different from hers. She was supremely conscious of the bitter fact that he was going away from her, that she no longer filled his whole horizon. She could not grasp the truth that a man may have closer sympathy with certain workings of a boy's mind than even his mother. Eunice Meredith felt that John was to blame for all the change and she was filled with deep resentment. She hoped that Elizabeth Pollock would marry him and save her boy.

Miss Pollock had seen much of John of late—it was largely of her arranging—and Mrs. Meredith looked for a great deal from the renewed intercourse. So did Miss Pollock. The human mania for reforming our brother is most strongly developed in the feminine half of humanity and the dissipated man exercises a powerful fascination over a good woman, who loves self-sacrifice, as most of her sex love weeping for its own sake. If Elizabeth Pollock had been Ned's mother, she would have been frantic over the man's influence upon the boy; as it was, she had the clearest perception of the good in John. She felt it her mission to reform him. And, more important than these general considerations, she loved him, although she would not admit that even to herself. If she had, John would not have believed it. He thought she was merely sorry for him and that there must be in her feeling for him something of contempt which would destroy the pity that is said to be akin to love.

John was aware of the attitude of his sister-in-law toward him; he knew he was on mined ground and that the explosion might occur at any moment. He did not suppose that Miss Pollock would have anything to do with it when it came, but as it turned out, she really set the train, although in perfect innocence. She had planned one of those painful assaults known as "an appeal to one's

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3



better nature," and so one morning when she and her sister met John and his nephew in the park she sent the children ahead, being bent upon making the most of the opportunity. It was ever so much more difficult to begin than she had imagined, and the minutes passed swiftly. Miss Pollock had desperately determined on a headlong plunge, when, as they turned a corner, muffled cries drew their attention to a fine illustration of a fight. The beautifully dressed Edmund Devereaux Meredith and a ragged, red-headed, freckled youth were pummeling each other with might and main. Standing by with her hands clinched and her eyes flashing from her white face, Nan was urging her champion to greater efforts.

"Stop them! Stop them!" cried Miss Pollock, rushing forward. "This is dreadful!"

"It's perfectly bully!" exclaimed John, grasping her arm. "You don't understand." Even then she was conscious that never had she seen a fine and eager expression on his face.

A slender line of blood was trickling from Ned's nose, but he was fighting coolly and determinedly, while his opponent was wild. The boys clinched and John observed that his nephew made use of a wrestling trick at exactly the right moment. The red-haired boy went down and Ned plumped himself on the fallen one's chest with much force.

"Nough," gasped the under boy. He hadn't breath for further remarks and indeed none were called for, but

with it. Even her husband was conscious of it. As if in answer to her inquiry, Ned marched in, holding his head high. His mother gave one long, agonized look at her son. His right eye was discolored, his left ear and his nose were badly swollen, his upper lip was cut, and—more conspicuous than all—his beautiful hair had been chopped off by the boy himself. There were patches where the scalp was almost bare, and moth-eaten wisps, and serrated bangs—never was hair cut in such fashion. In his whole life "Red" Leary had never looked so disreputable as did Edmund Devereaux Meredith at that moment.

"Ned! Ned! What has happened?" gasped his mother when she could find words.

With a fine ring in his voice and with the words tumbling over each other he made his declaration of independence:

"I whipped 'Red' Leary in a fair fight, and I cut off my baby-curls, and I'm not going to be a pretty girl-boy any more."

Eunice Meredith gathered her son in her arms and ran out of the room. She was back again almost immediately, her



"I'm not going to be a pretty girl-boy any more."



Horace looked one way . . . and John looked another while she winked very hard.

after he scrambled to his feet, "Red" Leary added:

"You did it all right, all right. I didn't think you could fight. You're an all-right dude."

John sprang forward and grasped his nephew's shoulders. "Good work, Buster, good work," he said. Then he picked Nan Pollock up in his arms and kissed her, calling her a tramp.

"I'm glad Ned whipped that boy," said Nan vindictively, "and I'm glad I saw him."

"That was a time when a man had to fight, Jack," explained Ned. "I stood all they said about me, but when 'Red' Leary pulled Nan's hair I sailed into him."

"Yes, it was right to fight then," said John. "Buster, boy, I'm proud of you." He gave the boy a hug and laughed at the dark red stain that was transferred to his white waistcoat.

"My, but won't I catch it when I get home!" observed Ned ruefully, as he looked at his clothing and gingerly caressed his disfigured face.

Ned was grateful to find his father and mother were driving. He ran upstairs to try and remove the marks of combat, while John waited with the pleasant sensation of a man who feels that he is convicted in advance of a heinous crime of which he is innocent.

Mrs. Meredith realized that something extraordinary had happened the moment she came into the house. The very atmosphere was charged

eyes blazing. The primal instinct of mother-love, aroused to fury, swept away the refinements of thousands of years of civilization.

"You!" she cried, facing John Meredith. "You! This is your work. You have been scheming for years to take my son from me, to make him a vulgar rowdy, a swearing, fighting, disgraceful loafer, and you have succeeded at last. You want to make him like yourself, an idle, useless, dissipated creature, finding his chief pleasure in drunkenness, in the society of common men and worse—"

She choked in hysterical rage. Horace Meredith started to speak, but John checked him. There was a weary half-smile on his lips, a look of pain in his eyes, but there was no resentment.

"No, I have not been trying to make Ned like myself," he said. "I have been trying to save him, to make a man of him. I have tried to keep you from making a milk-sop of him, a pitiful coxcomb of a boy. I have sought to protect him from the fate of so many of the poor little children of the rich, whose lives are blasted by devoted, self-sacrificing mothers who have every virtue except common-sense. I have worked to get him out of the hot-house existence to which you have condemned him, to teach him to recognize temptation, the cost of yielding to it, and how to fight it."

"I know whereof I speak. I was a



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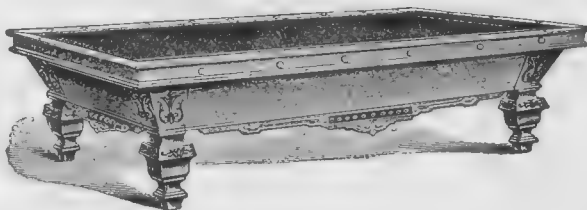
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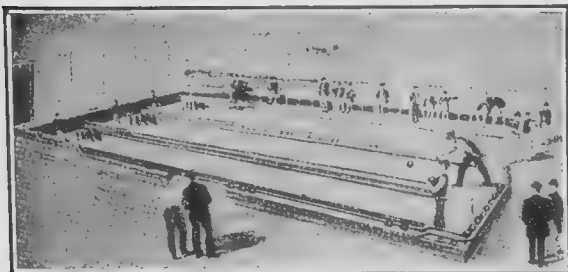
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pretty boy, idolized by a doting mother and neglected by a kind and generous father who made the mistake that Horace is making. The freedom of boyhood, the innocent, joyous pleasures were denied me for fear I should become coarse and vulgar. When I was sent away to school I did not know the dangers of liberty, and before I realized it I was drifting down the broad highway that I have been following ever since, with only the sorry consolation that I could at least travel it like a gentleman.

"You summed me up exactly a few moments ago, Eunice. One day Ned might have been judged as harshly. But you cannot know the tragedy of it. I would rather see Ned in his coffin than have him become such a man as I.

"Do you remember saying to me that I should marry Elizabeth Pollock? Do you know why I have never spoken to her? It is because I realize what I am. The hardest fight of my life has been to keep her out of my thoughts. She shall never know. It would be a crime to ask her to link her life with mine. The only future I have to look forward to is Ned's future. I want him to be what I should have been. I want you both to help me."

Horace Meredith, his face white, his eyes shining, grasped his brother's hand and turned to his wife.

"Little woman," he said, "I fear we have not been quite fair to Jack. It is all true—what he said about Ned and ourselves. I think he has saved our boy in spite of us. I think he has saved all of us."

Eunice Meredith threw her arms about John's neck and kissed him with impulsive tenderness. "Oh, Jack, dear, I'm so sorry; please forgive me," she said.

There was a silence, and Horace walked to the window and back before he faced his brother.

"Jack," he said, "the last of your share of the estate was exhausted five years ago. Since then every penny you have spent has been my money. Heaven knows, you are welcome to it, but I rather think you would like to earn it. Come down to the office with me; I must have a partner. I would rather have you than anyone

else. You will succeed in business, for it is not in a Meredith to fail. Come and try it for a year, and then go to Elizabeth and speak to her—man-fashion."

There was a rustle of silk, and Elizabeth Pollock pushed aside the curtains. Her cheeks were cherry red, her lips tremulous.

"I came back to help you explain to Eunice," she said unsteadily and with great effort, "and I have been eavesdropping." She moved toward John and placed a fluttering hand upon his shoulder. And all confused and trembling she whispered:

"I think—I think he has spoken—man-fashion."

Just Be Glad.

Feelin' kind o' all run down?
Mighty bad;
Sick and tired o' life in town?
Don't be sad;
What you're needing isn't rest;
Square your shoulders, raise your chest;
Pack your turkey; go out West—
Just be glad!

Gone astray in No-Man's Land?
Silly lad!
Ought to have your carcass tanned
With a gad!
Should hav' kept the narrow track;
Never mind, you can't go back;
Things may not be quite so black—
Just be glad!

Gone and blown in all your cash
On a fad?
Livin' now on soup and hash?
Writin' Dad?
Don't you do it. Here's a tip:
Keep a good stiff upper lip;
Needn't fall because you slip—
Just be glad.

Friends refuse to help you out?
Don't get mad!
You would be a lazy lout
If they had.
Do not envy place or pelf;
Praise the Lord, you've got your health.
Dig in! Be a man yourself—
Just be glad!

All the world may say or do,
Good or bad,
Isn't anything to you—
Just be glad.
Though you work at book or trade,
Though you work with pen or spade,
Hump yourself—you'll make the grade—
Just be glad!

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Do you read "The Western Home Monthly"? We do?

Sunday Reading.

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;

It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;

In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,

But westward, look, the land is bright.

—From "Poems," by Arthur H. Clough.

THE WELL BEFORE THE DOOR.

WHERE shall we dig the well?" they asked as they sat in their new home, one bright day long ago. They had come to spend their honeymoon, and the long years following, under their own roof-tree.

After much discussion they decided to dig it in front of the house, where it would be available for their own use and for that of people passing by on the long road. Life was so full of joy for them they were eager to share it with others; and the place was so isolated, it proved a satisfaction to have carriages stop before the door, and exchange a greeting as the horses drank. There were some disadvantages, for the home became semi-public; and there were times when the bride would have been glad to wash her dishes without fear of intrusion. But the well and the always possible visit encouraged tidiness within, and all in all, the visits were welcome.

The years went by, and the home filled with children, and then grew nearly empty again, as the young people went forth into life. And at length the husband died, leaving the widow, with one of her married sons, in the old home.

The son came back from some years of experience in the world, and saw the well through other eyes than those of his childhood.

"Mother," said he, "I want to change the line of the front fence, and enclose the well. What's the use of all this bother? People just take it for granted, and don't appreciate it, and the thing has grown to be a nuisance."

It was not wholly ill humor on the part of the young man. Sawmills had come into the woods; and heavy wagons bearing loads of logs and lumber cut not only the road and the little semicircular drive, but the little crescent of green sod between the well and the road. Teamsters were careless in the use of the water, and left deep mud-puddles behind them. Flies gathered around the resting oxen, and sometimes left them, and sought the porch and house. Drivers were not always careful of their language; and their rough talk, plainly audible within, was often most annoying. Few even of those who drove by in carriages asked permission or said "Thank you." The well had been there so long, the public had accepted it as its own, and ceased to make acknowledgement. The son, and his wife as well, looked upon these things as intolerable; and so one day the posts

were drawn and the fence was begun.

Then came a line of log-laden wagons, and halted in the road; and the drivers were dismayed to find a post set in the middle of the driveway, and other post-holes digging. They drove on, the panting oxen wondering as they pulled their heavy loads up the hill without their accustomed refreshment. The son watched them out of sight, and then walked to the well for a drink. Behind the vines on the porch he heard a sob, and went to see the meaning of it.

"The home is yours, my boy," said the mother, "and I must not make you and Ella uncomfortable with my old-fashioned notions. But your father and I had the well dug there because we wanted to share our blessings with others; and in these recent years it has been almost the only blessing I had to share. I could not go to church; I had little money to give; there was no one I could help in any other way. So I sat here among the vines, and watched the people as they drank, and the oxen, sinking their heads in the trough, and rejoiced that I could give a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord. I don't want to complain; but this is taking away my one remaining form of service in His name."

The son was thoughtful for a moment; then he called his wife, and the three talked it over together.

"Let mother have her way," said Ella. "It is her right."

"Mother," said the son, "we'll compromise. There's one post set, which will prevent driving in. Let us leave it there for a week, and they will have to carry water out if they get any. That will be a hint. And after that the post shall come down."

The hint was effective, in part, at least. Teamsters were not long in suspecting whom they were to thank, and grew more considerate.

So the old lady sat among her vines a few years longer, with joy that she could give a cup of cold water as a servant of the Lord. A few months ago she died, and was mourned by a larger circle of friends than she had known.

Mother.

She was born in another country, and there spent her youth and her young womanhood. She and her husband came to America, bringing with them a group of children numbering a full half-dozen, and the number increased as the years in America went by, until there were twelve.

Before the youngest ones were out of the cradle, grandchildren began to appear; and when she died there were the twelve living children and fifty grand children. Fifty-five years of married life, more than half a century of motherhood, told most that was to be told of her life story.

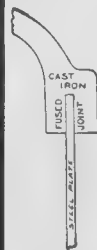
Immediately on coming to America the husband had gone forth to work. He had learned the language of the new land, and read it as well as he spoke it. The children grew up in the public schools, and hardly remembered that they were of foreign blood, save as they talked the language of the Old World to their mother in the home.

Mother never learned English. Mother never went out. The children were too many and too small. Mother washed a dozen faces, more or less, and got the children ready for school and for Sunday-school, but never went herself.

Mother sewed on numberless little white frocks in which peices were spoken and songs were sung, but mother never had clothes of her own for public appearance. Mother looked at the pictures in the school-books, and heard her children and her grandchildren read from them, and gradually came to know the meaning of the words they said, but she answered always in the speech of her childhood.

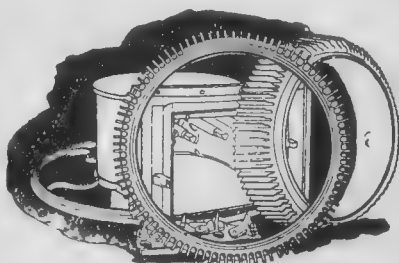


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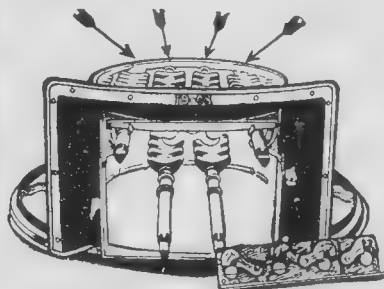


Fused Joints make the "Hecla" permanently airtight and sanitary. The heated air is fresh and pure, because no gas, dust or smoke can get into the airchamber.

Steel-Ribbed Firepot has steel instead of cast iron flanges. 97 of these steel flanges are fused to the outside of the firepot giving it three times as much radiating surface as any other style. In a three years' test the steel ribbed pot showed a saving of fuel of over 11%.

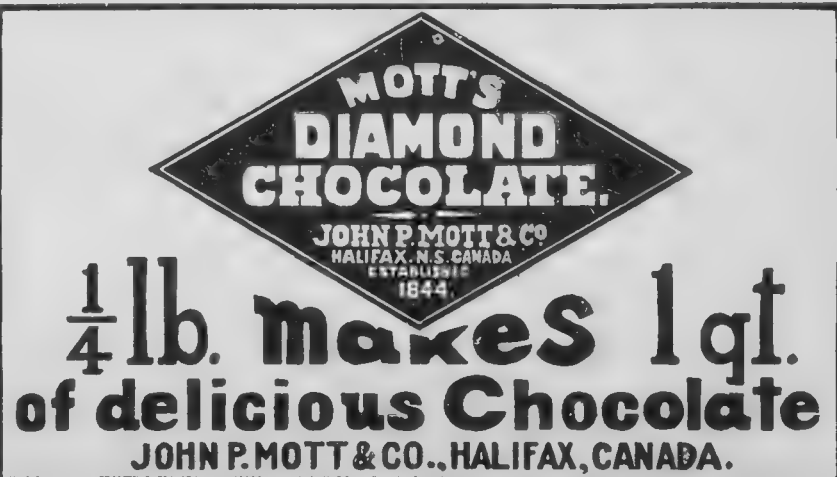


Triangular Bar Grate enables you to clear any part of the fire of ashes. There are four grates. Each can be shaken separately. It gets all the ashes out—saves coal—and means a clean fire.



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It is this exclusive Ruberoid gum which makes Ruberoid flexible enough to stand the strains of twisting and bending which every roof must bear.

Seventeen Years of Service

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CANADA

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EDMONTON REGINA

It would all have been different if, at the outset, she could have gone forth into the new American life with her husband, and learned with him. But she had stayed with the babies while he was learning. And so the years went by till old age came on, and she slipped away as unobtrusively as she had lived.

They gathered at the funeral, the twelve children, the fifty grandchildren and a little group of those who had known her, and a much larger company of those who had known the family. They sang a hymn in the tongue she had known—a hymn she and her husband had sung together every night of their married life. The children knew all the verses, for they had heard it sung a thousand times and more. A friend played the piano, and the minister, who knew a little about foreign tongues, looked over with one of the sons, and sang as well as he could.

The minister had been in the home now and then for several years, and had come to know something of the old lady's life.

He spoke of it as best he could. He told how mother had denied herself that the children might learn and enjoy; how she had taught them honesty, piety, sincerity and faith, and had lived her secluded life and passed on; and he exhorted them, as they had attained to what they were through her self-denial, to be true to the lessons she had taught. He spoke of her patience, her devotion, her prayers; he recalled her days of labor and her nights of watching; and above all, the daily, hourly love that found its life in losing it, and in the bearing of the burdens of others fulfilled the law of Christ.

It was a simple word, yet to those who heard, it seemed to set upon a pedestal of appreciation the poor and cramped little woman who had lived and died almost unnoticed.

One by one the children called at the parsonage to thank the minister for his words. The calls were not the perfunctory things that sometimes follow funerals. This was the substance of what they said:

"We thank you for the beautiful words you said about our mother. We knew, but we never realized. We let ourselves grow out of her life. We permitted her to remain behind while we pressed on. All the beautiful things you said of her were true, and a thousand others; yet we hardly knew it. She was so quiet, so uncomplaining! Oh, if we could only tell her, as we never did tell her, how beautiful her life appears to us now!"

The story is a simple one. If it enters any other home where daily love and self-denial pass almost unrecognized—love her, and tell her so.

THE FARMER.

By Harriet Fairchild Blodgett.

BETWEEN the rising and the setting sun he stands.

A silhouette against a background sky,
He holds the pulse of ages in his hands,
He times the heart-beats of eternity.
He cradles with his grain the lives of men;
The sinews and the muscles and the thought
Which guide the court, the camp, the mart, the pen,

By him are wrought.

Upon his plow he leans to turn the sod;
He feels the rushing seasons by him pass.
He rears a nation with that earth-clo'd,
Upholds a cycle with that spear of grass.
The morning stars sing out to him alone.
The gold of noonday aureoles his head.
Beneath his touch the barrenness of stone
Becometh bread.

Thus, vested by the twilight and the dawn,
The heart of nature opens to his eyes,
The winds of heaven in his path have strown
The hidden seeds of holy mysteries.
The spade his scepter and his throne the plow,
He standeth there, too free for posturing,
The royal drops of sweat upon his brow
Proclaim him king.

The Difference.

By George Giles, Qu'Appelle.

I planted a maple where rippled a brook,
Where chilling winds never came near it;

'Twas sheltered by hedges; the green sunny nook
Seemed a haven where safe I could rear it.

It grew in the sun and it grew in the shower,
No tree ever branched in more beauty.
I passed in its shadow full many an hour
In dreams of this life and its duty.

I planted a maple tree high on a hill,
Where stormy winds tossed it forever;
No shelter was near it, no murmuring rill

Ran by in its ceaseless endeavor.
And when in the days of the Harvester's Home

I looked at my trees in the morning
The one was a temple with high arching dome
The other no beauty adorning.

The winter came drifting, stayed, passed,
ed, and the earth

Beneath the warm sun of June panted
When once more I turned from the far city's mirth

To look at the trees I had planted.
And lo! In the hollow stood stricken and bare

The one I had ever protected,
While up on the hill spreading green in the air

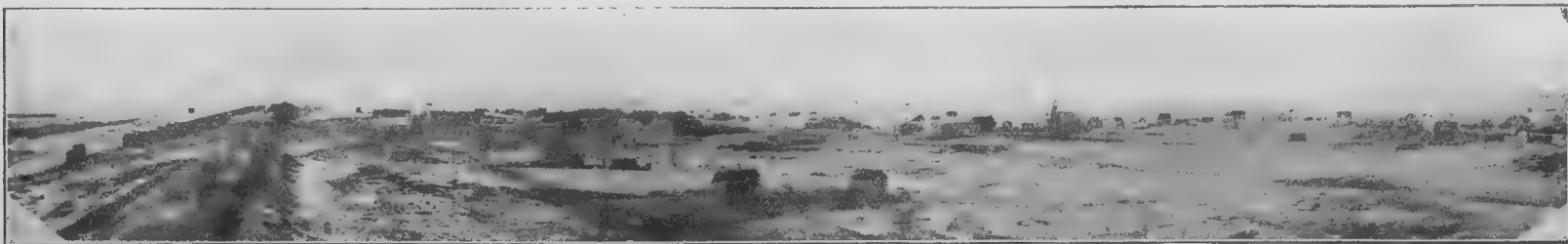
Grew the one I had always neglected.

Melville: A Coming Metropolis.

The Canadian Pacific Railway adopted Winnipeg for its western headquarters 35 years ago, and a city of 140,000 population grew out of a mere nothing. Now the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is creating Melville, on the prairies of Saskatchewan, and the prospects of this little town are even brighter than were those of Winnipeg when the Canadian Pacific first reached Western Canada on its way through to the Pacific coast. This little town is named after Charles Melville Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway—Canada's new transcontinental system—and a year ago existed only on the maps of the company. Today it has a population of over 1,200 people, and each incoming train adds to the number. As rapidly as circumstances permit, the railroad is transferring its officials to Melville, which town will be the operating base for some 2,000 miles of track, including nearly 1,000 miles of the main line.

Four chartered banks are now doing business at Melville, and two others will open their doors there this spring. Three large hotels fail to accommodate the travellers, and, three others will be built at once. The yards of the railway company are the largest on the system in Western Canada, while a station has been built there sufficiently large to accommodate a town ten times as big as Melville, but the company knows the town will grow, and is building for the future rather than the present time.

People who have studied the situation closely predict that Melville will be a city before the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed. That it will be an important distributing centre before the end of the year is apparent by the number of wholesale warehouses planned for immediate construction.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MELVILLE, SASK.

Heart Problems.

Before the schools close for the summer vacation, I should like to urge every mother to visit the school her children attend. I fancy some of you will be surprised, but I think it will do you good, and I know it will benefit both the teacher and the children. It is only in the large schools that a janitor is provided, and he may or may not be a good one. The district schools are cared for by "teacher," or some one hired by her, if she can afford it. The cleaning in many schools amounts to a daily sweeping and a little dusting; the paint has not been washed for years, the floors are rarely scrubbed and windows seldom washed. The teacher is not to be blamed for this state of affairs, for she often lives at a distance from the school, and could therefore spare no time for cleaning; nor is she dressed for it. To set a good example for the school, and command respect, she must be neat in appearance; and not one mother among you would want to clean house in the clothes in which she must teach school, and her salary is too small to allow her to hire it done. After all, is it her work? If she insists on neatness and order in the class-room, forbids untidy habits, scribbling on walls and wookwork, and trains the children to use the school properly with respect, should we ask her to do more? On the other hand, should we be willing to have our children spend a large part of their waking hours amongst conditions we would not tolerate in our own homes? Can we not band together and ask for an appropriation for a thorough cleaning twice a year, and if this is not forthcoming, couldn't we raise the money some other way, or take our brooms and brushes and get to work ourselves?

A little whitewash in the cellar, a can of paint in the school-room, some soap and water, and a lot of common sense are needed if you want your children to have the best chances for moral and physical health, and it rests with the mothers to secure it for them. The practice of medicine is growing more and more to be a matter of prevention rather than cure, and we now know, and have to acknowledge, that many diseases are due to filth. The filth need not be in our homes but can be had in the school-houses, in railway trains and stations, factories, stores, etc., and it rests with each individual to do his or her part to make and keep this world of ours clean. Do your children have their own drinking cup, or do they use the cup provided for the whole school? Do you know whether the other children who drink from this cup have any transmittible disease or not? Do you allow your children to "swap pencils" and stick them in their mouths? Do you wonder sometimes how tonsillitis, diphtheria, and other diseases of the throat will sweep through an entire school?

Individual paper drinking cups can be had for so much per hundred, and are light and easily carried, but, as yet, are rather expensive—they will be cheaper, by and by. But every child can carry his own little cup to school, and be taught to use it for himself only, and not to drink from another's cup, nor allow another to use his. The time has come when we must observe these laws, especially if we do our part towards stamping out the white plague, as tuberculosis is now called.

Have you ever noticed how dirty the children's school-books are? Is there anything else as dirty that you would tolerate in your house? Do you teach your children to handle all books carefully and help the teacher to carry out the rule of "no scribbling" in books? Have you tried covering the books? Heavy Manila paper makes a nice covering, keeps the books clean and lasts a long time. The books for the whole school could be covered at little expense for paste and paper; and the young folks of the village would be glad to do it, making an evening's frolic out of it.

See to it, also, that the desks are so placed that the light comes from

over the left shoulders of the children. You may ward off serious eye troubles by this precaution. Many a child who was troubled with imperfect vision has seemed dull and slow; prescription glasses, or perhaps a change of seat, so that he could see the blackboard, has made another child of him. See to it that your children can see the blackboards, charts and maps, without eye strain.

Our Wasteful Politeness.

Not long ago a manager of a telephone company in one of our larger cities issued instructions to the exchange girls that they must no longer use the word "please" in conversation with patrons. It consumed too much time. "What number, please?" was shorn of its embroidery and reduced to "What number?" To be sure, it was less courteous, but, on the other hand, it was infinitely more profitable. By actual count it was found that the girls had been saying "please" nine hundred thousand times a day. Allowing half a second to its utterance, here was an awful daily waste of one hundred and twenty-five hours. Five days going to waste every round of the clock; a sheer loss of sixty months out of every year! Is it any wonder the manager was concerned and put a stop to the drain? Why, the time it took to say "please" in one day was more than enough to allow him and his family to go to Europe.

True, this is but a local circumstance; but to those of us who are not asleep it portends the beginning of a world-wide reform. If the elimination of a single word of politeness in a telephone exchange can insure a remarkable saving of precious time, our duty lies clear before us. "Hello," "Dear sir," "Yours truly," "Beg pardon," "Thank you," and a score of other little pleasantries left over from our unprogressive day must inevitably follow the fate of the telephone "please" and the kitchen coffee-grinder. It would not be surprising to learn that the people of this country say "Good morning" at least a hundred million times a day. The loss of time that this represents, allowing a second to each greeting, is enough to befuddle the most reckless spendthrift. It means that as a nation we stand still more than three years every day. There are not figures enough to calculate where the world would have been in its history by this time if we had been free of just this one encumbering formality of speech.

A generation or two ago a certain alarmist disturbed our peace of mind by showing us what an enormous percentage of our life was sacrificed to shaving and dressing and eating and sleeping. It was found upon experiment, however, that most of these things were necessary, and consequently we decided to submit to them and do the best we could with the little time that was left to us. But it is not so with the courtesies of life; we can get along without them, and we must get along without them if we are to have anything like a proper regard for the value of time. Time is becoming daily more expensive and more exacting. The printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph, the dynamo, and a host of other devices which were designed to save time, and to be our servants have turned round us and made of us their slaves, holding us tight in their greedy power and spurring us to ever greater effort and sacrifice, to meet their remorseless demands. And so it is, that, having already given up one custom after another, including children and horses, we must now cut out our manners, if we would meet the taxes on our lives.

For those of us who would preserve a remnant of our heritage, there will soon be little choice but to go to Tibet or to Kashmir, away from the tyranny of bell and whistle and minute-hand, and seek there communion with the spirits of Pericles, of Caesar, of Shakespeare, of Washington—brothers of earth who found existence rich enough for the accomplishment of immortal work without the need of engine or of typewriter or the sacrifice of life's amenities.



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Answers to Correspondents.

Note—We do not promise to answer all questions asked but will do our best. Do not be afraid to send in your queries.

Our Puzzle Problem.

The following problem in conduct has been placed before us. We will give a present of a suitable book to the person who gives the best answer on a postcard. The judgment of the Editor will be final.

Mr. Pitt, a rising and conceited young author, is lunching with the Blacks. Pitt is seated between Mrs. Black and her seventeen year old daughter, Gertrude. Mrs. Black says, "I have just been reading your new novel, 'The Dew,' and I think it charming, positively charming." Gertrude pricks up her ears and says, "Why, mother, you can't mean that; you were only saying this morning that you thought 'The Dew' most dreadfully dull."

Suggest a remark for Mrs. Black

PATRON SAINTS.

Give the names of some of the Saints for special callings?—J. B., Medicine Hat.

Answer:— St. Sebastian, Archers; St. Agatha, St. Luke, artists and the arts; St. Winifred, bakers; St. Louis, barbers; St. Giles, beggars; St. Peter, blacksmiths; St. Nicholas, brides; St. Dismas, burglars; St. Joseph, carpenter; St. Felicitas and St. Nicholas, children; St. Vitus, dancers; St. Peter, fisherman; St. Hubert, huntsman; St. Yves Helori, lawyers; St. Catherine, learned men; St. Christopher, mariners; St. Cecilia, music; St. Agatha, nurses; St. Thomas Aquinas, parsons; St. Nicholas and St. Gregory, school children; St. Crispin, shoemaker.

A GREAT CHINAMAN.

Who was Confucius?—Schoolboy, Carberry.

Answer:— He was a great teacher of the Chinese, born 551 B.C. He manifested love for learning early in life, married at 19 and at that time was in charge of the public stores of grain and herds. In 531 he commenced to teach. In 501 he was made Governor of the town of Chung Tu. As a result there was a reformation in the manners of the people. He became promoted and his government was so wise and popular that the jealousy of his co-laborers secured his dismissal from office. He then visited many lands and returned in 485. He did not re-enter political life. He gave himself to writing on morals, improving the music of his land and writing history. Among one of the things that gave him fame was that he formulated in a negative way the golden rule, namely, what you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others. His morality might have had a religious sanction but in no place do we find an expression of fervent piety and in no place does man commune with God or implore forgiveness. Throughout the land there are still temples to Confucius. Twice a year the Emperor does homage to him and his lineal representative has the title "duke" and ranks next to the members of the Imperial house.

THE UBIQUITOUS FLY.

Explain how flies walk on the ceiling?—A. C. Dunrea.

Answer:— For a long time it was supposed that the ability of a fly to walk on the ceiling was owing to each of the feet being a miniature air-pump. This, however, was proved to be fallacious, and then a theory was propounded that it was by means of a vicious substance exuded from the hairs on its feet. Some eight years or so ago this theory was thoroughly investigated by Dr. Rombouts, who demonstrated that it was only partly sound; for, though the hairs with which the foot-cushion is covered do

certainly exude an oily liquid, the liquid is not sticky, and does not harden when dry. Dr. Rombouts proved by his experiments that the true theory of the walking of flies on smooth substances is that they hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attraction between solid and liquid bodies. By a series of nice calculations, such as weighing hairs and measuring their diameters, and sticking the cut end of hair in oil or water to make it adhere when touched to glass, this scientist proved that capillary attraction would uphold a fly were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is at present. It is true that the foot-hairs are very minute, but as each fly is said to be furnished with 10,000 to 12,000 of these, we need not be surprised at what they can do. Reasoning from this theory, we would conclude that flies find it difficult to mount a glass slightly dampened, because of the repulsion between the watery surface and the oily liquid exuding from the feet; and they are likewise impeded by a slight coating of dust, because the interspaces between the hairs are filled with dust, and observation seems to show this to be the case. When we see a fly making his toilet, he is not, as we might suppose cleaning his body but his feet, so that they may more readily adhere.

AS TO GOOSE MEAT.

How can you get rid of gooseflesh?—Bess, Altona.

Answer:— To get rid of gooseflesh go over the body with a soft cloth that has been dipped in oil of sweet almonds. Once a day take a quick alcohol rub.

THE PIMPLE CROP.

How can you remove pimples from the face?—George, Arden.

Answer:— Pimples on the face and body show that the system is endeavoring to throw off poisonous matter of some sort. It is likely that some one of the digestive organs is shirking work—the intestines, the liver, the kidneys or the stomach. Few persons drink half enough water to keep them strong and healthy. Try taking a glass fifteen minutes before meals and another two hours after. Eat fresh fruit and crisp, green vegetables. Every morning take a quick bath, using the flesh brush vigorously. Get out of doors all you can, and do not forget that moderate exercise aids digestion. Dissolve a teaspoonful of boric acid in a cupful of boiling water and apply to the pimples while lukewarm. Do this night and morning.

HYDROSTATIC PROBLEM.

If a man gets into a tank of water resting upon a pair of scales, and floats upon the water, will the scales register the man's exact weight in addition to the weight of the tank and water? Will it make any difference whether he floats or lets himself sink? The tank sides are high enough so that no water can overflow.—E. S. B., Winnipeg.

Answer:— The balances will show the weight of the man in addition to the weight of the tank and the water. When the man gets into the water, the water rises in the tank; that is, it becomes deeper. It is exactly the same as if more water were poured into the tank. No one would doubt that the scale would show more weight if 100 pounds of water were put into the tank. Why not when 100 pounds of man are put in? This question has travelled for a century in various forms around the world.

When my house was papered, the decorator mixed plaster of Paris for stopping cracks in the wall with vinegar instead of with water, thus preventing its setting too rapidly to be easy of manipulation.



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Music and the Drama.

Winnipeg gave Miss Miller a rousing reception at the Walker theatre on May 8th after her return from a triumphant tour in the old land. The Canadian West has no reason to be anything but justly proud of so accomplished a vocalist as Miss Miller. Her two concerts gave her a chance to show Winnipeggers just how heavy solo work should be rendered, and equally as well what can be done to please with light, airy movements. With two assistant vocalists as well as a violoncellist Miss Miller gave two really good high-class concerts such as would be best appreciated by the musicians and vocalists of the city. There is little that can be said of a good contralto vocalist that cannot be said of Miss Miller. Her voice is of the true contralto quality, although at times she can soar into the scale of the soprano. Her low notes are exceptionally full and resonant. Beauty, power and clear diction are characteristics of her well trained voice, and the audience showed itself thoroughly in sympathy with the western vocalist.

A very successful short season of Grand Opera opened at the Winnipeg theatre on May 17 when the Boston Grand Opera Company presented some of the most famous works of Verdi, Gounod, Donizetti and other famous composers. The prima donna soprano was Mme. Judith M. Francini, one of the youngest of the Italian vocalists who have recently achieved sensational success. Her voice has a range from D below the staff to E above high C. Signora Greca Ricci, contralto, is the youngest woman to win distinction in grand opera. Barely twenty years of age, she possesses a pure contralto voice of velvety timbre and histrionic ability of high order. Signor Pietro Gherardi, tenor, was for some time associated with the Metropolitan forces in New York, and combines a handsome stage presence with a voice of rare quality. Signor Achille Alberto is a famous baritone and actor of high rank, and Mr. John McDonald is considered the peer of any basso singing in English. Other principals are the Misses Lois Paschall and Cora Hayden, soprano; Mr. Edward Olds, tenor; Signor Cantori, baritone; Signor Luick, basso.

Crossing the Bar

Words by Tennyson

Music by George B. Nevin

Quartette or Chorus. May be Sung as a Solo

Andante, con molto espressione.

Sop.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Son - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar - When

Andante, con molto espressione

Accompaniment ad lib.

I put out to sea, But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

Allegro a tempo.

drew from out the bound - less deep Turns a - gain home Two - light and even ing bell, And af - ter that the dark! And may there

Two - light and even ing bell,

Andante a tempo.

be no sad news of fare well When I em - bark, When I em - bark: For tho' from out our bourne of time and place The

When I em - bark;

Andante a tempo.

flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have cross'd the bar, When I have cross'd the bar

Andante a tempo.

flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have cross'd the bar, When I have cross'd the bar

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JOHN A. HERRON
WINNIPEG, CANADA

Correspondence

[The first letter this month is so different from the ordinary that we hesitated to make a place for it. Yet we recognize that these columns are for our readers and not for ourselves. The topic discussed is a good live one and if our readers would like to express their opinions on it, we shall do our best to make room for some of the communications. We are sorry that it is impossible to print more than one letter out of every twenty that comes to us. We beg our correspondents to be as brief as possible.]

The Great Hold Up.

Editor W. H. M.—The title of this letter does not refer to the book agent who sells you a library of the world's best literature for \$65, when it is worth only \$15. For you are not compelled to buy his wares. It does not refer to the Grain Exchange which regulates the price of wheat, for even a grain exchange is not supreme in this matter. Nor does it refer to any of the religious and charitable organizations which are so persistent in their demands, for all these have good claim on public support. The "Great Hold Up" is nothing and nobody of this kind, but a little coterie of schemers in the city of Paris who direct the fashions of the world. It is possible for a woman to buy a poor class of literature or to refuse to aid charities, but it is impossible for her, inasmuch as she is human, to dress differently from her neighbors.

Take the matter of hats. The outlay by the ladies of Western Canada alone must be \$1,000,000 a year. These Parisian dictators determine that not one flower, and not one shape, shall be used the next season. They alter the style completely. It is not that the new is more beautiful, nor that the human mind desires continuous novelty. It is that milliners could not live unless there was trade, and that the only way to get trade is to make the old material altogether unusable.

Every year there are thousands of women who would, on esthetic and financial grounds, prefer to remodel the old hats, but foreign despots have decreed otherwise, and who are Canadian women that they should utter a word of protest? This is what might be called the "Great Hold Up." At the word of two or three men everything goes. Individual liking, common sense, economy, good taste, all are sacrificed. The only law that governs the market is this: "The greatest price possible for the least value possible."

The worst feature of it all is that women become puppets rather than beings who dare to have opinions and tastes of their own. As for the men—"they grin and bear it." And so the question arises, "What shall we do about it?" It has been suggested that if all the Canadian clubs would assert their independence and loyalty and refuse to accept the dictation of Paris that the milliners would soon change the character of their goods. This may be a wild suggestion, but it is better than none. Will the imposition be permitted to continue? That is the question. Has any of your readers a solution to offer?—A Calgary Sufferer.

A Sensible Letter.

Saskatchewan, May 12, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your very interesting paper ever since I came out to Canada a year ago, and have been trying my luck in the correspondence columns for some time but up to now I have not had the nerve. However, I am really "on the job" now and I hope you will not sentence my effort to penal servitude in the waste paper basket.

I guess I had better conform with the others and give a description of myself, though that, I am afraid will not avail me any with the members of the fair sex whom I wish to get in touch with through the mail. I am nineteen years of age, about 6 feet high, medium complexion and hair, blue eyes and fairly well built in spite of the fact that until very recently I was what one might call delicate. I smoke in moderation but neither chew nor drink, and I regard the former of these two habits as about the dirtiest trick a man can get hold of.

Until a year ago I lived in a city and this life is a great chance for me, but I cannot say definitely which life I like best for I am not particularly struck with life as I find it at all.

I agree in nearly every point with "Laughing Water" in the April number and should like very much to open up a correspondence with her if she would

trouble to write to me (my address is with the editor).

I should be glad to hear from any girls of from 17 to 23, not however, with any view to matrimony as I do not agree with "matrimony through the mail." Any who could write me a cheery, free and easy letter will be welcome and I will always answer promptly and as well as I can, and friends I am in communication with tell me I do write very interesting letters when I am in good spirits. I often have fits of the blues and it is then I should be glad to have a letter from one of the girls to cheer me up a bit.

"Laughing Water," you need not be shy writing to me first. I would enclose a letter for you with this but I should not like to thrust my correspondence upon you without permission. I am glad you are not thinking of marrying just yet for I do not believe a girl who is engaged should enter into correspondence with a stranger through a paper. Personally, I expect to "import" my wife when I am in a position and old enough to marry, so, girls, you need not write with that object in view. I should be glad to receive a photograph of any girl who writes to me and will get one taken and exchange mine as soon after as possible.

Now, girls, don't get hold of the idea that I am too serious to be a parson. I am not, for I enjoy sport with anyone and at times am really jolly, but as I said before, I have moods and this life is the one to bring out the "blue patches" as it is so lonely and quiet, especially in the winter.

I rather like cooking and am a pretty good hand at it, and I can sing well, too, and play all sorts of games, including tennis, football, lacrosse, cricket, billiards and most general card games, though I have never gambled in my life.

Now, I will not waste any more of the editor's valuable space but just ask all who can spare a little friendship and sympathy to set to and I'ven up.

"Wisp of the West."

Three Parts Human.

Kamloops, B. C., May 17, 1909.

Editor.—As my brother is a subscriber to the W.H.M. I thought I would write a letter to your correspondence column. I must say there are some good ones among them but some are kind of hard on our poor bachelors. Now, girls, be easy; we are only human. This just reminds me of a mother and daughter standing at the pit head of a coal mine. They were sending baled hay down for the horses and mules underground. The daughter turns to her mother and says: "Mother, do the miners eat hay?" "Oh no, Mary," she says, "they are part human." So I kind of think we bachelors are three parts human. We certainly have to put up with a lot of self-denial and pleasures and hard graft at times, but the majority get there somehow just the same. But this cooking and coming home and the fire out, and everything topsy turvy and nobody there to greet you, I tell you it's tough; so this is my reason of writing to the Western Home Monthly to see if there is any good Protestant, true blue, Christian farmer's daughter will correspond with me, about 22 to 25 years old. I suppose I ought to give a brief description of myself. Well, to start with, I am a farmer and miner (quartz) but intend to stay at farming. I have a good farm of 160 acres, and about \$0 in crop at present and putting in more right now. I am an English Canadian, 28 years old, Church of England, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weight 180 pounds, brown hair, hazel eyes, fond of dancing and singing. So now, girls, take my word. I suppose Toby will get this, but if it reaches the pages I will promise to answer all just for old times sake. My address is with the editor, and here's best of luck to all.

"True Blue."

"Night Owl" Wants Correspondents.

British Columbia, May 21, 1909.

Editor.—I have been reading your paper for some time, especially the matrimonial letter department, and will say that it quite amuses me.

My description is as follows: I am a widow, age eighteen, height 5 feet 7 inches, own neither too little nor too much beef, brown hair. I really can't make out the correct color of my eyes, sort of a grey-brown, mostly taken for black. Pretty good features, but I am not pretty; still, there are always people in this world who try to make a girl believe so. I would like to correspond with as many of your readers who will write to me first. I have nothing much to do and naturally am lonely. Have a good character, but am full of fun. I certainly do enjoy anything funny. I like reading and writing, and all outdoor sports. American by birth, but I treat all companions exactly the same as they treat me. If any of your correspondents would like to write to me, I will answer their

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letters. Those written by "Up a Gum-tree," "Billy Sweet," and "College Kid" interested me. I think we could agree splendidly through the mail; but I also want the girls to write. I am very fond of girls, that is, if they are true girls, which I myself believe in being. I have very few acquaintances out west, so anyone who cares to write me will get my address from the editor.

It is 1 a.m. just now, so you may call me, "The Night Owl."

A Correspondent from Quebec.

Huntingdon, Que., May 5, 1909.

Editor.—As I have become a subscriber to your valuable paper and being especially interested in the correspondence columns, I thought I would write.

I think the bachelors have some good ideas but I don't think that courting by mail is right; it is too much like gambling—you don't know what you will get at the end of the game. Sometimes I think they are well off, for when I go out I have to take a couple of girls and then some other girls get mad because I don't take them home too. Not long ago I had to take four girls home and another asked me to take her home. So the Eastern lads don't have the best of it either.

Well, I suppose I will have to describe myself, as the others do, so here goes. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 149 pounds, have hazel eyes, brown hair, slightly curly. I am an Irish Canadian and favor temperance, but like dancing and any good sports. I am a fair cook and can farm, too, but I am going to learn the cheese and butter business this summer. I like writing letters and have two correspondents. I also get a lot of nice cards.

Huntingdon, the town which I live near, is 56 miles northwest of Montreal. It has a river front, there are a lot of stores, shops, etc., and a great many fine residences. The Guro Condensed Milk company have a factory here. The Eastern Townships Bank have a branch also, and the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways run through here, making it an ideal place in summer and pleasant in winter.

As my letter is getting long, I think I will close, hoping to see this in print, it being my first letter. I wish your paper every success in the future.

"Bab's Andy."

Too Much Flirting.

Manitoba, May 30, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time and as it was stormy out today I thought I would write you a letter. The W. H. M. is a splendid paper of its kind and it has improved greatly during the last few years. The correspondence column is a great attraction for the young people. There are some very sensible letters and some foolish ones printed. It is certainly amusing to read them over, especially those discussing the question, "Who is to do the chores on the farm?" I do not think that any right-minded man would think of asking his wife to do chores or other outside work if he was there or if there were hired men around the place; and again, if she is the right sort of a woman she would not think it below her dignity to do a few of the most necessary chores. I am sure her husband would be very grateful to her if she was of the true type. For my part, I would not ask my wife to do any outside work whatever, but if she was to do it while I was away I would be more than pleased. I notice quite a few are complaining of being lonesome. There are days in every life that are blue but we must make the best of it and look on the bright side of things. I think anyone living on a homestead could find something to do if he is industrious, and the man that works is the man for the West. I was born in the West and have never been lonesome yet. I can always find something to do or read. Reading is a great source of amusement and knowledge and much good can be taken from it.

I am a farmer's son and have lived on the farm all my life. I like it very well and am fond of horses. I have had to batch it long enough to know the ins and outs of bachelor life. I do not wonder at bachelors getting cranky, as they call it, but it is better for one to live alone than for two to be always quarrelling when really there is no cause for it. Where there is a will there is a way, and if two young people when they get married, make up their minds to live happily together and put up with the failures and pleasures as they come they can get along all right. As for taking love into the question, I do not think there is any such great passion, not in the sense some take it.

There is too much flirting nowadays. A great many of the girls will go with anyone who will give them a good time, as they call it, but in the end it turns out the other way. Young girls

especially, who think they know it all, should be very careful in the companions they choose.

Nearly everyone gives a description of themselves, but I will reserve mine for future reference. Some of the readers will be putting me down for an old crank or something of that sort, but they are mistaken for I am neither old nor cranky. I am not on the matrimonial list at present as I have other things to occupy my mind. Well, I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print as it is my first. Anyone wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor.

"The Old Fellow."

A Correspondent from Newfoundland.

Newfoundland, April 30, 1909.

Editor.—Among all the letters in the correspondence columns of your magazine I have never seen one from Newfoundland. I don't know how it is, as I believe there must be subscribers in our country, but if the editor will let me slip past the waste paper basket I shall be pleased. We have taken the Western Home Monthly nearly three years and like it very much but my favorite pages are the correspondence and fancy work, though, of course, I read it all every month from cover to cover and am so greedy I want more. I notice in the March number a letter from "Heather." In it she says, "I don't object to a man who takes a drink once in a while, but would not have anything to do with a drunkard or a man who uses foul language." Now, dear "Heather," take the advice of a stranger and well-wisher, and never have anything to do with a man who takes a drink once in a while or you will very likely, after a while, have both the drunkard and the man who uses foul language as they generally go together. All drunkards begin by taking a little drop once in a while. It is a very risky thing for a young girl to take a man who drinks, with the intention of reforming him. I say, reform him first and then don't marry him. I see it is the custom to give a description of one's self, but I do not think I will give my age, looks, or dimensions, but I will say this much, I neither drink, smoke, play cards, nor dance. I will not say anything against smoking as so many young men and women advocate it as a companion and comfort in loneliness. Are there no lonely women? How is it they do not turn to the pipe for solace? I'm sure some of those nice Western bachelors when they have stepped out of bachelorhood and have claimed the best little woman in the world would not object to her having an occasional smoke of her favorite brand! Let us imagine, by way of illustration, a cozy little sitting-room, everything shining, with traces of dainty fingers wherever one looks, the only occupant of the room being the one woman in the world, tastefully attired in one of her most becoming gowns. She hears a familiar step and rises, removing her pipe, to bestow the kiss of welcome which is heartily reciprocated.

If any of the readers of this page would care to write, my address is with the editor. With best wishes to the editor and success to the W. H. M.

"Mermaid."

A Good Chance for a Lonely Bachelor.

Manitoba, May 12, 1909.

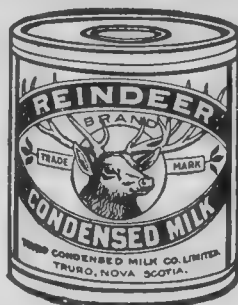
Editor.—I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time and have enjoyed it very much, especially the correspondence columns. As this is my first letter to the W. H. M. and as others give a description of themselves, I will do the same. I have light hair, blue eyes, and am 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 116 pounds. I am a farmer's daughter and I like farm life fine. We are just 8 miles from town and find that quite far enough sometimes. I like the letter written by "Rambler." I think that when he gets a wife he certainly will not have her doing men's work. I also like the letter written by "Laughing Water." If any of the lonely bachelors care to write they will find my address with the editor. Well, I must not take up too much space so I will ring off, wishing your paper every success in the future and hoping my letter does not find the way to the waste paper basket.

"Sunshine."

A Drop of Scotch.

Manitoba, May 12, 1909.

Editor.—I have had much pleasure in reading your pleasant paper. I am really very sorry for the poor bachelors; some of them seem to have a hard time of it. I don't understand why girls are so scarce; there always seemed enough anywhere I've ever been, but there seemed to be a scarcity in the opposite sex for I've always been



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passed by and I feel awful lonely sometimes. I wish some one who feels as I do would write. I would like one of the "Two Johns" to write to me, the one with grey eyes. Well, I suppose I too must describe myself. I have brown hair, grey eyes, am 5 feet 3 1/2 inches and am Scotch. Now, I shall look for this in print next month and hope I won't look in vain. Wishing your paper every success,

"Scotland-For-Ever."

A Second Attempt.

Ontario, May 14, 1909.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of the W. H. M. and take much pleasure in it. Some of the letters are amusing. I wrote once before, but I guess my letter called on the waste paper basket as I did not see it in print.

I see it is the rule to give a description of one's self so I will follow the crowd. I am an Ontario farmer's daughter, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weigh 125 pounds and have fair complexion. I can do all kinds of housework and play the piano, sing and dance.

If any of the boys or girls will write me I will answer promptly or will exchange post cards. Hoping to see my letter in print, and wishing the paper every success. My address will be found with the editor.

"Daddy's Little Girl."

"Bobby Burns" Wants to Wed.

Alberta, May 19, 1909.

Editor.—Being a constant reader of your excellent magazine I thought I would write another letter to your correspondence column if you will kindly publish a second letter so that I may gain a few more correspondents. I have written to several of your lady writers with the hope that they would answer but the letters have either gone astray or they don't consider I am worth writing to. Some of the girls write nice sensible letters while others again think because most of the home-steaders are bachelors they are not fit to be in a woman's company. As for me, I think that a man who can barely support himself should not be married. I believe in having a decent house and ample means to keep his wife in the way she should be kept. I wouldn't ask a woman to do outside chores unless I could not attend to them myself. I think that a woman who keeps the house clean and has the meals ready at meal time has done her share. Any man who had more work outside than he could do had better hire another man as I don't like to see a woman outside doing a man's work. However, sometimes it can't be helped, and if I ever have a wife who will do me a good turn outside when I am busy I will certainly pay her back tenfold. Perhaps some of your readers would like a description. I am 23 years old about 5 feet 9 inches in height, weigh about 150 pounds, am pretty good looking, with dark hair, dark blue eyes and fair complexion. Am fond of dancing, card playing and all amusements where there is a good time and lots of fun. Do not use tobacco in any form or drink liquor. I am fond of music and play the violin. If I ever get a wife I hope she will be musically inclined and would get her any musical instrument she could play as I think there is nothing nicer than music in a home. Would like to correspond with a few of your writers in the February issue, such as "Merry Maid," "Golden Locks," (If she thinks I am not over age), "A Daisy Bell from Beaver Lake," "Brunette & Blonde," and any other nice, decent girl under my own age and I will send them an answer by return mail. I am tired of writing first, as I have never had an answer to any letter yet. If they don't care to write me first, write to your paper and mention my name or send me a post card and I will send a letter with pleasure. Hoping this letter is not too long and thanking you in advance for the space in your valuable magazine I will sign

"Bobby Burns."

From a Yankee.

Crossfield, Alta., May 13, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been a very interested reader of your valuable paper for some time I decided to write a few lines, hoping they will be given space in your valuable columns. It seems to be customary to give a description of one's self, so here goes for mine. I am a farmer 26 years of age, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, 5 feet 7 inches tall, for looks, well I won't say, lest I might tell a fib. I am a Yankee by birth but have been in Canada for several years, weight 150 lbs. I am strictly temperate and do not chew nor smoke. As I am fond of music and enjoy skating and dancing. I would like to hear from "Nobody's Darling," "Ella Flo," and "Avanella," or any other girls who

care to write. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket I'll drop out and give someone else a chance. Now, girls, get busy. Wishing the W. H. M. every success "Sunflower Laddie."

Tired of Batching.

McTaggart, Sask., May 11, 1909.

Editor.—As I have just now received the April number I have taken a notion to join your correspondence columns. I think it is a very good way to get the boys and girls acquainted in this country. I would like to get acquainted with some nice young lady who is willing to correspond on matrimony as I am getting tired of batching and want a wife. I would like to get one who would not mind milking a cow once in a while when a man is away or busy. I would like to get a wife who could have the meals ready and not be always late. I will give my description to whoever cares to write to me. I will also exchange photos and post cards. Any young lady who cares to write will find my address with the editor. I must now ring off, thanking you for the space in your wonderful magazine. Would the editor please send enclosed letter to "Avanella," in the April number?

"Sweetest Willie."

"Taffy" Was a Welshman.

Alberta, May 14, 1909.

Editor.—Having read several copies of your most interesting magazine, I should very much like to join the correspondence columns if you would kindly allow me a little space. I am a bachelor in sunny southern Alberta, with a good half-section of land and a fair means of working it, but there always seems something lacking.

Now, there are several girls who say they are good cooks and housekeepers, so I hope some of them will write and give me a few pointers on cooking.

I am about 6 feet tall, with brown hair, and blue eyes, a light moustache, and am 24 years of age, weigh 180 pounds, do not use tobacco or strong drink and am very fond of music and singing. I am a Welshman by birth, but have been in the West for a long time and like it first rate. I live about seven miles from town and do not find it so lonesome as some of the bachelors, as I have a pair of good drivers so that I can go to town in an hour if I want company. Now, girls, I invite you all to write if you think it worth while, especially "Two Knicker" and "Canterbury Bell," of March number, and I will answer all letters or post cards. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. My address is with the editor.

"Taffy."

Wants to Hear From "Ella Flo."

Marshville, Ont., May 10, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for a few months, and I think it a good magazine, and I must also state I have taken great interest in the correspondence pages. I think some of the young people have some funny views on the matrimonial question. As this is my first letter I will not take up too much room, but will give some one else a chance. I would like to hear from a few girls such as "Ella Flo" and "Teasing" in the April number, and a "Western Rose" in March number, if they would write first and all their letters will be answered promptly.

I see others gave a description of themselves so I will do the same. I am 18 years old, 5 feet 6 inches, weigh 150 pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes. I will not say how good I am because I do not like conceit. I will close, leaving my address with the editor and hoping this will have better luck than to be thrown in the waste paper basket, also wishing your paper every success.

"An Ontario Kid."

Advice From a Mother.

Greenshields, May 24, 1909.

Editor.—Will you kindly allow a married woman to enter your happy circle? I am like "A Young Wife" and "Spoken For," of the opinion, young girls are too afraid of being old maids, therefore too hasty in saying they are matrimonially inclined. Young girls of sixteen, think carefully before concluding you are in the marriage docket, for after all, marriage is a lottery and "for ever and ever" is a very long time. Correspond with boys for friendship only, keeping your personal charms for your Prince Charming to see rather than read about. Let him first turn the tide from friendship to love, then don't be in a hurry, let the man come, "woo and win" his fair bride in her own home and neighborhood. We can purchase any article with money by mail, but those bought with love have other forms than mail order. Pen, paper and stamps were never meant to do the

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finale in winning husband, wife home, love, happiness and all. Now, girls, the Western bachelors are good, steady, big hearted fellows, but they are just beginning their business careers, whether as farmers, ranchers or what not, so a wife to them means every thing, some one to love, work for, and die for. But there are sacrifices to be made by both parties, and the wife, in order to be an all round helpmate must not be above working in the garden, milking, feeding pigs and calves, chickens and any other chore, to help in the busy season or in case the good man is away late or over night. I don't think a wife should attend to these things all the time, but just occasionally. "Mr. Crank," accept my congratulations. You're the first man to write a genuine, sensible letter to the W. H. M.

Now, boys and girls, write me and I'll do my best to answer you. I am young enough to still be in sympathy with the youngest of you girls, and living in a bachelor settlement, also having married an Alberta cow-puncher. I'm in a position to know the bachelors.

Hoping I've not trespassed too greatly on your space and with a good word for the W. H. M. I make my exit. Address is with the editor.

"A Young Wife and Mother."

Correspondent is Musical.

Saskatchewan, May 16, 1909.

Editor.—Have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for some time, but have not courage to "swell" the ranks of the correspondence column until now. I like "Cheyenne's" letter. I'm not in the matrimonial market, so won't describe myself but I guess I'll press with a push. Some of the young ladies seem to be in love with themselves. I saw a letter in your paper from Glen Robertson. Am curious to know who the writer is as I have spent weeks at a time there. Would exchange music with any who care to as I'm tired of what I have. Have diploma and have taught music for some time before coming West. Would you please forward enclosed to "College Kid," whose letter appeared in your April number? Wishing the W. H. M. every success, I am,

"Trixie."

"Jocelyn" Comes Out of Her Shell.

Billings Bridge, Ont., May 12, 1909.
Editor.—In your issue of April you publish a letter in the correspondence column signed "A Guest," in which the writer expresses himself in a very sensible manner. If he does really enjoy "correspondence for itself," I might say I do also, and if a correspondence from this part of the east would add a mite of enjoyment it would give me great pleasure to "come apart" from my many duties and write occasionally. I am enclosing a letter, Mr. Editor, which I should like you to forward to "A Guest," if you consider it discreet.

"Jocelyn."

"Sauerkraut Bill" Growls.

Manitoba, May 8, 1909.

Editor—I notice that I have been asked to "wake up." Perhaps I have been hibernating too long, but it is only fair to give others an opportunity. However, since there have been requests, I will "come out" but you must all remember that the most common of hibernating animals is the bear, and let me warn you that this bear may be somewhat gruff this time but since you have driven him out, it's you for the consequences.

While letters have been very interesting they have grown somewhat monotonous of late, in that they are all much along the same line, viz., what kind of a wife is necessary for a fellow on a farm. Some think that if she can (and will) cook, sew and milk, and perhaps feed the pigs (while she is resting), she is worthy of the "well done." But there are men who cannot be classed with the general farmer; let us call them the brilliant men. We never hear anything of the girl for them. I would like to hear the ideas of others on the matter. "Does a brilliant man need a brilliant wife?"

As for my own idea, first disclaiming the gentle assumption that I am a brilliant man, I would say they do.

The essence of marriage is companionship and in order that companionship may exist it is necessary that the woman you must face across the table every morning, 365 times a year, be able to appreciate your conversation and sympathize with your operations.

Now this is not easy. Brilliant men are not brilliant all the time. Often they are dull; sometimes absurd. Life never consisted altogether of brilliant things. There are a thousand and one common things that must be done every day.

A woman, to be a true companion

to such a man must make a study of him. She must know when to be jovial and when to be silent. Companionship consists neither in being pretty nor clever. Both are good assets, but there are times when a man does not want to hear witty things, and beauty some day will fade. True companionship must hinge on the ability to serve. No man can love a woman long if she does not help him to carry the burden of life, and to do that she must be his peer. I mean by that, that she must be able to fully sympathize with him in all labors. If she cannot do that the result is chaos. But let me not discourage anyone. Such a wife has great opportunities, and the result of her effort will well pay her for the struggle. I believe that no man ever made a success alone. The man who succeeds is the man who is helped by a good woman, be she his mother or his sister, his sweetheart or his wife. Man and woman must ever go hand in hand. It is the Divine idea. Single file is savagery; separateness, hell. "For courage goes down at the set of the sun when the toil of the journey is all borne by one." Perhaps the woman who marries what is termed a brilliant man has the hardest time, I do not know—there are some things I do not know. But I would like to know what others think. Speak up.

"Sauerkraut Bill."

A Poetic Writer.

Northlands, Sask., May 25, 1909.

Editor.—Well, would you allow me to have a little more say in your valuable paper? I am one of those Western bachelors and delight in reading the correspondence columns in particular. I think it is the most beneficial, social and straight forward way for the Western bachelors and Eastern ladies to become acquainted, although some (myself included) seem to think that it is rather not a right way to get married through correspondence. Well, how would the western bachelors get married otherwise? I won't if a bachelor could spare the time and means to leave his homestead and go back east to where there are girls and woo one. No; the majority of the bachelors have stock to tend to and a farm to tend. And another thing, cannot a man learn to love a girl after marriage. I have seen a good many correspondence marriages a good deal happier than those where the couple went together for two or three years, and also I must say, "vice versa."

Well, I must fall in line and describe myself. You must ask some one else how I am for looks. I am 21 years of age, a six footer, weigh 185 pounds, have auburn hair, blue eyes and a good appetite. I would like a letter from "Just a Kid," Alberta, and also "Two Knicker," Ontario. I will, with your leave, present to you one of my latest poems. If any lady wishes to hear from me, my name is with the editor.

Love's Happy Hours.

Many years have passed away

Since me and my darling met,

I remember on that happy day

That day which I'll ne'er forget.

I asked her for her happy love

She tried to hide her tears,

She looked just like a turtle dove,

Oh! I remember those short years.

Many happy years we spent

Through the forest of life's pathway,

Our love was true, it had no rent,

But alas! she was taken away.

The angels came for her one night

My darling breathed her last breath.

They came and took my love with might

And crossed the river of death.

But oh! the time flies on so fast,

The angels will surely return,

To take away her lover at last

The lovers which will ne'er return.

But we each and all go through life's battle so grand.

Through the valley of life's happy hours,

We will all go to a happier land

Where they have the most beautiful flowers.

The years roll by as we toil for our love,

The years which will not returneth,

Like the sweet hours of the bee and the dove,

They take and receive what they earneth.

Through life's pathway and the golden arch

Which will lead us to the goal,

We must all pass on the life's great march

To the land which receiveth our soul.

"Y. M. C. A. Poet."



THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMUNITY.

Everybody seems to be anxious to advance his own comfort and happiness. Sometimes he is equally anxious for the comfort and happiness of his wife and family. At times his solicitude may extend to his immediate relations, and if he be charitably disposed, may include the people of his immediate community. In a non-personal way he may be interested in the welfare of all those who belong to the same clan, or tribe, or nation.

Any man who is wise enough to examine closely will discover that his own welfare depends in a thousand ways upon that of the whole community in which he finds himself. If business as a whole is not brisk, his own business will suffer; if the community as a whole is ignorant, his own children are not likely to be intelligent; if the morality of the community is not all that could be desired, he is likely to feel the effects in his own life and in the life of his family. Therefore, on grounds of self-preservation alone, it becomes every man to insist that there be health in the five great institutions with which he is connected, namely,—the Home, the School, the Church, the Vocation, and the State.

THE HOME.

In another column begins a series of articles on the home. The writer

takes the view that the home is the fundamental institution of civilization and that the nation's standing may be determined by the character of its homes. A review of the world's history will show that national success runs close and parallel to pure and happy home life. In Western Canada this is particularly worth remembering. That parent is doing best for his children who is affording them the comfort and blessing of a really good home. This is more important than money and lands. No child can ever be bankrupt who is endowed with a good body, who has clear ideals of truth, beauty and duty, and who is fitted for some useful service in the community.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

A universal complaint of those in touch with schools is that the children in the rural districts do not attend regularly. This fault must be attributed in large measure to the parents. We are persuaded that if fathers and mothers really understood what was important in life they would not permit their children to be irregular at school. It is not enough that children learn to read and write, but they must be trained to right habits of thought and action. Unless they attend regularly and work diligently this training is impossible. A child's character is of far more importance than his possessions. We are persuaded that many parents in the West believe this, but their action is not in harmony with their belief.

The schools in the country may be far from perfect, but it is far better for a child to be at any school than it is for him to be spending his young days in listless leisure, or in some occupation where he is earning only a few cents.

A DREADNOUGHT FROM CANADA.

A great many people do not know what a Dreadnought is or what it costs to prepare one. The following information will be of interest: A Dreadnought will cost about nine million dollars; its displacement is 17,900 tons; each shell fired costs about \$750; each gun weighs almost as much as two express passenger trains. To work all of the Dreadnought's twelve-inch guns at top speed would cost \$15,000 a minute. Each shot fired by a twelve-inch gun leaves at the rate of 2,900 feet per second.

The vessel which has given her name to the modern type of heavily-armed battleship was launched in 1906, and all older types were at once regarded as, in a sense, obsolete. Compared with the ships of the King Edward class, she carried ten 12-inch quick-firing guns, as

against four of the same calibre and four 9.2 in. Eight of these can be brought to bear on a hostile vessel in one broadside, and six ahead or astern. She is thus able to pour such a constant stream of armour-piercing shells upon an opponent as would probably sink or disable her in a very few minutes. Moreover, her guns have an effective range of over twelve miles.

The Dreadnought is fitted with turbine engines, giving her a speed of 21 knots, the King Edward class steaming 18½ knots. The four cruiser-battleships of the Invincible class, however, have a speed of 25 knots; and it will be remembered that last August the Indomitable, with the Prince of Wales on board, actually equalled the record of the Mauretania by steaming from land to land (Bellisle to the Fastnets) in sixty-seven hours, an average of 25.13 knots per hour! The newer Dreadnoughts are to have a speed of 22 knots.

The advent of the Dreadnought class of ships has rendered early types obsolescent, although second-class battleships will still be of great service. It is very hard for those who witnessed the Diamond Jubilee to realize that nearly every vessel of that mighty fleet has already passed to the scrap heap. Only twenty-one battleships of a date prior to 1897 now remain on the active list.

Canada will do very little to add one first class ship of the Dreadnought standard to that magnificent fleet which has ruled the sea for a thousand years and Canada's Dreadnought must be the best of all.

NO NEED OF WAR.

War is a bad thing at any time. It is particularly bad when there is no occasion for it on either side. Perhaps the surest preventative is that likely combatants have a wholesome respect for one another. It is therefore not an unmixed evil that Germany and Britain are both fitting themselves out with battleships.

At the same time nobody expects that these two countries will come to war. There is no reason at all why they should. We are bound together by so many ties that a war would mean unnecessary hardship to the citizens of both countries, and to the world at large. The commerce between the two countries is so great that it would be foolishness for either to wish for a struggle that would not end by perceptibly advancing the interests of either, for it must be remembered that in every war of the first magnitude all the civilized countries of the world are concerned, and they will see to it that no one country benefits too much by the terms of peace. It is well enough for England and Germany to be ready to protect themselves but they must never engage in war. Instead of this Britain, Germany and the United States should combine for the christianization of the entire world.

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

The budget presented by the Hon. David Lloyd-George has undoubtedly created a sensation in Great Britain, but most Canadians will sympathise with its main aims. The Chancellor is putting forth an endeavor to make England a country for the masses rather than for the classes, and yet no one would call him a Socialist in the objectionable sense of that term. It does seem right that those who enjoy a country, most should pay most, and as we understand it, that is Mr. Lloyd-George's doctrine.

It is time perhaps that we had a Lloyd-George in our own country. Sometimes it dawns upon us that certain people here have not a square show and that others get rich quickly far too easily, and by methods that are not altogether to be commended. Those in political life are not the only vultures.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

The other day I observed near the C. P. R. in this city as many as three or four hundred men idling, and three or four hundred more crowded around the employ-

ment bureaus. It is true that many of these were foreigners and no doubt recent arrivals. I wondered that there should be so many men out of employment at a season when laborers are in demand. However, the explanation of the poverty and improvidence was forth-coming. In the neighborhood of these employment bureaus are several gin shops. In every case the bar-room was crowded to the doors. Men were lined up five and six deep waiting their turn. Is it any wonder that there were so many poverty stricken people on the streets? We can all picture to ourselves the misery in the homes that were represented by that army of unemployed. We know if the money were not being spent in liquor that the homes would be fairly comfortable. Is it not about time that the saloon was done away with? Do you think as a civilized country we can stand for it very much longer? Do you think it is fair to trade and commerce? Do you think it is fair to the women and children? Do you think it is expedient that men who call themselves Canadians should be slaves to appetite, and regardless of the first duties of good citizenship?

GIVE THEM PLAY.

Here is a suggestion for city parents. In Baltimore twenty families have combined to purchase a playground so that their sons and daughters may avoid the danger of playing in the streets. An amusement field has been selected on a lot on Cathedral street. It has a secret entrance and is shut off from the surrounding property by bill boards. Here is a case in which parents place a right value upon the lives of their children. If twenty families can do this, why cannot a town or city do something of the same kind in a large way? Life in our country will not be right in the cities and towns until there are supervised playgrounds for the children. It is the supervision that counts.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

One of the most serious problems that Canada has to face at the present time is that of assimilating the incoming population. The United States have had this problem before them for many years and they have never succeeded in solving it in a satisfactory manner. Yet their problem was simple as compared with ours, for the influx of foreigners with us is proportionately about thirty times as great as it ever was across the border. Many of these foreigners are very desirable settlers in this land. Those who come from cultured lands in northern Europe and from the American side are practically one with ourselves, or will become so in a short time, but it is very different with many who have been seeking the country within the last few years. The most serious feature is that the numbers threaten to increase rather than diminish. Within ten years we may expect to be overrun with a horde of those who are ignorant of our language and out of sympathy with our social and political conditions. It is needless to say that unless we put forth some effort to bring these into harmony with our aims and methods they will be a menace to our national welfare.

Every city in the West has this problem in an acute form. In Winnipeg it is said there are twenty-five thousand of the foreign born in one section. The condition in the homes of some of these people is too awful for description. The condition in some of the rural districts where certain nationalities have centralized seems to be little better.

There are three forces that must conjoin to remedy the situation. These are Legislation, Education and Religion. Legislation must control and limit the immigration. The present system of living the nationalities must cease. Those who come to us must be compelled to observe the public regulations with regard to sanitation and morals. The right to exercise the franchise must be cautiously granted. Education must see to it that all of school age attend regularly and the school must be altered to meet the needs of the people. The education that will suit the average Canadian child will not do for many of those who are foreign born. The course of study for them must include cooking, sewing and domestic science in its many forms, and emphasis must be placed upon moral training—the cultivation of right tastes and habits. The cities must organize industrial evening classes and the support of these must be considered as necessary as the support of the elementary schools. Religion must do its work through institutions rather than through the ordinary church channels. The ordinary church building is practically useless in meeting a condition such as exists in the cities of today. "First Civilize, then Christianize." That must be the slogan.

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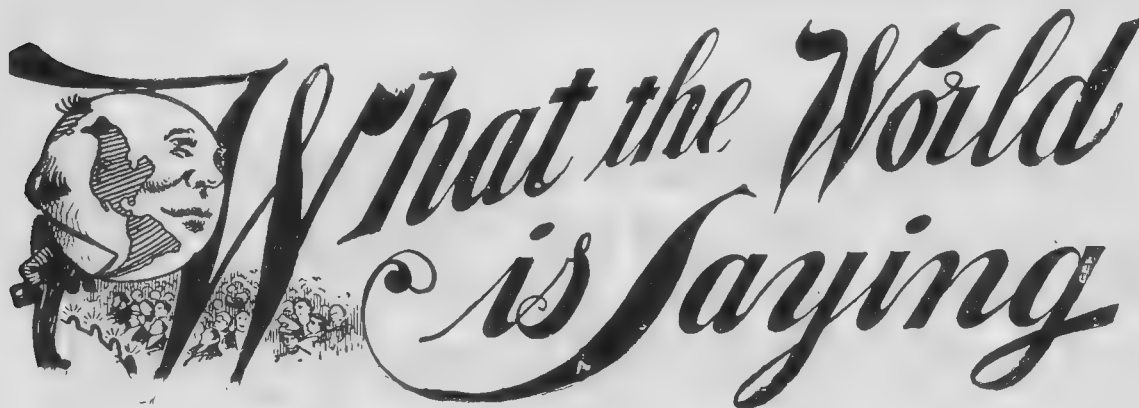
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What the World is Saying

An Elevating Influence.

A divinity college will be established in Saskatoon—another elevator, as it were.—London Free Press.

An Edmonton Libe at Calgary.

Castro says he wants to settle down in a quiet country place. Calgary is the spot for him.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Calgary is Growing Some.

London Ont., claims that it has a population reaching to 50,000. That's nothing; Calgary will beat that inside of three years at the present rate of growth.—Calgary Herald.

The Inevitable "I Told You So."

Out of the many wives of the sultan, how many do you suppose there are who are telling him that if he had listened to her all this would not have happened?—Victoria Colonist.

As to Woman's Rights.

The woman who can make the other partner in the domestic firm carry out carpets and rugs and beat them by the hour need not clamor for the right to vote.—Brockville Recorder.

When Man Goes Up in the Air.

The motor stopped on one of the Wright fliers, now in use in Italy, and the machine and occupant fell 100 feet. Measure up 100 feet on the side of a skyscraper and you will at once see that it is too far to fall.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Deceptive Clock.

Another advantage of the Daylight Saving Bill will be that the hired man who now gets up with the sun at 4 a.m. will not feel so badly about it when he sees by the clock that it is 5 a.m.—Vancouver Province.

A Piece of Calgary Jocularity.

The Anglican divinity college now at Prince Albert is to be moved to Saskatoon. Well, that won't phase Prince Albert, which is going to have a brand new penitentiary in its midst.—Calgary News.

A Woman in the House of Commons.

One scared little woman who by accident got into the House of Commons at Ottawa almost caused a panic among the members. They thought she was a suffragette. The intrusion of a suffragette among male legislators has much the effect as the appearance of a mouse in an assemblage of ladies.—Toronto Star.

The Secret of Her Connubial Felicity.

A woman in the States who has spent fifty years of married life gave out the secret of connubial felicity on her jubilee a few days ago. It consists of just three little words, "Obey your husband." Oh, girls, how simple!—Hamilton Spectator.

British Constructive Genius.

When the South American republics want a railway lifted over the Andes at an altitude of 12,000 feet and at a cost of \$150,000,000, they give the contract to an English firm. British constructive genius has accomplished most of the engineering feats of the modern world.—Montreal Witness.

Agriculture the Foundation of Canada's Welfare.

Canada will continue to have her Cobalts, her Gowgandas and her Klondikes, but after all, the Canadian farm will always be the source of Canadian wealth. As a wealth producer, Saskatchewan will, therefore, occupy a foremost place.—Chatham Planet.

Children vs. Automobiles.

New York automobilists, in an effort to lead non-homicidal lives, suggest that children be kept off the streets. Still, death is a severe penalty for an offence no more gross than being on the street. The humble suggestion is ventured that the automobilists pay heed to the speed laws.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Saying Attributed to Queen Alexandra.

Queen Alexandra is quoted as holding that women who try to be like men instead of seeking to do those things which women can excel in, are mistaking their vocation. The Queen, besides being a gracious woman, is evidently a woman of observing faculty and good sense.—Toronto Telegram.

Canadian Nurse Appreciated in U.S.

An American hospital director says Canadian Nurses are to be found in practically every American hospital. He failed to add that many of them seem to win the hearts of patients and doctors and are chosen to preside over the destinies of American homes. The Canadian girl is a winner.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Beauties of the Law.

Can a man fish for salmon while standing on his own land beside a rushing river? The Quebec Superior Court said he couldn't; the Court of Appeal said he could; the Supreme Court said he couldn't; the Privy Council has given leave to appeal against this decision. Meantime the salmon are safe.—Quebec Telegraph.

The "Insanity" Plea.

"Impulsive insanity" is the latest name for it. Impulsive insanity is that sort of lunacy which attacks a certain class of people immediately before they intend to commit murder and leaves them immediately after they have committed murder. The persons whom it attacks are always persons who are rich enough to hire ingenious counsel to defend them.—New York Evening Post.

Canada the Younger Among Nations.

The fact that it is still possible to organize a dinner party of men who "rocked the cradle" of Canadian confederation will serve as a reminder that we are still a very young nation. If we have not yet reached the realization of our dreams, there is no cause for discouragement. There is a good deal of the future still before us. Not many people have accomplished more in the same space of time than Canadians have to show.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Panama Canal vs. Hudson Bay.

One more proof that the world is round is found in the desire of Alberta farmers to send their wheat to Europe via, Vancouver and the Suez Canal instead of by way of Winnipeg and the St. Lawrence route. Before many years the Panama Canal and the Hudson's Bay railway will be competing for this traffic.—Montreal Gazette.

The Crime of Cornering Bread Stuff.

Germany and France imprison men who speculate in grain futures or corner foodstuffs. On this continent Chicago manipulators take advantage of a shortage in the wheat supply to secure millions of dollars, largely at the expense of the consumer, who gets less flour and less bread for his money. Manipulation of prices of food to the disadvantage of the hungry is a crime against civilization.—London Advertiser.

Lawyers Who Bull-doze Witnesses.

The Winnipeg coroner who entered so vigorous a protest against the liberties taken by counsel with the character and lives of innocent witnesses was well justified. Our judges might do worse than to devote some attention to restricting the verbal onslaughts of lawyers who care nothing

for the feelings or natural rights of innocent witnesses, so long as by bullying or word-twisting they can create some appearance of evasion or deception.—Montreal Herald.

Our National Reputation for Honesty.

Isn't it a fine thing to have a good national reputation for honesty. It's dollars to doughnuts that that old farmer from the States who didn't know anything about banks, but was willing to trust \$25,000 to the care of the immigration officials at Winnipeg, would not have been willing to trust wealth so confidently to government officials in some other countries.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Motherly Queen Wilhelmina.

Queen Wilhelmina has further endeared herself to her subjects by announcing that she will herself nurse her new baby. Good motherly little queen-mother! But perhaps it is easy to give her too much credit. It should be considered that she is not called upon to fulfil such social duties as attendance at afternoon bridges and teas and things, and, therefore, may have more leisure than the ordinary society lady to devote to maternal cares.—Hamilton Herald.

Liquor Interest Not A Big Wage Giver.

The special Canadian census of 1906 sets forth that the liquor trade of this country employs 150 men for every \$1,000,000 of capital invested and pays \$66,000 in wages, while the average per \$1,000,000 invested in other industries is 470 employees and over \$198,000 in wages. It will thus be seen that for the amount of capital invested, the liquor interest, compared with other industries, is not a large employer of labor nor a big wage-giver.—Brantford Expositor.

Women in Civil Service Examinations.

In the recent civil service examinations at Ottawa, out of twenty-seven candidates who passed all the examinations of all classes, nineteen were women. In the competitive list for entrance to Grade B three of five winners were women. Under the new order passing an examination with credit will practically mean appointment. Unless the civil service is to be feminized it may be necessary to make enactments to ensure a proportion of appointments for what seems to have become the weaker sex.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Deterioration in Novels.

Novels have deteriorated lamentably, the paying book now being either the wildly sensational or the insidiously wicked; incidents that formerly were named with bated breath being openly written off and blazoned abroad, for gain of gold, and too often by women. It is difficult to find a plain intellectual meal served by the moderns, who furnish us with little but cayenne pepper, poisonously spiced oysters, and Gorgonzola cheese—a literary dinner the memory of which, as has been well said, serves no end but to leave a dark brown taste in the mouth.—Liverpool Daily Post.

"The Granary of Mankind."

For some years Canada has been called "the granary of the Empire." An Italian economist scores out the word "Empire" and substitutes "mankind." Writing in The Minerva, of Rome, he says: "The day is not far distant when Canada, cultivated with eager industry by the robust arms of the immigrants who are crowding in, will become the granary of the world, as Egypt was of the Roman Empire." He estimates that in time the Dominion will be able to put upon the market an amount of grain equal to half of the world's total production, which at the present moments does not exceed 1,500,000,000 bushels.—London Spectator.

West and East.

A characteristic western toot is emitted by the Calgary News. "In the past ten years," it says, "the growth of the Canadian Middle West has been phenomenal and yet a beginning only has been made." Villages and towns stand now where primitive prairie lay ten years ago. "Ten years from today splendid cities will stand where the towns and villages stand today, and villages and towns will be found where the prairie primeval is today." This will be the work of railways which are to "bring the centre of population nearer to the setting sun." We like the West's way of talking about itself. "The great distinguishing feature of the West," says the Calgary News, "is the magnificent optimism that prevails at all times." In times of trial it never falters. In times of buoyancy it keeps its head and more to the same effect. We in the Canadian East, though we are not at all in a bad way just yet, might take a lesson from the men in the Canadian West.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

There is a Reason for Eaton Prices

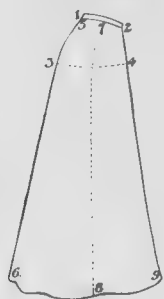
And that Reason is Right Buying

Long years ago we realised there was only one way to successfully conduct a large retail establishment and that way was to go right to the manufacturers for our merchandise. Later we established our own immense factories, the largest in the entire world selling their output direct to the wearer. That explains the Eaton prices. The consumer pays only one small percentage of profit on the original cost of production. Quick turnovers and small profits are infinitely better than large profits and small sales. This shows the futility of judging values by prices. Eaton prices represent values entirely unapproachable by followers of the old time method of buying through agents and middlemen.

Our method of including all Canada in this splendid system of mutual benefit is to issue catalogues of everything needed in every day life, in town and country.

These catalogues are sent entirely free of cost and contain much of interest to everyone.

TAILORED SKIRTS MADE TO ORDER



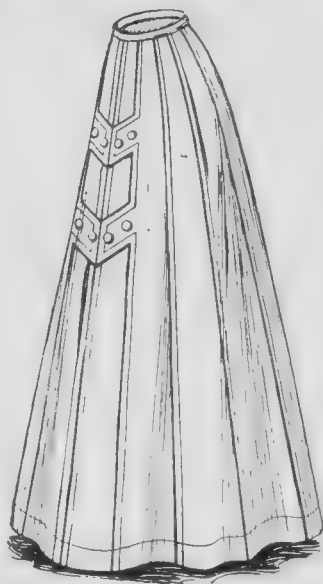
We have just started a new department. This is making up your own selection of goods to your measure into any one of these three styles of skirts.

They are all original Eaton designs, planned by our expert tailor, an artist in this line of work.

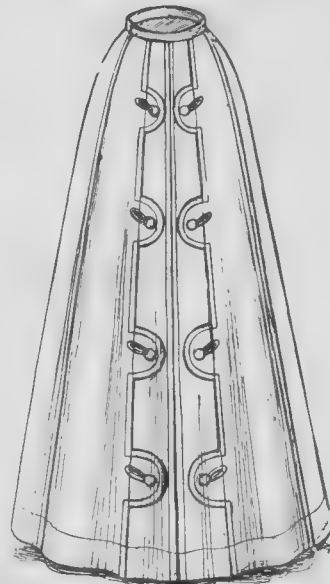
Be very particular to take your measurements carefully and correctly as the success of the fit depends entirely upon this.

We give a wide choice of 50c. materials in almost any color. Samples will be sent on request and skirts made up from your own choice of color and material.

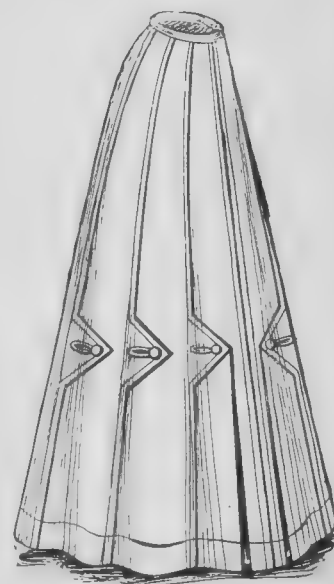
The measurements required are around waist at 1, around hips at 3, front length from 2 to 9, side length from 7 to 8, back length from 5 to 6.



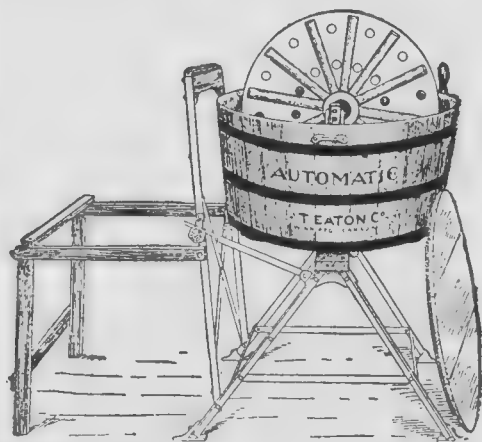
No. 1.—10 gored skirt, fancy front panel, trimmed with buttons and stitching; all seams finished. We will make the skirt from the following 50c. materials:—poplins, panamas, satin cloth, venetians and lus res. Samples sent on request. Special **\$6.00**



No. 2.—9 gored skirt, front panel finished at lower part with two pleats, each gore scalloped, trimmed with buttons and loops, same as cut. Fit and finished guaranteed. We will make this from the same fabrics as No. 1. design. Special **\$6.00**



No. 3.—7 gored circular cut skirt fancy scalloped front, trimmed with loops and buttons, materials used in this skirt same as No. 1 and 2. Special **\$6.00**



THE AUTOMATIC WASHER \$9.00

We consider our automatic washer to be as perfect a machine as any on the market. The mechanism is so arranged that all the work is done by lightly running springs. This makes the labor of operating practically nothing at all, and at the same time the clothes are washed much better than by the old wash-board method. We guarantee it to wash finest fabrics as well as coarsest articles without injury. Each machine is fitted with a wringer stand.

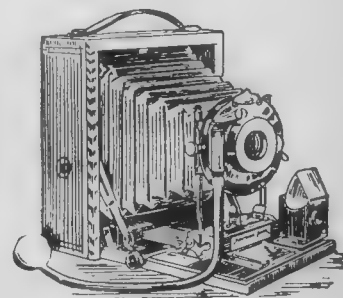
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A KORONA PETIT CAMERA FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS

This is the best little camera for all round work that we know of. It is compactly built and can be used with either plates or film pack. It has a vertical and horizontal front adjustment and rack and pinion for fine focusing. The cover is seal grain with nickel plated trimmings, has a spring actuated focusing screen and tripod sockets. An instruction book accompanies each camera. Size of pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, bellows length 7 inches, size of box $2\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, weight 19 oz.

Price including one double plate holder. **\$12.00**

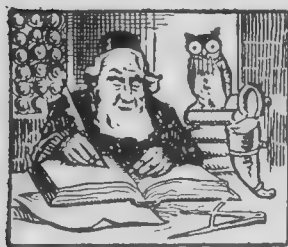
Film pack adapted, extra \$1.00
Film packs, 12 exposures70
Dry plates, Stanley or imperial, per dozen35
" " Paget or Wellington, per dozen30
Metal tripod (4 length sliding) 2.50
Focusing cloth (waterproof)50
Complete developing and printing outfit 2.00



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WINNIPEG CANADA

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ments are meeting
with great favor.



THE PHILOSOPHER

Canadian sentiment, West and East, is in favor of the project of holding a Canadian Exposition and Selkirk Centennial in Winnipeg in 1912, as has been demonstrated. It

THE SELKIRK CENTENNIAL

will be a national event, and to the national advantage. There has never yet been any attempt to bring together in one exposition on an adequate scale a complete showing of Canadian industries and arts and of Canada's resources. Such will be the Canadian World's Fair in 1912, showing all the developments of Canadian activity and all the varied resources which our country possesses from ocean to ocean. It will be a revelation and an inspiration to our own people, in addition to the immeasurably beneficial effect it will have in impressing the world at large with the Dominion's actual progress and illimitable possibilities.

One of the most valuable results immediately discernible from the tour throughout Western Canada by the delegation of prominent citizens of Winnipeg and other

THE SPIRIT OF CANADIANISM

Western cities in the interests of the Canadian Exposition and Selkirk Centennial undertaking is the manner in which the utterances of the speakers of that delegation have stimulated the spirit of Canadianism. It is the spirit of national growth. Nothing could be more noteworthy than the manner in which all the newspapers, from Winnipeg to Victoria, have been dwelling upon and re-echoing the inspiring Canadianism of the addresses made by the gentlemen of that delegation.

The Scottish farmers' delegates who toured Canada last year have since their return home been telling their fellow-countrymen about the Dominion. They have given

SCOTTISH SETTLERS FOR CANADA

hundreds of illustrated lectures in various parts of Scotland describing life in Western Canada and the resources of this country. So popular have these lectures become, and so great is the interest thus aroused, that to comply with all the requests for information about Canada is keeping the delegates busy. In addition to these lectures, the delegates have just issued a comprehensive report of their Canadian tour. Among the suggestions made in the report is one for the purpose of making it easier for Scottish farm laborers to secure homesteads in this country. The suggestion is that a company be formed by capitalists in Scotland to farm on an extensive scale in Western Canada, paying good wages to good men, making good profits for itself, giving its own farm employees the first claim to part of its land, breaking the ground for them and other Scottish settlers by contract, and standing by them in the event of their meeting a bad year. One of the delegates, it is to be noticed, has demonstrated his faith in this country by returning and investing \$70,000 in 3,600 acres in Southern Alberta. This country can have no more valuable immigration agents than these Scotsmen, who have seen for themselves the great possibilities which Western Canada holds out to settlers of the right class. There can be no doubt that as the result of their educational campaign there will be a substantial increase of immigration from Scotland.

This is an age when captains of industry, not content with doing their own strenuous share in the world's work, take pen in hand and write down their opinion on current affairs and their advice

MR. MANN ON CANADA

on the questions of the day. Mr. James J. Hill, that noteworthy Canadian who stands foremost among the railroad-builders of the continent has for many years addressed himself to the public occasionally as the spirit has moved him, and he has invariably proved that he has something to say worth listening to. That other Canadian railway-builder, Mr. D. D. Mann, whose railway-building has all been done in the Dominion, has within the past month published in a leading magazine in the United States an article on the trade relations between the Dominion and the Republic, which has attracted wide attention, as it deserves. While Mr. Mann declares rightly that Canada has reached a position of economic independence and is no supplicant for favors from her neighbor, he is too well acquainted with the resources and conditions of both countries to deny that both would profit by closer trade relations. He specifically favors a

free exchange in fish, coal, iron ore, pulp wood and lumber. In sounding a ringing note of Canadian self-reliance, Mr. Mann says truly that to speak of the absorption of Canada by the United States as possible is utterly to forsake the discussion of the practical. "Canada," he writes, "is a nation so much bigger than any tariff wall that she can afford to be, as she is, undisturbed by it." And he adds this information, which faithfully reflects Canadian opinion and sentiment: "Sometimes I am asked whether Canada is loyal to England, I answer that Canada, like England is loyal to the Empire. There are still a few people on this continent, I believe, who imagine that Canada pays tribute to the King of England. There is reason to suppose that it is bigger than the United States. It is a free confederation of inter-dependent states, each of which has as much liberty to do as it pleases as any state of the Union. In that free confederation, Canada has a place that grows more important every year. She has an unique identity in the world which, if she became four or five or six states in the Union, she could not enjoy."

A notable event of the past month was the visit to Canada of the leading newspaper proprietors and editors of Australia, who were entertained at the chief centres between

ANTIPODEAN FELLOW CITIZENS

Victoria and Quebec, on their way from the antinodes to attend the Imperial Press Conference in London this month. These fellow-citizens of the Empire were cordially welcomed throughout Canada as representatives of virile, broad-minded brothers of our blood on the other side of the world, but under the same flag. They are imbued, like the Canadian people, with a pardonable pride in the achievements of a world-girdling race. The world confederacy of British states grows stronger with the passing years.

The assertion that every woman could marry, if she would only accept one of the men she might have, is probably true; but to the young women nowadays, who have

WHY MEN CHOOSE WIVES

open before them ways of supporting themselves that were not open in former times, the idea of matrimony except with the only man is not attractive. The question of what characteristics are most desired by men in women is a question of supreme human interest, equalled only by that of the characteristics which are most desired by women in men. Henry Rochefort, the celebrated editor of the Paris journal L'Intransigeant, has recently made an investigation of the former question. Through his paper he has made an effort to ascertain the wifely characteristics most desired by his countrymen. While Frenchmen are, perhaps, not identical with the average Canadian men, humankind is near enough alike all over the world to make the results of this enquiry at least interesting. The editor of L'Intransigeant asked his male readers which of the following thirteen good qualities in a woman should be placed first in points of importance—beauty, kindness, courage, constancy, fidelity, good nature, brightness, frankness, cleverness, wealth, health, wit and talent. To this some 20,000 replies were received, and tabulated, and the result is notable. The majority of answers decided that the most precious quality of all was health, followed by courage, frankness, cleverness, wit, fidelity, wealth and constancy. Good nature, strange to say, was second from the last, and last of all was beauty. Only 342 out of the more than 20,000 put beauty as the first quality desired in a wife.

The attempt to fly across the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon is seriously proposed. Letters of incorporation have been taken out by the group of enthusiastic aerialists in the

TO FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

United States who are going to provide the balloon, and Count Zeppelin has declared that the plan is practicable. But the world at large will be incredulous until the feat is accomplished. It is true that history shows that the world has been incredulous about every great innovation. We laughed at the idea of sending messages over a thin wire, of talking over the distance between Winnipeg and St. Paul, at the notion of cable communication under the ocean, and at the Wright aeroplane. And we shall remain incredulous, doubtless, in regard to the pro-

ject of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon, until that achievement has been actually performed. But in the face of accomplished wonders, we shall not give way to incredulous grins at this latest project. We shall compose our faces into solemn expressions and assume the polite air of questioning doubt. The route for the balloon to take across the Atlantic is all laid out. It is proposed that it shall be the one taken by Columbus. Several places for stoppage are possible in that route. The start will be made from Palos, in Spain, with the first stop either at Madeira or Tenerife. From the Canary Islands the balloon will sail in a southwesterly direction to the Cape de Verde Islands and thence directly to the Bahama Islands. In this route all the favoring influences of the trade winds are taken advantage of, and the most favorable time of the year will be selected for the attempt. The time of the passage, it is thought, would be five days. Ships, to give assistance in case of accident, will follow the balloon. Where will the daring and inventiveness of man stop?

The average Government blue book, composed as it is mainly of statistics, is about as dry reading as is to be found. But he who burrows into

MEASLES RAVAGING THE ESKIMO

this form of literature will occasionally come upon interesting information. For instance, in the latest report of the Dominion Geological Survey there is a collection of facts about the Eskimo who dwell on the delta of the Mackenzie, where that great river of the north empties into the Arctic Ocean by its several mouths. When the whalers first began their operations in that part of the Arctic Ocean in 1889 there were more than two thousand Eskimo along the coast. Now there are less than four hundred. The rapid numerical decline is due to the introduction of white man's diseases. Of these measles is the most fatal to the Eskimo. "Instances have occurred within the past ten years," says the report, "where ten out of thirteen individuals in a single house have died in a week; strong men dying within thirty hours from the first appearance of the symptoms." The Eskimo are not very subject to consumption, which has wrought such havoc among the Indians. The birth rate among the Eskimo is very low. It is stated that a family of more than four has never been heard of, and many of the married couples have no children. The race is thus destined to die out. The official report referred to bears out entirely what is stated by Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in regard to the good character of the Eskimo, and makes special mention of the fact that the Eskimo men treat the women much better than the Indians do. The latter, as is well known regard the squaws as their inferiors. The squaws are never allowed to walk side by side with the men, and are rarely spoken to by them, a squaw's conversation being wholly with other squaws and children. The Indian men look upon woman's work as degrading. With the Eskimo, on the contrary, there is almost perfect equality among the sexes, a man doing a woman's work as readily as that which ordinarily falls to him. Nothing is more pathetic in the history of civilization than the disappearance of primitive races before those more highly civilized

It is trite and platitudinous enough to say that woman's place is the home, and for that reason the Philosopher is not going to say it, as also for

THE WOMAN'S PART

the further reason that in this day and age woman does pretty much as she pleases and as circumstances will permit. If she wishes to enter into the fields of activity that were once exclusively occupied by man, hardly one of them is barred to her. She can go out into the hurly-burly and grapple with the work of setting right those things which she sees are going wrong. But her greatest power for good is in the field which, down through the ages, has been her own—the home. There the woman, as wife and mother, can exercise enormous power. Few women realize, perhaps, how much of a man's success and of the work he does for the world's good, must come from his home life. A man who goes forth from a home into the world every morning carries with him the influence of that home. No matter what his calling or occupation, his home life must largely shape his character and his influence. The wife and mother makes the home, but the father must help and there is no hope for the man who comes into the home after his day's work growling and complaining, until the cat flies out of the room, the children sit awed and scared into silence, and the mother either bears her burden meekly, or responds in kind, and the air is filled with a joint debate most unhappy and unwholesome. The woman cannot do it alone; but neither can the man. If each does a fair share, the home should be a place of joyful comfort and content, a source of inspiration and strength for the husband and father, a noble domain with the wife and mother for its queen. For the children it should be a place to be loved and respected, a place to which they will look back through all their lives with tender thoughts. What nobler work than a woman's in making such a home.

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THE GREAT FAIR OF THE GREAT WEST

\$40,000 in Prizes

Live Stock Ring

**Poultry Show
Dog Show**

A Thousand Features to Greet
Ten Thousand New Faces,
every Day of Canada's Great
Holiday Week.

Blue Ribbon Racing

**Richest Half Mile
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**\$22,000 in Stakes
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**The Famous NAVASSAR LADIES BAND, Forty Fair Feminine Flautists
Marvellous Spectacle of Fire Every Night : "SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL"**

MAMMOTH ELECTRICAL DISPLAY
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Agricultural MOTOR COMPETITION
Actual and Instructive Field Tests

FURIOUS FUN FEATURES ON FIELD, TRACK AND STAGE
THE CANADIAN NATIONAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEET, JULY 15-17
Will be held at the Exhibition Grounds

Entries close June 23, address A. W. BELL, Mgr. and Sec.

**Excursions from
Everywhere**

July 10-17

**Excursions from
Everywhere**

To Those Who Know Us and to Those Who Ought To!

YOU are fond of music of some kind.

WE accept that statement as true because almost everyone is; and you do not deny it do you? Well then, read on! We asked the question "Are you fond of music?" of a rustic youngster recently who replied, "Why Yes! I could listen to a sliver on a fence rail."

SLIVERS from fence rails may not interest you but Jews Harps at 5c to 25c may, or mouth organs at 10c to \$1.50 each. Accordeons \$2.00 to \$35.00, Violins \$2.00 to \$150. Guitars \$5 to \$50. Stewart Banjos, Washburn Mandolins and everything you can think of in the way of trimmings and strings.



WRITE TO

BAND instruments of almost every make can be procured for you if we haven't what you want.

CHOIR MUSIC is our specialty. Send for our "Anthem Guide."

The gentleman with the smiling face is our Mr. Wray, a favorite entertainer. Doesn't look weary of 20 years in the music business does he? He is a whole encyclopedia of information on

SONGS AND PIANO MUSIC of which we carry a few!!! How much? All the music stocks of **Turner, Curran & Co. Ltd.**, of **Norman Lindsay Ltd.**, of the **Grundy Music Co.** and of the **Winnipeg Piano Co.** have been recently acquired by

TURNER & WRAY, 284 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

N.B. We cater to the ladies especially so as a side line we carry a full stock of Needles and Supplies for all Sewing Machines

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

VALUABLE INFORMATION. Most men are "posted" on something. Some can tell you about "baseball." Others can give you points about the "races." Not a few are thoroughly informed concerning the heroes of the prize ring. Many can tell you concerning the particulars of the latest social scandal. Why not fill your mind with useful information? Why not read books which you can quote? Put the best furniture into the rooms of your mental apartment. "I have five clerks in my office," said a Bradford merchant lately, "who probably could tell me all I want to know, and more, about a horse race, a cricket, or a football match; and not one of them could translate for me a foreign business letter. This is one principal reason," he added, "why Bradford is overrun with Germans, and why the Germans are getting hold of so much of our trade."

HARD WORK. I have just heard of the University of Hard Knocks. And I like the name. The City of Hard Labor produces sturdy citizens. A cold climate produces strong men. Young men who have an easy time of it in the beginning are not so sure to be on the best terms with themselves near the end of their career. Pray that you may not be blessed with "easy circumstances" until you are old enough to appreciate the blessing. "The Expositor," published in Cleveland, Ohio, says:

"Hannibal was the great general of the Carthaginians. He took into Italy the bravest army it had ever seen. At first it was successful. But when Capua was taken the army caught the infection of its luxury. It grew fond of pleasure. This made it effeminate and an easy prey to the foe. Prosperity is not an unmixed blessing."

You have fine institutions which tell you you are cheating yourself when you pierce animal cravings as an excuse for self-indulgence. God has endowed you with powers by which to tame and conquer these baser energies, and turn them to the service of a man's true work."

THE TOP BUTTON. The larger your business the more important is the matter of detail. I once heard John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, plead with his salesman to be careful in the use of "string and paper" as such economy would mean a saving of thousands of dollars during the year. Here is an illustration from Germany. It has to do with the importance of detail:

"Perhaps you remember the anecdote told of the present Emperor of Germany: That he wears his military uniform constantly and when sitting in his room, overlooking Unter der Linden, he loosens the upper buttons of his coat and throws it back for comfort. But when the soldiers come marching past he buttons his coat to the top button and watches the soldiers march. A gentleman, who had seen him do this, asked him: 'Why are you so particular even to the top button?' The Emperor replied: 'My soldiers have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not mean that they ever shall. Let me tell you,' he continued, 'it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army.' Well, the German Emperor may be a 'crank' in some things but that is a very good example of crankiness."

"THANK YOU, SIR." I noticed when I was in England that everybody said "Thank you." Even when a porter did me a favor, such as handing me my coat, he did it with a "Thank you." "Thank you, sir!" I admit that it was pleasing to the ear and grateful to the soul. Ever since I have been saying to everybody "Thank you." "Thank you, sir." An exchange remarks: "Thomas Jefferson was by nature a gentleman; even French courtiers admired his polished manners, while the humblest could not but revere the man whose considerate courtesy put them at ease in his presence. 'You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear,' said Count de Vergennes, the French minister, to Mr. Jefferson, who had been sent to Paris to relieve our most popular representative. 'I succeed him; no man can replace him,' replied the American. It is not surprising that the man who made this felicitous reply should be esteemed by the most polite court in Europe. 'One day, while he was President, as Mr. Jefferson and his grandson were riding in a carriage,

they met a slave who respectfully took off his hat and bowed. The President returned the salutation by raising his hat, but the grandson paid no attention to the negro's civility.

"Thomas," said the grandfather, with a reproachful look, 'do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself?'"

TAMING OF WILD LIFE.

Ambrose Shepherd has something to say to young men concerning the power of passion. Reason and animal passion both assert themselves at the same period in the development of manhood. Strong passions mean a strong nature and strong natural elements have been characteristic of great souls and men of genius. Says Dr. Shepherd:

"But the taming of hot nature—that is the ordeal. Does each young man see that this is his first task in life? Do not argue that God has charged you with these animal appetites, and why, if He has planted them, are they not to be indulged? God has given you something else at the same time—a will and a moral instinct by which you are able to restrain these impulses. Have you not a will? That is, or may be made, a force as strong as the might of natural desire."

ENCOURAGE FOLKS.

Most people are doubters. They do not doubt God, or Christ, or the Bible, but they doubt themselves. They do not believe in themselves. They are betrayed by their own doubts. And if a man cannot believe in himself, then somebody must believe in him. Faith is at the foundation of every great achievement. Doubt daggers possibility. So help people to believe in themselves. Read this paragraph from "Men In The Making":

"You could write stories which people would read," said Lecky repeatedly to George Eliot. She did not believe him, and, strange as it may seem, she had almost a morbid shrinking from making the attempt. But she did make it and we know with what results. The attempt to write a story had not only to precede the belief that she could write one, it had to reveal the gift."

IMPROVING THE BREED.

Governor Hughes, of New York, a leading member of the Baptist denomination, is out on the warpath. He is fighting against gambling in every form. He is more interested in breeding strong men than in increasing the stock of fast horses. One of our religious exchanges ventures the following remark concerning this young Cromwell in politics: "Governor Hughes of the great State of New York is making a brave, and we are glad to say, winning fight against evil doers and law breakers. In this courageous fight against the forces of evil the Governor should have the sympathy and moral support of all the good people, not of the State of New York only, but of the whole nation. Certain gamblers who are more interested in breeding fast horses than they are in breeding good men have literally besieged the governor in his fight for the repeal of the New York law that legalizes betting at racetracks. The question these men put to Mr. Hughes is this: 'Do you want to improve the breed of horses.' To which the governor answers: 'I am thoroughly in favor of doing all we can to improve the breed of men.'"

SUNDAY AND CIVILIZATION

Sunday and prosperity, Sunday and progress, Sunday and sure growth, Sunday and a high grade civilization go hand in hand. When you break the Sabbath you break yourself. One day's rest in seven is the law of nature, Bible or no Bible. Even a preacher breaks down who insists on preaching seven days in the week. The following paragraph about a well known millionaire is well worth noting:—"So many mean things are said about our 'malefactors of great wealth' that it is a pleasure to see the press giving publicity to an incident which shows that at least one very rich and powerful citizen respects the Sabbath. The man, the son of a clergyman, is E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate. Two weeks ago, in California, Mr. Harriman became interested in polo and offered a cup to be played for at Burlingame by the Ranelagh, Bryn Mawr and Burlingame teams the following Saturday. As it was found that several of the ponies had gone astray in shipping from

the south and one of the Ranelagh team could not be found, it was suggested that the game be played on Sunday. 'I would rather not attend a game on Sunday,' said Mr. Harriman, and that settled it. By taking this firm stand for proper Sabbath observance, Mr. Harriman not only honored his God and himself, but he prevented numerous other men from doing wrong."

WALKING AND GOOD HEALTH

Follow nature. Find out how nature "does it" and do it that way. The theologian says "back to Christ." Common Sense also adds "back to Nature." Walking is so easy. Walking is so necessary. Walking is so natural. Why not walk? Every joint in your body is lubricated when you walk. Every nerve in your body thrills when you walk. Every drop of blood in your body turns a summerset when you walk. Walk, man, walk!

"Edward Payson Weston, the veteran pedestrian, is getting along bravely on his walk from New York to the Pacific coast. And a few days ago a man who had trudged from Los Angeles to the Atlantic came into New York bronzed and well, after 146 days on the road. We cannot all follow the example of these walkers and tramp thousands of miles within a given time, but the most of us can do more walking than we do. We are too prone, especially in cities, to ride short distances for the sake of saving time or because we are really too lazy to walk. Good health and exercise are so closely related, and good health means so much to every man, woman and child, that we ought to walk at least a mile or two daily in open air."

HOW TO TREAT

Are you favored with an honored guest. Don't be concerned about him. At least do not let him see that you are concerned. Act as though you were accustomed to men of such distinction in your home. Just be at home in your own home. And being at home you will make him feel at home. Turn him loose. Give him the "freedom" of the establishment. Thus you will honor your guest and yourself.

"Prof. Swing told this story of his dog, Chihuahua, of whom he was very fond: 'When Canon Farrar visited Chicago I had him at dinner with me. I was a little fearful that being so 'big a gun' he might be shocked when he saw my dog sauntering around the dining room. Now, it has always been my habit to pass little bits of meat down to my dog as I sit at the table. What was my surprise and pleasure to catch the great Canon Farrar handing Chihuahua a sliver of turkey before his Eminence had been waited upon three minutes. 'Each one of my ten children,' he said 'has a pet of some kind at home, and like your dog the pets have the freedom of the house. And you may believe that I feel at home.' These words told me more of England's great preacher than I could have learned from many an able lecture."

GOOD TASTE

Be careful about the law of association. Let nobody associate with your name and memory a mean thing. Stand for good taste in all things. Woe be the preacher who has a reputation for "slang." Let vulgarity have a wide berth. Let no questionable story or incident fall from your own lips. Give no mortal on God's earth a chance to connect anything foul, mean or low with your personality. Be careful that when you make people "laugh" you are not making them laugh at you. Speaking of low class literature a writer says:—

"Why should the low and vicious be selected as the type, and served up in literature as mental pabulum? 'Oh,' says one, 'they are facts!' Well, a dead dog in a back lane is a fact, and a very repulsive one; but that is no reason for placing it on the sideboard. Much of the literature that finds its way into the homes and minds of the people is of this 'dead dog' variety, and needs burying quickly and deeply, with no hope of resurrection."

LOOK FOR THE SUNSHINE

Look for the sunshine. Look for the flowers. Look for the bright spots. Look for the roses. Look for the honey. Look for the best. Doubt daggers every joy, but Hope, like a queen leads us ever onward toward that which is best in life. Hope when the shadows fall. Hope when the plot thickens. Hope when the battle waxes hot. Hope when the heavens are black above you. Hope when your friends forsake you. Hope when the summer flowers are covered with December snows. Hope! Hope! Hope always wins.

Kingsley and Thomas Hughes were going home together through the deepening twilight of a thick London fog. They actually lost their way in the familiar streets, and stumbled on with difficulty from street-lamp to street-lamp. "It is like life," said Hughes; "stumbling, uncertain of our way, dreary." "Yes," said Kingsley, "it is like life, for after all we know that home is not far off, and we shall soon be there."



KALEDEN FRUIT LANDS

Southern Okanagan, B.C.

The above cut is a photograph of a portion of our fruit lands on the west shore of Dog Lake. This lake is four miles south of Okanagan Lake, which is seen in the distance, and connected by the Okanagan River—navigable.

We are now putting in a

Pressure Pipe System of Irrigation

on these lands; the first and only system of the kind in Canada. This system is conceded by experienced men to be worth \$100 more per acre to the land than the ordinary flume and ditch system. On KALEDEN lands you will have beautiful domestic water in your homes the year round, equal to the finest city water system.

Our Engineer, Mr. Latimer, has been for sometime subdividing these lands into 5 acre lots, laying out roads and streets, and also the beautiful townsite of KALEDEN.

In the meantime we are selling town lots and fruit lots, giving each purchaser a number and receipt indicating the order of their choice. Soon as plan is completed a copy of same will be sent with a description of each lot for your selection. We guarantee that every fruit lot sold in this way to be ready for the plow, and every foot of it the finest loamy fruit soil there is in all Canada—not a single yard of waste soil on it. Our climate conditions are superior to any other part of British Columbia, so far as fruit raising is concerned. It is a land of sunshine and beauty. Those who buy now have superior choices and get all the advantages of first selection. A deposit of \$100 with each 5-acre lot and \$25 each on town lots is required. Unimproved fruit lands equal to these cannot be purchased, under irrigation, in the Wenatchee or Yakima Valleys, Washington, or other favored places, there, under \$600 to \$1000 per acre. Our present prices are \$240 per acre for fruit lots and \$200 each for town lots. Our terms are: One-fourth cash; one-eighth in 12 mos.; one-eighth in 24 mos.; one quarter in 36 mos. and one-quarter in 48 mos. A \$100 deposit now will secure you one of these choice 5-acre fruit lots in the very best location overlooking this beautiful Lake. Send or wire money to me at address below. These lands are owned by James Ritchie, of Summerland, B. C., and we refer you to Bank of Montreal, Vernon, as to our responsibility. Prospectus and Map will be sent on application.

T. G. WANLESS

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The Young Man and His Problem.

(Continued)

DRUDGERY "Drudgery, Drudgery, Drudgery"—this is the common complaint of life. Today is yesterday repeated and a prophecy of tomorrow. Oh for a life, calling, or profession which would bring us change and variety. The author of the "Intellectual Life" says:—It is not long since the present Bishop of Exeter truly affirmed, in an address to a body of students, that if there were not weariness in work, that work was not so thorough-going as it ought to be. "Of all work," the Bishop said, "that produces results, ninetenths must be drudgery."

A PLEASANT SMILE A smile is heavenly. A grin ghastly. In this paragraph we wish to emphasize the importance of cultivating a smile. Take men as they come, one by one, and treat every man with a smile. Talk to him as though you were interested in his case. Talk to him as though you had no body else in your thoughts—and wear a smile. Sam Jones once said:—"Down in Columbus, Georgia, one of the pastors, a happy, bright brother, walked into the post-office one morning and asked for his mail. The postmaster asked him inside. 'Do you see these boots?' he said, pointing to a handsome pair of new boots on his feet; 'what do you think of them?' 'They are very good.' 'Well,' said the postmaster, 'you go to such and such a place and let them take your measure. I want you to have a pair made just like them.' The pastor said: 'I don't need any boots specially. What does it mean?' 'Well, it's not because I have heard you preach so often, but because you've put your head in at my window about three hundred days during the year and given me a pleasant smile.'"

VIM I am meeting men every day, and this week has brought an ample supply. On Monday, a book agent; Tuesday, an insurance man, Wednesday, a promoter; Thursday, a youth with a patent carpet cleaning apparatus, and—today—Friday, a solicitor for a missionary cause—and each man a success in his own particular line. So I put them all together in a row and discover that each possessed one exceedingly important characteristic, namely *Enterprise*. In a little book entitled "The Art of Success" I find these words: Success in the service of a company, an institution, a business firm, or anywhere else, demands that a man should be trustworthy in every particular: it demands this, and much more, but character is absolutely pre-eminent. Moral delinquencies are capable of a broad interpretation. For instance, a merchant has been heard to say: "My buyer is as honest and sober as I can wish, but he does not seem to care about anything beyond routine duties—he has no enterprise. I want a man who will make my business his business."

TAFT AND McKINLEY Roosevelt has passed on—and Mr. Taft now occupies the presidential chair. Mr. Roosevelt was the man with the "big stick." Mr. Taft is a man of infinite tact. From one who is so gentle, kind, pleasant and agreeable it is well to take a lesson. Hear what President Taft says concerning Mr. McKinley:—"Major McKinley's good nature, his sweetness of temper went much farther than that acquiescence in things that are—his was an affirmative quality, and not a mere indisposition to make a fuss because too lazy to do otherwise. Every one of his cabinet officers can testify to that, as well as to his thoughtfulness in trifles. He was always inquiring as to the members of the family, or sending a little tribute to one or another—each day he seemed to have in mind the creation of happiness for some one—the smoothing out of life for those who came under his influence. That is fact, and he had it in a more wonderful degree than any man I ever knew."

YOUR WEAK POINT The most difficult work is the work of the critic. It is never safe to tell a man his faults. Not even when he asks you to do so. Men are so prone to justify themselves, so prone to explain away their mistakes, so prone to excuse themselves that it is almost useless for friend or neighbor to offer criticism or comment. What a sermon could be preached on the text "He willing to justify himself said—"

It is told of Dr. Johnson, as the hour of death drew near and his conscience troubled him sometimes, he went to a minister and said, "Will you tell me what are the defects of my life, so that I may mend them and ask forgiveness for them?" And the good minister said, "Well, I think you are rather hasty in your temper, Dr. Johnson,

very dogmatic." "What!" he said, "You are a fool! If there is one thing that I am free of, it is a dogmatic, hasty temper. Get out of my sight, sir!"

ANGER When a man is angry, don't stand in his way. When a man has a grievance give him ample time to ventilate his views. When a man is "on fire" give him time to cool down. Don't add fuel to the flame by opposing him. The late Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, even more famous than his celebrated father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, left this incident on record: "I remember that once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him in a soft and low tone, 'Well, I suppose that you only want what is just and right.' The man said, 'Yes,' but went on to state the case over again. Very gently father said to him: 'If you have been misinformed, I presume that you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is.' He said he would. Then father, very gently and quietly, made a statement of the other side, and when he was through the man got up and said: 'Forgive me, doctor. Forgive me.' Father had beaten him by his quiet gentle way."

A MATTER OF HABIT "Get the Habit" is the way the electric sign reads—and we regard the suggestion with suspicion. There are so many men who are the victim of habit that when a "habit" is mentioned we think only of a bad habit. Prof. James, of Harvard, says, in his "Talks on Psychology:" "They talk of the smoking-habit, and of the swearing-habit, and of the drinking habit, but not of the abstinence-habit or the moderation habit, or the courage-habit." After a certain output of deliberate effort and a period of practice, the vital virtues become second-nature; we acquire the instinct for self-denial, the prayer-habit, the Bible-reading-habit, the purity-habit, the truth-habit, the habits of faith, and hope, and love.

BIGNESS AND GREATNESS "Oh, I expected to see a big man—a giant!" said one who laid her eyes on King for the first time. And instead of a giant she found a man who would possibly weigh 145 pounds—certainly not much more. Napoleon, Wesley, Baxter and Jay Gould each weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Robert Collyer, the famous New York divine, tells of his visit to the pulpit of a great preacher whose physical proportions were not equal to his reputation:—"Richard Baxter, the eminent Puritan divine, whose pulpit stands now on the floor of the vestry in our church at Kidderminster, into which you pass by a door; but, when I would have fain come in, so that I might stand where he had stood, I could not get through, and had to climb over. And this, mind you, was not the other day: it was thirty years ago."

ART OF AUTHORSHIP Learn to write, my friend, learn to write. It may come in handy some day. The development of a gift or faculty is an important thing. You can never tell when an accomplishment may bring you a place or position. If it only wins you a friend, it is worth cultivating. If ideas come slowly and words refuse to come at all, then, follow Stevenson's plan and study the style of some famous writer. The author of "Making The Most of Ourselves" says:—"Robert Louis Stevenson began by imitating other writers in his practice work; he did it deliberately and with a purpose. He would read a piece and then aim to put it into the style of Macaulay or whatever author he was using as a model at the time. This was an exercise; he threw away the matter when he was done with it; he did not do as some who adopt another man's style for use as their own."

EXERCISE A gymnasium is a splendid institution but your neighborhood may not be blessed with one. What a fine thing to know that your health does not depend on a gymnasium, that body-building is a science which can be cultivated without Indian clubs or dumbbells; that every part of the body can be developed without pulley weights or rowing machines. Prof. Haeckel the German scholar and philosopher had a great way of "stretching himself." Mr. Elbert Hubbard says of him:—"This exercise of reaching and stretching until you lift yourself on tiptoe, he goes out of his way to recommend in his book on 'Development,'

wherein he says, 'There is a tendency as the years pass for internal organs to drop, but the individual who will daily go through the motion of reaching for fruit on limbs of trees that are above his head, standing on tiptoe and slowly stretching up and up, occasionally throwing his head back and looking straight up, will of necessity breathe deeply, exercise the diaphragm and I believe in most cases will ward off disease and keep old age awaiting for long.'"

YOUR CHURCH Stand by your church! If you are a Catholic, be a good one. If you are a Protestant, be a strong one. Compel your own denomination to admire you. Churches are just as necessary as banks. Even an agnostic can afford to be generous to the religious institutions which guarantee the moral health of the neighborhood in which he resides. Here is a good item concerning Theodore Roosevelt:—"At a meeting of farewell in, the Reform church in Washington which President Roosevelt has attended, he reminded the members that he had not missed a single communion service while in Washington. That is a record and example to be remembered when the account of the outgoing administration with the American people is made up."

FIRM FOOTING Be sure of your ground. Know your facts. Build on the granite. Face every difficulty bravely. Leave the "bold dash" to others. Never "bluff" people. You can do that but once. If you don't know a thing say so, and then proceed to find out what you don't know. A recent exchange says:—"When Governor Hanly of Indiana was delivering his famous temperance lecture at a 'Chautauqua' in Southern Illinois, a saloonkeeper arose in the audience and said: 'Governor, there are in this town nine saloons that besides paying license are paying taxes on \$25,000 worth of property. How is the deficit going to be made up if you knock us out?' The governor promptly said: 'Give me an hour and I will answer you.' So the meeting was adjourned for one hour. The governor put in the time consulting the tax records of the county. At the end of the recess he returned to the platform. After leading his questioner to repeat the assertion that the saloons were paying taxes on property worth \$25,000, the governor told the audience that in fact the nine saloonkeepers of the place were assessed on a total valuation of only \$1,300 for all their holdings, and the total taxes that the entire nine contributed to the public funds that year was \$9.16. The saloonists didn't try to measure conclusions with the governor again that day."

SUNDAY CLOTHES "What shall I wear?" is a question which is not wholly monopolized by the women. It is a problem which frequently confronts a young man in the beginning of his professional or business career. To realize that some of the greatest men who have ever achieved success have been annoyed and worried about "clothes" may be a comfort and consolation to the youth who is struggling with poverty. These are the words of Prof. Huxley, the friend and co-laborer of Spencer and Darwin:—"I am somewhat put to it in the article of clothes," he confessed to his father in a letter of a few weeks afterwards, "and have been obliged to remain at home for the last four or five Sundays in consequence of my not having a pair of trousers fit to go out in. I do not see that I can for the present do anything else than return home. It is impossible for me to remain here doing nothing. I do not see any likelihood of my getting anything to do in the literary way immediately, although there might be an opening by and by. I am still as confident as ever that I could make my way as a literary character if I could once get a start, and I think you will agree with me in that belief."

PASS IT ON Sometimes an illustration is so "pat," so true to life, so appropriate, so genuine, so in touch with the affairs of every day life that it seems to be crowned with perpetual youth. It comes to the surface again and again. It is handed down from generation to generation. It does service for every nationality. It is to be found in every language. Here is an illustration of that sort:—"A young man was talking to a pilot on one of our big steamers. 'How long have you been a pilot on these waters?' 'Twenty-five years, and I came up and down many times before I was a pilot.' 'Then,' said the young man, 'I should think you must know every rock and sand-bank in the river.' The old man smiled at the youth's simplicity and replied: 'Oh, no, I don't; but I know where the deep water is.' That is what we want to know—the safe path and keep to it."

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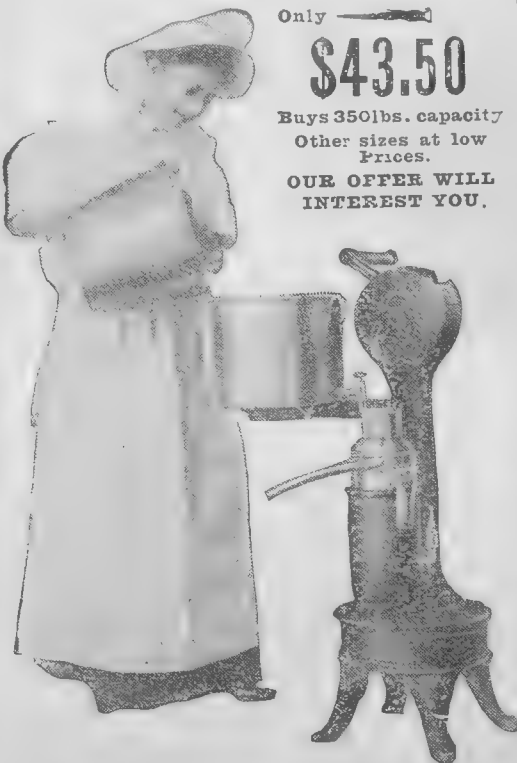
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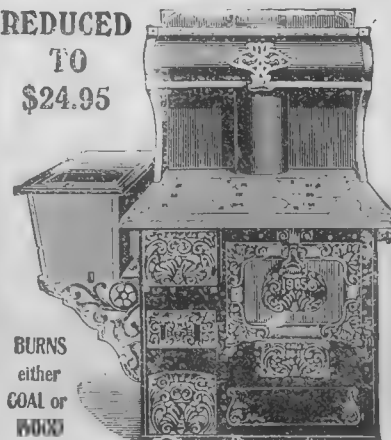


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Park School, Brandon, Man.



Lorne Avenue, Brandon, Man., looking east from Central Church.



C. P. R. Roundhouse and freight yards, Brandon, Man.



Lorne Avenue, Brandon, Man., looking west from Central School.

BRANDON

1908

Population 2,000



Assessment

Real, Personal and
Business, \$11,217,397.



Water Mains

17.85 Miles.



Sewers, 15.17 Miles



Sidewalks, 30 Miles.



Graded Streets, 18 Miles.



Brandon is the "Bull's
Eye"—the Centre of
the Rich Farming
Country in Manitoba.



Rosser Avenue, Brandon, Man.



Portion of business section, City of Brandon.



West End Park, Brandon, Man. Park



The Provincial Hospital, Brandon, Man.

OF BRANDON, MANITOBA

I Fair, Brandon, July 19-23, 1909.



Brandon, Man., looking west.



ction. City Hall in foreground.



Man. Park School in rear of band stand.



Hospital, Brandon, Man.

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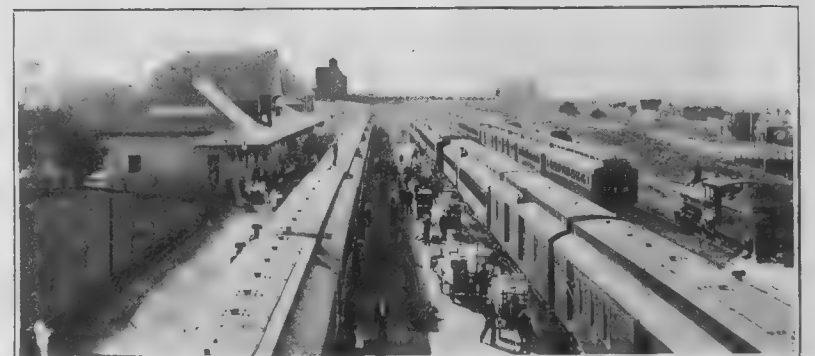
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Transcontinental at the C. P. R. Depot, Brandon, Man.



The Winter Fair Building, Brandon, Man., erected by private citizens and farmers at a cost of \$50,000.

Men Who Cry for Aid Usually Undeserving.



I HAVE a letter just at hand, coming from a man who has the old cry against being shelved because he is too old, and who adds to it the story of his wretched poverty and his appeal to some philanthropist who will divert only a little of the money necessary to a library or museum to putting an old man on his feet again.

On the face of it there is no appeal for help like this coming from an old man who has made his try at life and who, in his old age, sees only the poorhouse as the end of it all. Yet in my experience with poverty and complaint of poverty, there may be more of a selfish self-interest in such an appeal than in any other form of mendicancy—and I use the last word in its true sense.

Not long ago I talked with the gentle matron of an institution devoted to the care of friendless old people of every class. I had looked through the institution for some suggestion of the old grandfather and grandmother types that had appealed to me as a boy, and I expressed surprise that I had not found them. "No," she said regretfully, "we don't have them here. We get the cranks and the selfish old ones who are friendless in the true sense, largely because of their personalities. Those gentle old people of the old school always find some one to take them in and spare them the shock of charity; and that type of poverty stricken ones, at the worst, is not numerous.

Today two of the gentlest old men I know are the employees of an elevated railway company. One of them works seven days a week, twelve hours a day, at ringing up fares in an elevated station. The other works his twelve hours a day in all seasons and all weathers as flagman at a surface crossing of the line. The hair of each is snow white, but each is as sunny in disposition as ever he was by nature, and, in my judgment, the man who would approach either of them with a suggestion of charity in any form

was by nature, and, in my judgment, the man who would approach either of them with a suggestion of charity in any form would offend past all apology. Yet my correspondent, who is too old only because he looks it, asks of me:

"Is there a philanthropist in all this wide, cold world that would sooner help an honest and in every way worthy man 'on his feet,' so as to keep him self-supporting, than to establish libraries, assist in mission work, or build colleges to civilize and educate young men only that they may become paupers in their old age?"

As my correspondent doubtless wishes an answer to this portion of his complaint, I think I am safe in saying No, in all emphasis. No man with business judgment is anxious for the financing of failures. If it were in the nature of things better establish old men who are failures than it is to endow colleges and libraries, the millionaires long ago would have been at it. Most things in this world are relatively right. To displace them blindly and out of hand would be to muddle civilization and savagery alike.

The trouble with the man who cries aloud his poverty is that he regards it as an active curse rather than a logical effect—and defect. Not one in a thousand of these failures volunteers to relate truthfully the things that brought poverty to his door. He cannot plead ignorance of an approaching old age; he cannot deny that he has heard a thousand times the warning of the proverbial "rainy day." But all at once, as though it were the revelation of a night, we hear the protest that there is no place in the world for an old man who is on the verge of the poorhouse finish.

Youth naturally is improvident of everything. There is nothing in its bounding spirits to suggest the conserving of forces. But it is ill trained, or it is slow at lessons of experience if at 20 years old it knows nothing of the needs that should be anticipated for old age. Youth may have no inner consciousness of that period of semi-helplessness, but outwardly there should be lessons enough under the eye of the youth who will observe only.

Especially is the present an age of extravagance. In the modern city life it requires a shrewd judge of youth to look upon the dress and bearing of two young men in public and guess with certainty which has \$40 a month and which has \$100 as income. Yet frequently there is this discrepancy in incomes between two young men who are devoted to worldliness and who are associated in this interest. When the \$100 man has spent to his limit, shall not one wonder how the other holds to the pace?

A man's wants grow as his ability to satisfy them increases. It is the testimony of thousands of young men that they have saved more money at \$40 a month than in later years they have saved at double the salary. This may have been independent of any method or desire in saving, but resting wholly upon the fact that the extravagant in tastes had not been awakened.

It will be admitted that the habit of saving is an acquired something. Even where it appeals to the bee and the squirrel it cannot be denied that in the seasons of saving, neither creature denies himself the fullest luxury that he commands. His only sacrifice is his devotion to the labor of storing food.

The habit of saving among men is at once a sacrifice. Logically money is merely a medium of exchange—something as soon as possible to be converted into the things it represents in the civilized markets. Give a boy 6 years old a dime, and he will worry himself to discover something for which he can spend the coin acceptably in the shortest time; it "burns his pocket". At the period when money ceases—if it ever does—to burn the pocket in this manner, the individual is ripe for the doctrine of saving against the necessities of a nonproductive old age.

But long before the pressure of old age the necessities for saving will have appealed to the average young man. How shall illness be guarded against? How shall the needs of a prospective family be anticipated and met? How shall a man make a venture of his own under the competitive system without having the nest egg in the form of his savings?

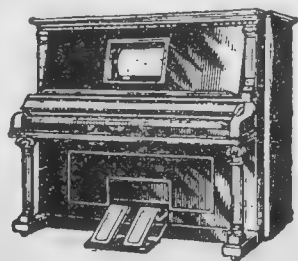
Self-denial is the keynote to saving one's substance. Without that disposition adhered to closely, saving must be a failure. Self-denial in the main is synonymous with unselfishness, until it may be taken as a safe proposition that the needy one in his old age is just

selfish enough to put forward the complaint of my correspondent and wonder that some philanthropist with his hundreds of thousands or millions will not volunteer to put him upon his feet and hold him there. Should he undertake the task the millionaire within twelve months would need to be a billionaire instead of the pauper that he himself would have become in his experiment.

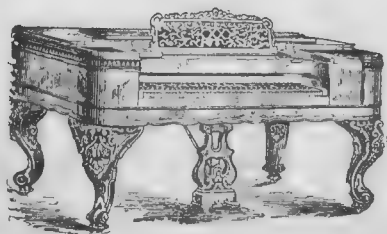
At a Kansas country fair was a family that would have gladdened Mr. Roosevelt's heart. The man went up to a tent where an elk was on exhibition, and stared wistfully at the sign. "I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." The keeper stared at him in astonishment. "Are all those your children?" he asked. Every one said the man from the country. "You wait a minute," said the keeper, "I'm going to bring the elk out and let him see you all."

Mr. Samuel Hubbard tells the following story about the late Jerry Simpson, sometime senator from Kansas: Simpson was bitterly opposed to the policy of the Government in acquiring the Philippines, and stated his views in such scathing terms that Senator Cannon, who replied to him, said: "If the gentleman from Kansas voiced such sentiments in Manila, he would be shot as a traitor." Immediately Jerry Simpson was on his feet and drew out: "I would rather take my chances of being shot in the Philippines than sit here and be fired on by a rusty old, muzzle-loading Cannon from Illinois!"

A travelling salesman arrived at home about three o'clock in the morning to discover that his wife had given birth to triplets. He was delighted almost beyond control of himself. "My," he said, "I must go right in and wake up Dooley." Dooley was his next door neighbor and a dog-fancier. He pulled Dooley out of bed, got him to hurry on his clothes, brought him in about half-awake, and stood him before the triplets. "Aren't they dandies?" he asked. Dooley gazed at them in a semi-awakened state and, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, replied: "Yes; they're all right. I think if I were you, I would keep that one in the middle."



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WRITE TO-DAY

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Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P. O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

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- 2 Alpine Hut
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- 6 April Smiles, Waltzes
- 7 Arbutus Waltz, (Merry Bells)
- 8 At Sundown
- 9 Artist Life, Waltzes
- 10 Autumn Gavotte, (Merry Bells)
- 11 Battle of Waterloo
- 12 Beautiful Blue Danube, Waltzes
- 13 Black Hawk, Waltzes
- 14 Bluebell Polka, (Merry Bells)
- 15 Brook, (The)
- 16 Bohemian Girl
- 17 Campion March, (Merry Bells)
- 18 Convent Grand March
- 19 Convent Bells
- 20 Chaconne
- 21 Chapel in the Forest
- 22 Consolation
- 23 Daffodil Schottische, (Merry Bells)
- 24 Dixie, Transcription
- 25 Evening Star (Tannhauser)
- 26 Evening Song
- 27 Flower of Spring, A
- 28 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
- 29 Faust, (Transcription)
- 30 Fifth Nocturne
- 31 First Heart Throbs
- 32 Flower Song
- 33 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
- 34 Funeral March
- 35 Fur Elise
- 36 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
- 37 Gipsy Dance
- 38 Girlhood Days, Three-step
- 39 Hazel Blossoms
- 40 Heartsease
- 41 Heronch, (Longing for Home)
- 42 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
- 43 In The Country
- 44 In The Meadow
- 45 In The Twilight

- 46 Invitation to the Dance
- 47 L'Argentine, (Silvery Thistle)
- 49 La Paloma
- 50 Largo
- 51 Last Hope
- 52 Last Hope
- 53 Last Waltz of a Madman
- 54 Le Tremolo
- 55 Lily
- 56 Little Fairy, Waltzes
- 57 Little Fairy, Polka
- 58 Little Fairy, Schottische
- 59 Little Fairy, March
- 60 Lily of the Valley
- 61 Longing for Home (Heimweh)
- 62 Maiden's Prayer
- 63 May Has Come
- 64 Melody in F
- 65 Monastery Bells
- 66 Moment Musicale
- 67 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte)
- 68 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
- 69 My Old Kentucky Home, (Trans.)
- 70 Old Folks at Home, with variations
- 71 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
- 72 Orveita Waltzes
- 73 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
- 74 Over the Waves
- 75 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
- 76 Padishah, (Persian March)
- 77 Palms (The)
- 78 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
- 79 Pearly Dew Drops
- 80 Pure as Snow
- 81 Pretty Picture
- 82 Ramona Waltzes
- 83 Remember Me
- 84 Rippling Waves
- 85 Sack, Waltz
- 86 Schubert's Serenade
- 89 Secret Love
- 90 Shepherd Boy
- 91 Silvery Waves
- 92 Simple Confession
- 93 Simple Confession
- 94 Spring Song
- 95 Spilg's Awakening
- 96 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
- 97 Stephanie Gavotte

- 98 Storm (The)
- 99 Shepherd's Song
- 100 Tam O'Shanter
- 101 Tannhauser, (Evening Star)
- 102 Thine Own, (Melody)
- 103 Traumeri and Romance
- 104 Twentieth Century Woman, March
- 105 Two Angels
- 106 Valse Bleue
- 107 Valse in E flat
- 108 Waves of the Danube
- 109 Waves of the Ocean
- 110 Warblings at Eve
- 111 Weber's Last Waltz
- 112 Wedding March
- 113 Whispering of Love
- 114 Wine, Women and Song, Waltzes
- 115 You and I Waltzes

VOCAL

- 16 Anchored
- 117 Ave Maria
- 118 Daily Question, The
- 119 Dear Heart
- 120 Flee as a Bird
- 121 Forsaken
- 122 Home Sweet Home
- 123 Heart Bowed Down
- 124 Juanita
- 125 Just Before The Battle, Mother
- 126 Kathleen Mavourneen
- 127 Last Rose of Summer
- 128 Marching Through Georgia
- 129 Massa's In The Cold, Cold
- 130 My Old Kentucky Home
- 131 Oh, F. in Dove, Fond Dove
- 132 Old Folks At Home
- 133 Old Black Joe
- 134 Old Oaken Bucket
- 135 Old Farm-House On The Hill
- 136 Palms (Hig')
- 137 Palms (M. d. am)
- 138 Palms (C. d. am)
- 139 Sally In The City
- 140 Still As The Night
- 141 Tenting On The Old Camp Ground
- 142 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
- 143 Twilight

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The Home Beautiful.

What the Children Say.

By Thomas C. Roney.

When in the dusk of evening, I come to where I see
Three little faces at the window looking down at me,
And hear the shout of "Papa," and the sound of scampering feet,
And find myself a prisoner ere I can beat retreat;
The robbers seize my parcels and search my pockets through,
And bear me to their castle spite of all that I can do.

There the queen of these banditti gently chides their boisterous glee,
And asks how many kisses it will take to ransom me.

Oh, is there any pleasure in all the busy day
That's quite as sweet as listening then to what the children say?

Helen thinks a hundred kisses are enough to ransom me,
If I'll change them all for pennies bright as soon as I am free;

While Henry claims that "Papa is more valuable than that,"

And so the rascal confiscates my overcoat and hat.

But tender-hearted Josephine makes terms for my release:

"We'll let you go, dear papa, for just one kiss apiece."

When I've paid my ransom duly, this valiant robber band

Escorts me to the table, with a guard on either hand.

There for a blessed hour I fling my cares away
And grow younger as I listen to what the children say.

"From my prison in the study, I detect them stealing by,

'Till they think they're out of hearing, then with shouts away they fly.

All about the house they frolic—now below, now overhead.

Little chance I'll have for study, 'till they're snugly tucked in bed.

But at last there comes a silence, and I tiptoe out to see

Three little sober faces clustered at their mother's knee,

Their prayer, "Please bless dear papa," never fails to put to rout

Every skeptical opinion or philosophical doubt.

When the world looks cold and cheerless, and heaven seems far away,

Just stop, my friend, and listen to what the children say.

THE UNIVERSAL NEED

Who has not at some time or other felt or wished for the blessedness of a home? Is there any blessedness quite equal to it?

See that dear little laddie not quite two years old. All day long he has been on the move—talking, exploring, destroying, becoming acquainted with the big world into which he has been born; but now that the shadows have fallen, and the Sandman has come, and the little limbs have grown weary, there is nothing that can give comfort but a father's strong arm and a mother's soft lullaby. What can supply the balm that exhausted nature demands, but that fresh human sympathy which is the reigning quality in every true home under the sun?

Look at that forlorn, ragged urchin with his bundle of papers. Cold, wet, grimy—how much he suffers and endures! Yet there is for him one pleasure to which he looks forward. For when at eventide he climbs to his wretched quarters, there is one who meets him with a smile that shines through her sorrow and her tears. It is the loved one of his dreams, his inspiration and his guide. What would his life be without her and what would hers be without him? It is the union of the two in one that makes the home, and the home is heaven.

Lift your eyes again, and see that young man just emerging from youth. Self-reliant, self-willed, impetuous, you scarce expect that thought of home can occupy his mind. Yet all day, and every day he is dreaming and scheming and planning for a home that he may call his own, and even now he has chosen his queen who in her radiant beauty will reign with him and share his sorrows and his joys. Blind as

he is to much that is beautiful and true and good, there is always one vision which comes clearly before his mind, and which inspires him to noble, and perhaps holy endeavor. It is the vision of a happy, a contented home.

And so it is throughout life. When the sun reaches the meridian of his glory, and when the burden seems to be doubly heavy and the strain doubly great, there is always a gracious retreat, free from prying eyes and beyond the reach of envious tongues, where wife and children speak their confidence and their faith, and where strength is renewed and the soul revived. And when at last the end draws near the songs of home are still the sweetest and clearest to ears that are growing dull to all earthly music.

We clamb the hill thegither
John Anderson, my jo, John
And mony a cantie day, John,
We had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But han' in han' we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

THE HOME THE FIRST INSTITUTION

If the homes of the nation are properly ordered we need not worry about life in the other great institutions with which we are connected. It is sure to be sweet and wholesome. If in the home there is religion pure and undefiled the Church need not worry as to attendance or earnestness of service. If in the home there is love of honesty, law and liberty, there will be in the affairs of state no countenance of speculation and unholy graft. If in the home there is generosity and sweet self-sacrifice the social and industrial life of the nation will be free from all bitterness and unseemly antagonism. He who would serve his country will begin by contributing to it a home in which the great Christian virtues are extolled and practiced. The great crusade in which you and I must take part if this good land is to become the last and greatest that the world has known, is not primarily a crusade for better government, better schools, and more churches, but for better, purer homes. It is the purpose of this page, for a few issues at least, to show how the homes of the land may be made more worthy and more beautiful.

IN WHAT BEAUTY CONSISTS

Let us not make the error of thinking that beauty in the home consists in its material treasures—its furnishings, its decorations, its libraries, statues and engravings.

Beauty is of the heart and soul. The eternal verities are faith, hope and love and these are everlastingly beautiful. Yes, knowledge may pass away and earthly treasures may crumble into dust, but there will abide forever the great three, and we are assured that the greatest of these is love. And where there is love there is communion.

So we come to it that the home, to be truly a home, must be a place in which minds and hearts are tuned in a common key, so that the music of life may flow forth in unrestricted and continued harmony. There must be complete accord between husband and wife, and between each of these and the members of the little flock.

Husband! You cannot neglect your wife all year and make things right by presenting her with a life-size portrait of yourself at Christmas. Wife! You cannot forget your husband all year and atone for it by presenting him with a smoking jacket or a pair of slippers. Parents! You cannot deny your children the love that is rightly theirs, and give an equivalent in toys, and books, and cash. The one great need of humanity is human affection. In Central Africa there are tribes in which the mother feels her heart go out to her little ones but she dare not show it. Were she to turn her head in admiration of her own child's cleverness, she would be hooted out of the tribe. A kind word, a sympathetic glance, would be the first step to ostracism.

Would it not be well for us to know that the heart feeds on love and kindness, that life consists not in meat and raiment but in sympathetic communion of hearts that are in quest of all that is beautiful and true and good?

THE FIRST CONDITION

So we make no excuse for sermonizing a little in this first number. The practical details will come later, but they will be of value only where the spirit of the home is right.

This is the one thing essential. Variety in books, games, pictures, songs and work are all good, on the condition that the spirit of the home is peace, love and joy. Where there is bickering and fault finding and bitter speeches nothing will atone for it. The first condition of healthy social life is harmony, and it is not brought about by scolding, nagging or any negative means whatsoever.

MEANS OF COMMUNION

Parents do not require to be told how they may commune with their children. They may walk and talk with them, may read to them and tell them stories, and may join with them in work and play. At every point the lines blend in sweet harmony: each member of the family lives for all, and all for each.

May the old fireside never pass away. It may be a grate in a rich man's library, or it may be a stove in a good farm kitchen. So long as there is the spirit of joy and friendship and communion, it is home.

O, I hae seen great ones, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lairds and 'mang ladies a'covered wi' braws,
But a sight mair delightfu' I vow I ne'er spied,
Than the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.

To talk to children is a pleasure. To talk to youth is a privilege. Yet have you not noticed how many parents fail to keep in touch with their children after the years of infancy? If there is one text that should sound in the ears of every father it is this, "Chum it with your boys and be their chief chum, until they leave you to set up homes of their own." There are scores of young men up and down this land who are going quick and fast to perdition because they have never known the companionship of the one whom mechanically they call father. There are scores of boys leaving homes because they cannot endure the solitary life. Farmer friend, just think of this when you are next trying to answer the question, "Why do the boys leave the farm?"

The first thought that should enter a boy's mind when he thinks of father is the thought of "friend." Is it not sometimes true that the term father is synonymous with the term "boss?" Let us get away from this pagan notion. A child has a right to live, and therefore a right to love. He cannot love as he should one who lives apart in a world of his own, whose heart is filled with carking cares, whose home is the club, whose whole conception of living is to "hoard and sleep and feed." I speak to fathers in this way because often they seem to feel that in this matter they have nothing to do. Believe me, there is danger in the feminization of the home. It is masculine ideals that boys naturally seek. The question for every man, to ask himself is this, "Am I so living that my boys see in me their ideal? Are they in my presence daily making the knight's resolve to 'Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the Christ, the King, else wherefore born?'"

TOO MUCH SENTIMENT

My old friend McPherson doesn't believe in the sentiments just expressed. He is a practical man and does not believe in any display of affection. He says it is weakening to character. He is forced to admit that in the animal world, the higher the order the greater the affection bestowed by the parent upon the offspring. He insists, however, that his own nationality is exempt from this law when it is applied to humanity. Yet I notice that when one of his bairns is ill he forgets all his theories. His good common sense then asserts itself and he shows as much affection as anybody. He actually showed some concern when his wife's life was in danger, but to do him full justice, he denied it next day. He said he was out of temper with the "doctor body."

Let us be reasonable. Being kind to children isn't coddling and coaxing, it isn't buying unnecessary luxuries and expensive toys, but it is treating them as if they were God's choicest gift and man's choicest possession.



The Return of the Pleated Skirt

Many women to whom the sheath skirts are most unbecoming will be glad to know that in the latest models there is a decided return to the pleated skirt. It is not, however, the pleated skirt to which we have been accustomed but an entirely new departure in this direction. The pleats begin at the extended waist line and while most of the skirts are pleated all round, those with front and back panels and only side pleats are quite numerous. These skirts are neither more or less than yoke skirts. That is the material above the hips is closely fitted and forms a yoke effect. Some of the newest of these skirts come in a striped material that has very wide stripes say of plain grey and then a stripe made up of grey and white lines. In these goods the yoke effect is obtained by pleats from the waist line down below the hips showing nothing but the plain material. These when stitched into place give the effect of a skirt with yoke of plain material with a pleated extension of striped goods and is very smart.

Hand Embroidered Linens

Winnipeg is rejoicing this season in the cheapest hand embroidered linens that have ever come to town. The house here is an agency for the manufacturers and so the price is direct from the manufacturer to the consumer with the result that you can get a beautiful Irish linen dress semi-made and elaborately hand embroidered in white for from \$7.00 to \$10.00 according to the amount of embroidery. The skirts are made up with the exception of the back seam and the band and there is enough linen to make either two shirtwaists or a coat whichever you may fancy. The house carries all kinds of linen goods besides and is especially strong in handkerchiefs, of which you can get an exquisite quality for \$1.75 a dozen. Fancy hand hemstitched Irish linen handkerchiefs for that price! They carry sheets, bedspreads, pillow cases, and jillow shams and a variety of other linens, but are perhaps strongest of all on table linens. If anyone wishes their address write me care of the column and I will send it to you.

Color

One fashion writer has described this season as a riot of color and as it advances this becomes more and more apparent. One shade that leads is that of Ashes of Roses. It is neither pink, nor grey, nor blue, but there is a hint of all three colors in it and it is quieter and more summerlike than old rose. Catawba, which is exactly the shade of the grapes of that name is next in popularity and following these colors come the blues, navy, royal, peacock, gendarme and Copenhagen and it would be difficult to say which shade of blue is the most popular. There is a fair sprinkling of green, greys, and browns but these colors are not leaders.

Waistlines Lower

Three piece suits in cloth, silk or wash fabrics are very much in evidence and these suits emphasize the fact that the waist line is coming down. That is they are built much more on the princess and less on the empire lines. These gowns fit loosely and easily about the waist and hips, or rather the place where hips ought to be and are not, and the skirts are quite plain.

Some of these dresses follow the latest mode and have no collars, the lace yokes being cut about one inch down from the neck line but the majority have the high lace collar. The collarless dresses are very fashionable just at the moment but for any but young girls with pretty necks they are very decidedly outre. For a gown that is for general wear they are most certainly not to be recommended. The style however, is nice for an extra waist with a colored or linen gown, for wear on extremely hot summer days.

Shoes

Shoes to match the suit, especially when it is a wash suit in one of the above shades, are considered on all sides the proper caper and fortunately it is now possible to get all these shades in canvas shoes. The price is not high and the shoes are both pretty and comfortable, a combination not always to be obtained.

Collars

Speaking of dresses cut low at the neck I am reminded of the extent to which wide turnover or Dutch collars are being worn. Many of these are cut with almost a point at the back and are heavily embroidered in the corners. With these collars long jabots of law and lace are worn and the general effect is very smart. It is well to buy the collars ready made as they have a cut and finish difficult to the amateur, but the jabots can be made at home to great advantage as odd bits of lace, lawn and embroidery may all be combined effectively in the jabot.

Though low collars are so much in vogue for the warmer weather there is an immense number of the Gibson collars and the Gibson fads in ties and collars.

Parasols

Now that the sun has become warm enough to suggest shade it is possible to judge more correctly as to the best selling lines of parasols. All white parasols, especially embroidered ones are popular but do not seem quite so much the rage as last year, the leading fad this season seems to be the Dresden parasol and certainly the combination of colors is lovely.

They are very cheap also, as an exceedingly pretty one with natural wood handle can be bought for \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Gloves

Kid gloves are still holding sway but the fabric gloves are being more and more shown all the time. There is nothing special to note about them excepting perhaps the very beautiful lace mitts and gloves in white and pastel shades which will be worn with the three-quarter demibell sleeves that will be worn in the heat of summer in muslin and in fact lingerie dresses of all kinds.

A small boy entered an old barn one day with his father. Looking up at a spider's web in the corner, he exclaimed: "Oh, papa! Look at the slats that have dropped out of the spider's bed!"

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the strain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

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Below will be found the picture of an old man; also the faces of his seven daughters. Can you find them? Try! It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance you can probably find four or five faces. Mark the ones you find with an X. Cut out the picture and return it to us at once. It means money to you to do so.

To the person who finds the largest number of hidden faces we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the second largest number we will give the sum of Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the third largest number we will give the sum of Thirty Dollars (\$30.00) in Cash. To



the person who finds the fourth largest number we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) in Cash. Should two persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first two prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Seventy-five Dollars (\$75.00). Should three persons send in equally correct answers the first three prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Sixty Dollars (\$60.00). Should four persons send in equally correct answers the whole sum of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200.00) will be equally divided between them, each receiving Fifty Dollars (\$50.00). And so on in like proportions.

We mean exactly what we say. There is only one simple condition attached to this Competition. When we receive your reply we will write you, explaining what this simple condition is. If you can find ANY of the hidden faces write to-day, mark the faces and send to us at once, ENCLOSED STAMP FOR OUR REPLY.

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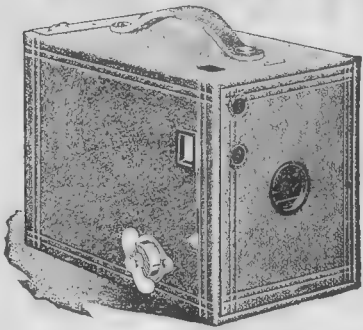
By putting our reputation into it.

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By ECH

A Western Home Woman

I am more than glad this month to find that one woman at least is sufficiently interested in compulsory education to write me a good long letter about it. The subject is by no means exhausted even now and I shall hope to hear from others in the matter in the future. The letter is as follows:

From the beginning of the Monthly I have been an interested reader, and note with pleasure its steady advancement and improvement along most of the lines. I suppose it is hardly polite for me to make one exception, but to be truthful I must do so. I never admired the correspondence column, though I am certain that to it you owe, to a large extent your increased circulation. The recent letters also are not so good either in matter or style. To article on education in "Quiet Hour" I wish to contribute my mite. There can be no subject which ought to interest both the women and men of our land, as deeply as the education of western children.

I have lived here for nearly twenty-seven years and have observed with ever deepening interest this problem. You speak truly of the need for some compulsory edict with regard to the education of our ever increasing foreign population. It is, however, only in recent years this class has entered to a large extent.

When we came to Saskatchewan there were no schools, so to those who brought families of school age, there was but one way, and to the credit be it said of a number with whom we were acquainted, more or less according to ability, who gave all the attention in their power to teaching their little ones at home. In my own case, we knew the time spent in that way was not lost. While doing my housework, during all the year except from seeding till harvest, my children and I rigidly kept our school hours and the Ontario program of studies.

When the necessity for this ceased I missed it as a lost luxury, for it was a constant pleasure to all of us. I think there can be no need now of such a course in any section of our great and grand country, for schools are being constantly formed, just as soon as a settlement is made.

What I consider now as deplorable is the indifference of so many of our Canadian parents to the education of their own children. A number of our most prosperous families are headed by men and women who had medium chances of school life in what were, fifty years ago, the newer portions of Ontario. Their parents insisted on their attendance at the district schools regularly until they were able to take profitable part in the summer farm work, and after that age they sent them to the winter schools almost till manhood.

These are now among our foremost settlers out here and are good stock raisers and fair business men in ordinary farm life. But their families are in many cases not going to come up to their standard.

Money is made, good houses and barns are being built, and John and Mary are going to have a better start in life than their parents had. Just so far, this is the case, and at church and elsewhere they present a good appearance. The girls are sent to school longer and are given in many instances some chances of higher education. But the boys! As soon as they can drive a team, they are kept home for harrowing. Then just as they have another fresh start at school, the harvest and drawing grain to the elevators, until the lads are so far behind their younger sisters, that

even if offered the time to go to school they feel ashamed and they have lost all their ambition for study. Once in a while a lad kicks over the traces, and after repeated efforts to have his time for school and to prepare his home work for his teacher, he goes off from the farm to some trade or occupation in town, where he thinks he will enjoy at least more freedom. He leaves a vacant chair and a greater vacancy in his home, and usually makes a medium success in what he has attempted. The more pitiable cases are where the boys never find out till too late what they have missed, and go on through their youth content, if only they are sure the money is being made for their future use. If ever they marry an educated girl, both will be disappointed. Perhaps she marries for a home and comforts which money will buy. He is proud of his cultivated life, but they both feel their inability to be companions.

When we have a law which will compel school attendance regularly up to a certain age, for both males and females, for English speaking children as well as for those of foreign birth, all this will be improved. Unfortunately there are scores of boys now almost at manhood who cannot write a decent letter either on business or friendship, and who are unable to converse intelligently on any topic whatever, even those subjects with which they are most familiar. They are too tired when through their day's work to read, even if supplied with good reading matter. What sort of men will these make to elect the leaders of our country? Teachers are continually discouraged. So few scholars attend long enough to try for the High school.

Paths of the Righteous

Scattered all over the West I know that there are many ardent admirers of our Canadian novelist, Miss Lily Dougall. She has not been a prolific writer, but her first book "Beggars All" made a lasting impression, which has been deepened by those that followed, "A Madonna of a Day," "The Mermaid" and others. It is a long time, however, since a book of hers has appeared and this one is doubly interesting because it deals, at first hand, with the great struggle over the education bill in England as that struggle appeared to Mr. Ward and his wife, an elderly English couple, who, after a long residence in Canada and the unexpected inheritance of a large fortune, went back to spend their remaining days in England, near a nephew who was a high church parson and a violent stickler for the authority of the Church in educational matters. The book will help Canadians to understand the elements entering into that struggle much more clearly than has been possible from newspapers and all who read the book will be fascinated by the character drawing. There will be many a sigh of sympathy go up from the western prairie for the parson's wife so sorely tempted to change her principles when she finds that the objectionable dissenting uncle of her husband, is a man with unlimited wealth which he can leave to whom he pleases. Here is a characteristic passage in her struggle "She was weary by reason of her bewilderment. The hope of £6000 a year was a great eye-opener; she no longer approved her husband's course."

Again when the Bishop had been told by Oriane what is the underlying motive of the effort of the parson's wife to promote harmony between the Church and the Dissenters the scene between her and the Bishop is very fine. She has been telling him all that had been done in their village and how harmony reigns between the warring elements. By this time she has almost persuaded herself that she has acted only from the highest motives in striving for this harmony. The Bishop, who is one of the finest

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As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc.

The food should be thoroughly chewed, and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible.

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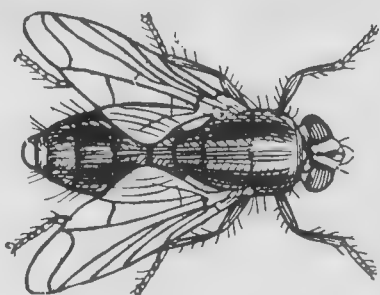
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characters in the book, say to her: "It is only a few weeks since you began. It shows what determination and gentleness combined can effect in the hearts of men. That is the chief lesson we may learn from it." "Yes, my Lord," answered Ethel, "I see how terribly callous and slack I was before." "What a pity that the love of God was not a sufficient motive to make you see and act!" "I do not understand you," said Ethel. "If love of God had been strong enough motive in your case, I should have been encouraged to think it might prove so with other vicar's wives. I cannot go about the diocese offering each of them several thousands of pounds as an incentive to brotherly love, can I?" "I do not think I recognize my motives as you depict them, my lord." "Motives are always mixed. I am only judging of your governing motive as others will naturally do. You have had God always with you, but only for the past few months have you had a rich relative with you. As I understand he is free to leave his money to your husband or not as he chooses, and he greatly desires brotherly love".

The love story of Professor Nathaniel Pye and Oriane is exquisitely handled and the humor is adequately supplied by the election contest at Ducklinghoe. Altogether it is quite the best of Miss Dougall's books and adds another to the growing list of novels by Canadian authors of which we have reason to be proud.

Instruction in Netting.

Another pleasant letter came to me this month from Mrs. Creary, Man. Mrs. David Riddell writing from that point for some information re thread for Irish crochet concludes her letter as follows:—"I appreciate your talks very much as I get ideas from them that I could not get elsewhere."

If any reader of the column knows where Mrs. Riddell can get instruction as to how to do netting I would be glad if they would write her direct as I have not been able to find anyone in Winnipeg teaching this line of fancy work.

Graduate Nurses

The graduating class of 1909 nurses from the training school of the Winnipeg General Hospital was one of the finest that institution has yet turned out and I felt it a great privilege to watch the group of sweet, strong, womanly faces, as one after another went forward to receive her diploma and medal. There were 26 in the graduating class and not a weak selfish face among them.

These young women have spent three years in hard work and in hard study, and yet they looked in the very perfection of health, showing plainly that hard work, when accompanied by regular hours and regular exercise does no one any harm. The life of a nurse in training is necessarily a hard one and it is not surprising that many a candidate does not last out her term of probation. Those who complete the three years and graduate, prove unquestionably that they have the real love of nursing at heart. Among the prize winners in this class I was pleased to note one of our Icelandic Canadians, Miss Annie Johanneson, who took the prize for the highest standing in practical work. Of all the nationalities who come to us there is none that is so quickly and thoroughly Canadianized as the Icelander, perhaps because the two languages are somewhat similar and it is easy for them to acquire English. Icelanders do not forget the land of their birth and yearly celebrate most heartily the Icelandic natal day, but that only makes them the more loyal Canadians for they join with equal enthusiasm in the celebration of Dominion Day in Canada. I am digressing, however, and because I know that members of the nurses graduating class come from all over the West I am going to include not only the names of the graduates but the names of the prize winners.

The full list of nurses graduating was as follows: Alba E. Andrew, Alfreeda J. Attrill, Marion Brehaut,

Grayce M. Caldwell, Annie Canning, Priscilla Capling, Hilda Corellie, Amy Crisp, Hellen J. Ellerington, Mary D. Gardner, Jessie M. Gent, Lillian M. Gray, Winnifred Harvey, Effie M. Ingram, Annie Johanneson, Rena M. McBride, Dell G. McGregor, Barbara E. Mitchell, Annie Moore, Mary E. Palmer, Jessie J. Smith, Christina W. Thom, Amy L. Waldon, Jessie M. Steele, Margaret B. Struthers, Victoria I. Winslow.

Prizes and prize winners:—Highest general proficiency, prize presented by the Ogilvie Milling Company, Miss Effie M. Ingram, Bandaging, prizes presented by E. L. Drewry and Dr. J. Halpenny, Miss Effie Ingram and Miss Annie Canning. Charting, prizes presented by Miss E. M. Bain, Dr. Blanchard and Dr. Bjornson, Miss Grayce M. Caldwell and Miss Victoria I. Winslow. Obstetrics, prize presented by Dr. D. H. McCalman, Miss Lillian M. Gray. Practical work, prize presented by Mrs. W. S. England, Miss Annie Johanneson.

The Children's Hospital

I want to express my thanks to the women in the country who accepted my suggestion and have been sending butter, eggs and bed quilts to the Children's Hospital. The president, Mrs. Bond, tells me that things that have come have been most acceptable.

Winnipeg Exhibition, 1909.

With the Winnipeg Centennial looming large on the horizon, the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, which is the parent of the world's fair scheme, seems to have taken a new lease on life, and the indications point to the banner fair in the history of this institution next July 10-17. New exhibits in nearly every class of agricultural and industrial progress have clamored for admission, thereby furnishing evidence of the abounding national development of Canada's inland empire, the last great garden of the earth's surface.

Among the permanent features of the Winnipeg Exhibition, the live stock show this year promises to far outstrip in its scope and in the quality of the Western Canadian animals it exhibits any previous year's fair. Entries already promised form one of the truest indications of the self-evident fact that in the quality of live stock being bred in this land, Manitoba and the prairie provinces are taking equal ranks with any other stretch of country on the globe. In the same degree the poultry exhibit and the dog show will be larger, better filled and keener competing classes than they have in any previous year. Revision in the prize lists for all of these events has also conduced to better classes for the exhibitors.

The Winnipeg Exhibition race meet has always been the premier light harness event north of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and this year, with a new made track and \$27,000 in purses and stakes, making the richest half mile track meet in America, the banner race meet of the country's history can safely be promised.

Among the unique features of this year's fair will be the Mammoth Electrical Exhibit, to be made by the electrical department of the City of Winnipeg. Anticipating the completion of the city's great power development plant at Point du Bois, where power for a province is to be cheaply made, the city will give an instructive and dazzling display, calculated to demonstrate the many commercial, economical and artistic uses to which this magic power is now put.

The agricultural motor competition will be a leading feature again this year.

J. H. McLarty, Thessalon, Ont., is offering our readers the modern treatment for bone spavin and ringbone—Anchylus—at one dollar in order to introduce it into every locality in the West. See his advertisement in this issue.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

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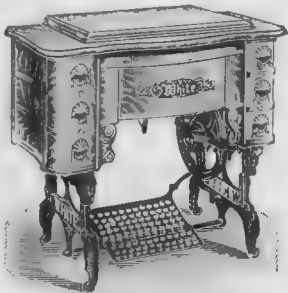
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Stovel's Modern Canadian Wall

Maps of Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba, in 3 different sizes. Prices and descriptions on application. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 10 cents we will send the large design to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern E

SHIRTWAIST FRONT.

This design is intended for a shirtwaist, buttoning in the back, and will be very effective if worked in the shadow embroidery stitch or solid. The bows of ribbon may be solid French knots with outlined edge. The cuffs and collars to match will be found on Pattern B.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 10 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard, smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 10 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gleanings.

Most curiously decorated are the natives' graves in Zululand. Some of them are even garnished with the empty bottles of medicine used by the departed in their final illness.

The puma is the largest animal of the cat species to be found in the United States, at times attaining a length of six feet.

Some Australian homing pigeons, in covering a distance of 301 miles, flew at an average speed of 2,225 yards per minute, or 75 miles an hour—a world's record.

Glass "rotted" by long exposure to heat, cold and rain, assumes all sorts of vivid colors, and glass is now being artificially rotted to make various kinds of toiletware.

The man-faced crabs found in the inland seas of Japan are queer creatures. The body is only about an inch in length, but the head has a face closely resembling that of a Chinaman.

Japanese progress is shown in the fact that the receipts from her state forests for timber, firewood, bamboo and other produce rose from \$129,000 in 1880 to \$1,204,000 in 1903, an increase of \$1,075,000.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 10 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern F.

BABIES' BIB AND DRESS
YOKE.

This dainty little yoke can be altered to fit any child by changing the dotted line for the neck. The pattern may be worked solid but the petals are most effective if done with French knots.

The child's bib may be embroidered solid with dots, French knots. The edge is finished in button-hole stitch.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 10 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard, smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Schiller (May 9, 1905) the Swiss government intends to give every pupil in the public schools a copy of that poet's play, "William Tell." The sum of \$20,000 has been set aside for this purpose.

We are all anxious to discover a true weather indicator—one that is strictly up-to-date. Go out and gaze upon the smallest cloud you can see; if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air that is sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases, you may expect rain.

Spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At a performance in America recently the concert hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by a violin solo from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage.

The Rothschilds still seem to live in fear of the old riotous days of the Commune, and it is said that the houses of the family are full of secret safes and closets. Baron Alphonse had a big collection of art objects and many of the specimens are kept in safes in the walls, which are opened occasionally to show their treasures, but always kept locked when some of the family are not in the house.

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GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known English Towns, and fulfills conditions below, we offer our 15 Dollar Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH fully jewelled, English Government Stamped, as a FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were: Miss E. Hardiman, 448 Burrows Ave. Winnipeg, Manitoba. Mr. W. A. Thompson, Davidson, Sask.

PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

FITS For proof that Fits can be cured write to

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134 Tyndall Ave., Toronto
for pamphlet giving full particulars, of simple home treatment. 20 years' success—over 1,000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—

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C. N. A new discovery. Has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sufferers from lack of vigor and vital weakness which sap the pleasures of life should take C. N. One box will show wonderful results. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and one dollar. Address: The Nerve Co., Windsor, Ont.

FREE \$1 Box. To quickly introduce and make known, will with first order mail two boxes for one dollar and five 2 cent stamps. Order at once as this offer is for a short time only.

Stovel's Wall Map of Western Canada

size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price \$2.50. Address, The Stovel Co. Winnipeg.

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the following premiums:

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Why suffer. Instant relief. Everybody who
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Mention this paper.

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Hemstitched handkerchiefs, Ladies, \$1.65 per
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Don't Throw it Away Does Your Granite Dish
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USE **MENDETS**
PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass,
copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc.
No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use
them: fit any surface, two million in use. Send
for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE AS-
SORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
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Gold Watch FREE
AND RING
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We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid
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highly engraved warranted timekeeper equal in
appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid
Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem
sparkling like a 600 diamond, for sell-
ing 20 packages of beautiful high
grade Art Post Cards at 10c per
package. Order 20 packages and
when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will
positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain, Ladies
or Gents style. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 306, Chicago.**

The Press Agent's Description of The Wedding.

When Emory, the society reporter,
telephoned that he was sick, it so hap-
pened that all the other reporters were
lousy. The editor turned to the circus
press agent, who had dropped in, and
asked him if he thought he could write
up a society wedding.

"Sure," said the agent.

The following is what he turned in:

"The wedding of Miss Million and
Count Air took place at the Fifth Av-
enue Church last night. Long before
the Grand Entry the Monstrous, Ab-
solutely Water-Proof structure was
crowded to the doors. After the
Grand Promenade Concert there en-
tered the Most Glorious, Elegant,
Colossal and Fabulously Rich Pageant
of all times. A Magnificent and Opu-
lent scene of Glittering Splendor,
blending the wonder of the Orient
with the Marvels of the Occident. A
Kaleidoscopic and Dioramic Presenta-
tion, Eclipsing in Magnitude, and Sur-
passing in Barbaric Splendor, all pre-
vious efforts. A moving Panorama of
Grandeur, a Superb Eye Feast of
Magnificence, teeming with life and
color. Exhibited in a series of Pa-
geantry Displays and Brilliant Tab-
leaux, the Pomp and splendid Regalia
of the East. The Procession moved
in Mastodonic, Majestic, Massive and
Magnificent March under the Irides-
cent Sheen of a Thousand Glimmering
Lights, the whole forming a Sumptu-
ous, Satisfying and Surprising exhibi-
tion, so overwhelmingly superior to
all previous efforts that no language
in its praise is extravagant, and it is
simply impossible of verbal delineation.
Never before has there been
such a Prodigal Plentitude of Princely
Pageantry.

"Into that enchanted dreamland
there came Handsome Knights, dress-
ed in the Gorgeous manner of the Im-
perial Claw Hammer. Beautiful women
in Sublime Creations, Beautiful,
Impossible women, with waists three
degrees below their swan-like necks,
with silken garments falling eight in-
ches under the toes in front and four
yards behind the heels, decorated with
one thousand yards—One thousand—
of lace and ribbon. Silken hair drawn
gracefully back in beautiful folds over
a bale of hay and held together with
flowers, fly-net and fuzz. Thus they
entered, a Wonderful Presentation of
Strange, Odd and Remarkable shapes,
whose duplicates are not on earth, re-
presenting the Whims and Fancies of
their designers in their most Eccentric
moods. The Knights and Ladies,
flower-girls, Ladies-in-waiting, and
other members of the Superb Com-
pany formed a line on each side of the
Altar. The Minister poised himself
gracefully in the center.

"Now came the time when all hearts
ceased to beat. The Spectators see
the two Principal Performers appear
at the head of the Long, Steep, In-
clined aisles. The Music plays. The
Signal is given. They are off, and
down that steep incline they come, a
most superb exhibition of unparallel-
led, Dangerous and Death-Defying
Nerve. Timed to the Second, they
meet at the Altar, the Minister says
a few words, and then the Hero,
Laughing Death to Scorn, while Dia-

bolical Audacity sits upon his throne,
lets his hand, containing nothing but
a band of Pure Gold, make one stu-
pendous, awful flight across the wide
chasm and alight safely within the
waiting hand upon the other side, the
ring fits upon the Fair Girl's finger,
and the act so fraught with Awful
Consequence as to Appall all imitators
is over. The Music grows louder, the
spectators sigh with relief, and the
greatest spectacle of modern times is
only a memory."

An attendant of a circulating library
in Chicago recently overheard the fol-
lowing conversation between two young
women, regular patrons of the place:
"How do you select stories?" asked
one.

"I have adopted a very simple
method," said the other. "As I run
over the latest things offered here, I
glance at the last chapter. If I find
the rain softly and sadly falling over
two lonely graves, I know I don't want
the story; but if the morning sun is
glimmering over bridal robes of white
satin, I know the novel's all right."

A city man was showing a country
cousin through the Metropolitan
Museum. "See that bunch of old
Egyptian coins over there, Reub?" he
said, pointing at one of the show-cases.
"Well, every one of those coins is
over three thousand years old." "Quit
yer kiddin'," retorted the countryman.
"Why, it's only 1905 now!"

A Woman's Edition.

To the ladies of Montreal belong the credit of
having produced the Daily Witness of May 15th.
From the smallest advt. to the leading Editorial
the work was under their control, with results
that are alike creditable to the Ladies and to the
Witness. The object of the enterprise was to
provide means for extra playgrounds for the
children of crowded Montreal. Judging from
the wealth of high class advts. published the
ladies were eminently successful in their efforts,
and the Witness is to be congratulated in lending
its columns and influence to such deserving
work.

Winnipeg BEFORE THE Flood

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WINNIPEG IN EARLY BOOM DAYS

Post cards 10 for 25cts. Photographs 8x10,
50cts. each. These photographs are of rare
Historical value and should be in the possession
of everyone interested in the rapid growth of
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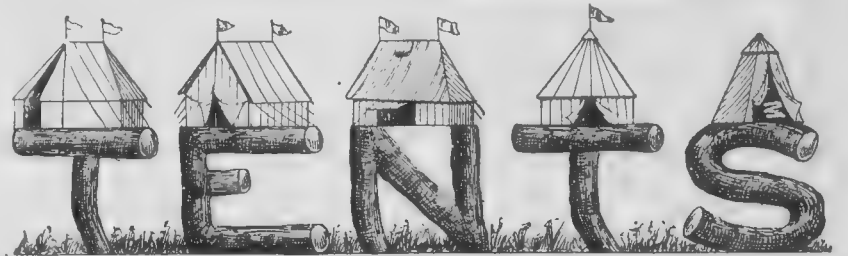
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DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous
safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and
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Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct
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tions sent free.

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Have paid the expenses and all losses in full in fifteen of those years.
Have no liabilities.

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For every building on the farm.

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Made from extra heavy English
Black Sateen, pearl buttons, collar
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Regular - - - \$1.50
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Agents wanted everywhere to sell our high-
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All cards are gold and color embossed. We
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FOR PARTICULARS.

THE WESTERN SPECIALTY CO.
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Original Plans.

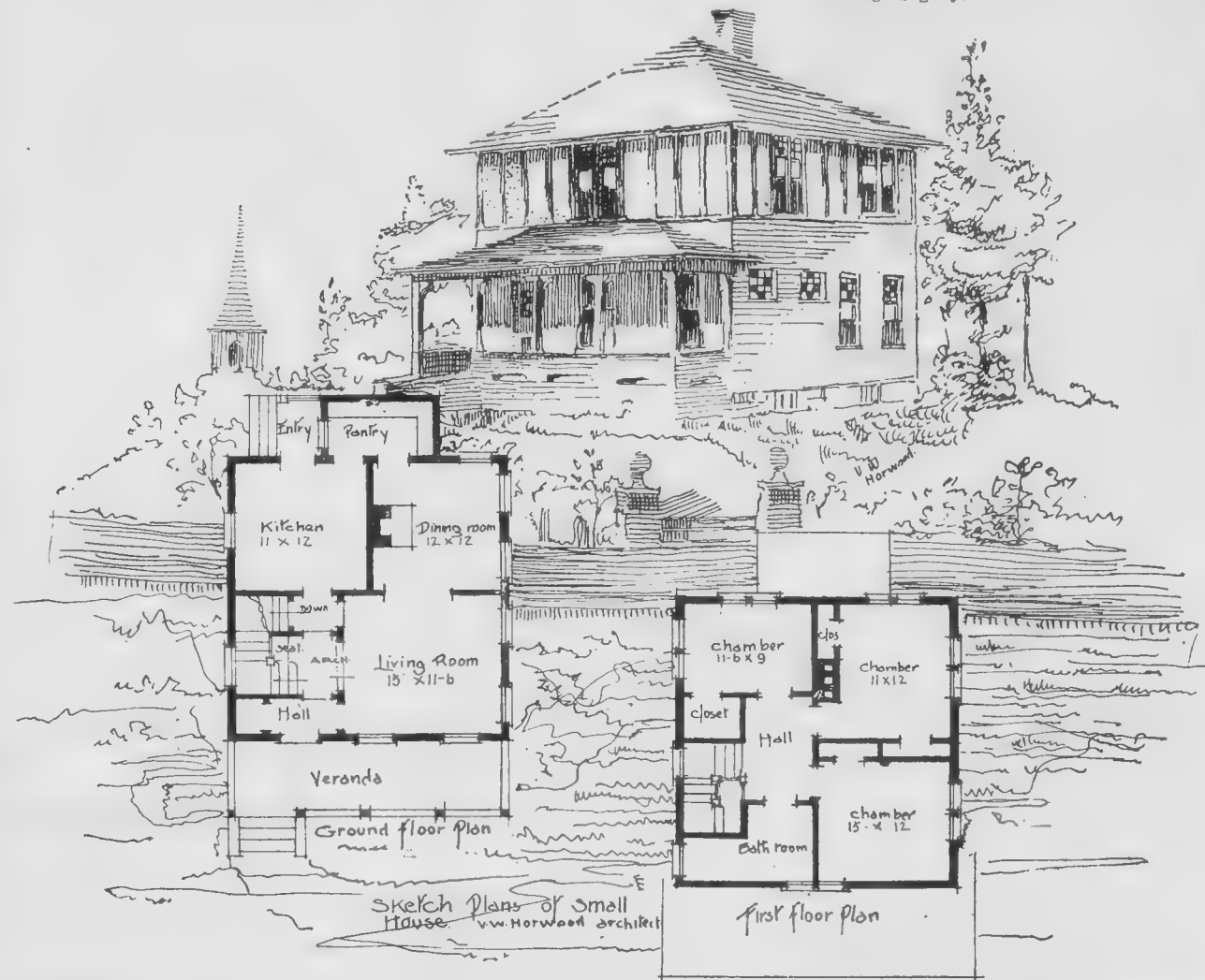
Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood
Architect, Winnipeg.

The big house is big enough to take
care of itself generally. Whenever ap-
proachd in books the treatment it re-
ceives leaves the layman with some-
thing of the sensations of a playgoer;
he never sees behind the scenes. Every
one who builds a big house has the best
professional advice that can be got, as
the difficulties are so complex that even
the owner gets dismayed before the
multitude of details required. The
smaller house, however, does not pre-
sent the same difficulties, although even

in a small house space and design can
be carried out much better if a skilful
designer is employed. The first essen-
tial is the land. Build your house in
keeping with it. Do not put a ten
thousand dollar house on a five hundred
dollar lot. The cost of the land is a
sure index for the cost of the house.
Some very interesting statistics might
be compiled on this matter. Generally
you will find (unless promoting a land
speculation) it better to spend more
money on your lot than you first in-

tended to do, as in the first desire to
build you have a very good idea of
what you want in rooms and this de-
sire always is in excess of the money
wished to be spent on it, and the cut-
ting down begins at the lot. This
house shown would make a very nice
home for a small family. The exterior
is plaster above, clapboards below, with
a stone foundation. On entering the
house a very good effect is made by
elevating the stairs one step above the
rest of the rooms and from the living
room an archway going up the stairs,
making a most artistic feature. The
dining room has a fireplace, which has
the flues for kitchen and furnace. Up-
stairs the rooms are laid out conven-
iently and have ample closets and good
bath room.

The colors outside would be red roof,
sliver gray plaster and gray clapboards,
the veranda roof red, posts white,
shingles gray.



A Good Story.

John W. Gates, at a secret society's
banquet in New York, said:

"I want to tell you about a young
man who lives in a village in New
Hampshire.

"This young man has exaggerated
ideas of the benefits which member-
ship in your society gave. He believ-
ed, in fact, that such membership
constituted a free pass to everything.

"So he asked to be enrolled, and a
joke was put up on him. The village
wags ran him through a mock initia-
tion and at its end told him that now
he had only to stroke the right side
of his nose and anything he desired
would be forthcoming.

"'I'm goin' to Boston next week,'

said the new member. 'Can I get a
free ticket by strokin' my nose, boys?'

"'To be sure,' they told him. 'Just
stroke the right side of your nose at
the depot and the agent will give you
a free ticket without question.'

"They let the agent in on the joke
and paid him for the young man's
ticket. So in due course the ticket
was forthcoming and the trip to Bos-
ton was begun.

"But the ticket was only for one
way and when the returning youth
rubbed his nose before the ticket sel-
ler in the Boston depot the sign of
course failed to work and he had to
pay his fare. He reached home indig-
nant.

"'Confound it all,' he said to the
wags in the general store, 'what's the

matter with that Boston feller, any
way? When I stroked my nose he
just laughed at me.'

"'Which side of your nose did you
stroke?'

"'The right, of course,' said the
young man.

"His questioner uttered an exclama-
tion of disgust.

"'You fool,' he exclaimed, 'why
didn't you show some common sense?
Returning you ought to have stroked
the left side.'

He that would live happily must
neither trust to good fortune nor sub-
mit to bad; he must stand upon his
guard against all assaults, he must
stick to himself without any depend-
ence upon other people.—Seneca.



Empire Day, 1909, at Indian Head, Sask.

In the Business World.

Travellers' Cheques.

Travellers will find the new form of travellers' cheque now being sold by the Canadian Bank of Commerce a great convenience for obtaining money away from home or in foreign countries. They can be bought at any office of the bank for sums of \$10, \$20, \$50 or \$100 as may suit the purchaser. Hotels and banks everywhere in the civilized world will cash them, and no dispute can arise as to identification or the amount of money which the traveller may expect to obtain for them. On the face is printed the sum in the principal European currencies which the holder is entitled to receive, and in Canada and the United States they pass everywhere at par. A list of banks which will cash them accompanies each cheque sold.

Many Inventions Help the Housekeeper.

"Spring" and "Housecleaning" mean much the same to the housewife, and it is difficult for her to think of one without the other looming large. It is an annual or semi-annual visitation that involves inconvenience and discomforts that make it a period to be anticipated with fear and trembling by the male portion of the household at least, notwithstanding that but a small portion of the work actually falls to their share. Housecleaning time is also welcomed by the funny paper joke-makers who, through years and years of practice, have become adepts in dressing the two or three existing housecleaning jokes up in new raiment to make quite a presentable appearance.

These remarks are intended to bear directly—if briefly—on the changed and improved method of housekeeping in some directions in the average household of today. Housecleaning has changed in two ways since the time of our father's father; it has become easier to accomplish, and more productive of results. The housewife has many inventions and appliances that simplify the work which once was done by elbow grease and that alone. Progress and ingenuity have solved some disagreeable questions for her in the last decade or two.

Unquestionably, the most distasteful part of housecleaning is the taking up of carpets with their multitudinous tacks, beating and relaying them. Nevertheless, sanitation requires that it be done. Nowadays, the tendency is for painted or varnished floors covered with rugs and mats and their use is continually growing. It is a simple matter to take up rugs from the floor and clean them. Not only are "finished" floors more sanitary but decidedly better-looking, for even the most ordinary wood floor can be transformed at a small expense into one having the appearance of costly hardwood by the application of one or two coats of varnish stain which are now made in imitation cherry, oak, mahogany, walnut and so on, and are so durable that they will successfully withstand a great deal of wear and tear occasioned by the constant walking and the movement of furniture over them.

Wall papering is being largely supplanted by wall paints and finishes in beautiful colors and shades that will stand scrubbing with soap and water and come out of the operation bright and fresh as the day they were put on. This avoids "messy" papering operations. Woodwork such as wainscoting and cupboards, given one coat of paint, specially prepared for the surface, which will dry over night, enables the housewife to keep the kitchen and pantries fairly shining with cleanliness. "Last year's" fly screens after receiving a coat of enamel are as good as new again. Furniture, too, both in the kitchen and in the other rooms of the house need not remain shabby long. The process of cleaning it with polish, or refinishing it with paint or varnish is so simple, and the furniture so improved in appearance thereby, that most housewives include a course of refinishing furniture in their spring housecleaning operations. This applies not only to drawing and dining room chairs, but to the rough kitchen and laundry chairs and to those wicker and cane ones that spend a good deal of their time on the verandah or lawn and not only to the tables, bookcases and lounges of more or less expensive woods, but to the home-made things of rough lumber, and so on throughout the entire house. Whereas painting about the house was once a considerable undertaking now it is a matter of very little expense and a small inconvenience. As one thrifty dame was heard

to remark "The use of paints and varnishes at housekeeping time has become almost a mania with me; actually I look forward to housecleaning just because it gives me an excuse to fuss with paint."

These remarks, of course, do not begin to outline the improvements and changes that have come about in the housekeeping. They are simply intended as straws to show which way the wind is blowing. For instance, there is electric light and gas where there once were lamps to clean. There are the improvements in plumbing and heating arrangements, the telephone and the gas stove, and so on, until a book almost could be written on improvements along these lines.

She who has charge of the "home" has a high mission, and inventions that go to make her work less tedious and productive of greater results, are as momentous as discoveries in any other branch of modern life. It can no longer truthfully be said that invention in things that pertain to domestic life is lagging behind in the march of progress.

On April 8th the Ontario Agricultural College sent a graduating class and one of its most noted directors, L. Caesar, to inspect the plant of the Spramotor Company of London, for the purpose of gathering information on the most improved methods of spraying. This is a new departure for the O. A. C., one of the largest colleges of its kind in the world, and bestows no little honor upon the Spramotor Company by making this well known concern its choice among the many others in the country. The subject of eradication of various forms of spores and insects which attack trees and plants has become a serious and interesting study in all the agricultural colleges in the world. So many improvements in spraying machines have been made recently that, while the O. A. C. possesses many of these apparatus for the practical instruction of pupils, it was quite out of the question to purchase every kind of new machine. So the college concluded that the improvements embodied in spramotors afforded an excellent opportunity for procuring the desired instructive information. The Spramotor Company, with head offices and plant at London, Ont., and branches at Buffalo, N. Y., have the largest and most complete factory of its kind in the world. Spramotors are used in every civilized country on the face of the earth. Prof. Caesar and class were immensely pleased with the result of their visit, and returned to the college after being tendered a dinner at the Tecumseh House by their host, W. H. Heard, manager of the Spramotor Company.

We direct our readers' attention to the fact that Messrs. Curzon Bros. are now distributing their new season's patterns for summer, 1909. There has never been a greater choice nor such wealth of color as is revealed in this collection of fabrics, and it is perfectly evident that Messrs. Curzon Bros. have abated none of their energy in their efforts to provide clients in Canada with something distinctive in the matter of clothes. All the dominant shades for the coming season—greens, browns, olives and purples—are included in the collection, while the qualities are, as usual, up to an unparalleled standard. Readers will be wise in dropping a post card to the firm's distributing agents in Canada as follows: Curzon Bros., care of Henderson Bros., Dept. 102, 279 Garry St. Winnipeg, or direct to the firm's depot in England, Curzon Bros., Dept. 102, 60 & 62 City Road, London, England.

One of the most commonly mispronounced words in the English language is "R-U-B-E-R-O-I-D." Most people call it Rubber-oid, although the correct pronunciation is as though it were spelled "Rue-ber-oid." It is commonly supposed that Ruberoid is a "rubber" roofing, but nothing could be further from the truth. Ruberoid contains no rubber, and a roofing containing rubber would be practically useless, as rubber rots under slight exposure to the weather. The base of Ruberoid is an exclusive processed gum known as Ruberoid gum. This gum resembles crude rubber, and is as flexible as crude rubber, but unlike rubber it retains its durability and flexibility after years of exposure to the weather. Do not confuse the genuine Ruberoid with those cheap substitutes commonly known as "rubber" roofings.

DECORATE YOUR HOME

The advent of Spring is the signal for remodelling the house, and the usual house cleaning.

The dirtiest and most tiresome work is paper-hanging and replastering—patching the plaster walls where they have cracked or chipped—replacing the torn and discolored paper. Dirt—dust—germs in everything.

Really it surprises me how people will stand a repetition of this drudgery year after year.

I stopped it five years ago. I had become tired of the papering and of continually fixing the plaster—tired of the dirt and the dust. I tried painting the ceilings and walls—but no relief—paint will not prevent the plaster cracking, and the dust and small pieces from falling.

At last, after trying most everything, without any improvement whatever, I called in my friend the **METALLIC MAN**. He showed me photographs of Metallic ceilings and walls in many fine residences and stores. I was surprised at the great number of artistic designs, and they are so easy to lay—why I laid mine entirely by myself in a very short time, and what a relief—no more dust—no plaster falling—no vermin—so clean and sanitary—and more, **absolutely fireproof**. I went right down and had my insurance rate reduced. "Every sheet of Metallic laid increases protection from fire," said the Insurance man.

My friends remark on the handsome appearance of the rooms—each one different, for the designs are so artistic and varied—pretty scrolls—dainty checkered patterns or deep massive effects—any style desired.

They are so easy to keep clean—soap and water makes it like new again, and a little paint gives you a new ceiling at a very small expenditure. Metallic will save you labor and expense every year.

Send measurements of your rooms to the Metallic Roofing Co.—they will give you good suggestions and designs.

The Philosopher of Metal Town

1649



Wheat Prices are High

Ship your next car through us, and get all there is in it. It pays to have your grain handled by a strictly commission firm

WRITE FOR SHIPPING DIRECTIONS

THOMPSON, SONS & COMPANY

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703-D Grain Exchange

WINNIPEG

SEND 50c. AND RECEIVE SIX PAIR OF HOSE FEET POST PAID.

The part of a kid's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost.

N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., London, Ont



BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS.

20 Popular songs with words and music, 20 stories of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once.

Please send silver. Address—George Grattan, New Glasgow, Quebec.

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR
MAKES GOOD BREAD

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Baker's Cocoa

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HIGHEST
AWARDS
IN
EUROPE
AND
AMERICA

A medical writer says—"The use of a thoroughly reliable preparation of cocoa should be universally encouraged, and it is the consensus of opinion among medical men as well as laboratory workers that the breakfast cocoa manufactured by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., not only meets the indications, but accomplishes even more than is claimed for it."

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE:

86 St. Peter Street, Montreal

Work for Busy Fingers.

Openwork Sock, for Child of Five Years.

Materials required: one ounce and a half of white Andalusian wool, and four needles, No. 16.

Cast on 80 stitches, 20 on first needle, 40 on second, and 20 on third. Knit 24 rounds in ribs of 2 plain, 2 purl, next knit 24 plain rounds; the next is the first round of pattern. Knit plain on first needle, on second needle knit 17, put the wool forward (as if for purling), knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 2, put the wool forward, knit 16, plain knit in third needle.

2nd round: plain. Repeat these two rounds twice.

7th round: plain on first needle, on second needle knit 9, put the wool for-



Openwork Sock, for Child of Five Years.

For the heel, put all the plain knitting on to one needle and the openwork on to two needles. On the plain knitting work 34 rows, alternately plain and purl, always slipping the first stitch.

37th row: knit 22, knit 2 together, turn the work, purl 8, purl 2 together, turn, knit 9, knit 2 together, turn, purl 9, purl 2 together. Continue thus until only 11 stitches remain, knit up the 17 slipped stitches at the side of instep, knit off the openwork on to one needle, and knit up 17 inches for other side of instep, work 17 rounds, and decrease thus, knit the third and fourth stitches from the end of the first needle together, and the third and fourth from the beginning of the third needle together in the 5th, 8th, 11th, 15th, and 17th rounds. Knit 44 rounds, discontinue the openwork, and arrange the stitches evenly for the toe, and begin the decreasing thus: knit the third and fourth stitches from the end of the first needle together, the third and fourth from the beginning, and the third and fourth from the end of the second needle together, and the third and fourth from the beginning of the third needle together. Repeat in every alternate row, 6 times, then in every row until the stitches are reduced to 20; turn the sock, and cast off on the wrong side. This same pattern could be worked in a knitting silk, and would make very dainty and pretty little socks.

Child's Woollen Petticoat.

A Simple Crochet Pattern.

Materials required: Three-quarters of a pound of pink vest wool, one bone crochet needle (medium size).

Commence with 44 chain, turn into 4th chain, 1 treble, now into every chain 1 treble to end of chain.

* Turn with 4 chain, 1 treble into every treble of previous row; * repeat.

Do 82 rows; that makes width of petticoat.

Join up 30 treble each together, leaving 10 to form placket-hole. Now join wool to waist of placket-hole, and do 30 chain.

Turn and work back 1 double crochet into each chain. When you get to petticoat work 1 double crochet into 1 treble. *

Turn 1 double crochet into each double crochet to end of row. 1 double crochet in treble repeat*.

Continue 24 rows. Now work into 1 treble and up till you have worked into 12 double crochet 18 chain.

Turn one double crochet into each chain down to treble again. Continue double crochet each row until 40 rows are done to form front of bodice.

Then work another 24 rows for other half of back, leaving armhole.

Crochet together two inches each side of top to form shoulders.

Crochet down one side of back of



Child's Woollen Petticoat

ONLY WEIGHED 73 POUNDS.
NOW WEIGHS 113 POUNDS.

Had Heart Trouble and Shortness
of Breath for Six Years.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

cured Mrs. K. E. Bright, Burnley, Ont. She writes: "I was greatly troubled, for six years, with my heart and shortness of breath. I could not walk eighty rods without resting four or five times in that short distance. I got so weak and thin I only weighed seventy-three pounds. I decided at last to take some of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking eight boxes I gained in strength and weight, and now weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, the most I ever weighed in my life. I feel well and can work as well as ever I did, and can heartily thank Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for it all."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

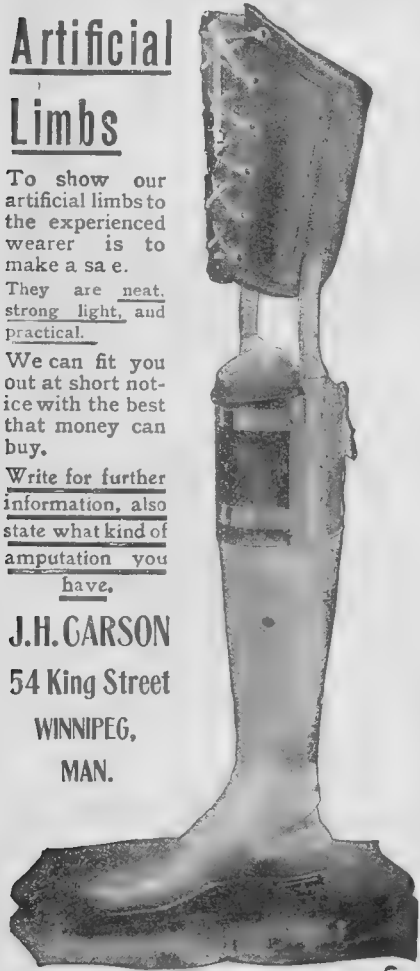
They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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54 King Street

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MAN.

12 SPARKLING POST CARDS in full color, with YOUR FULL NAME in GOLD thereon. Union Art Co., 55, 81 Pine Street, New York. 10c.



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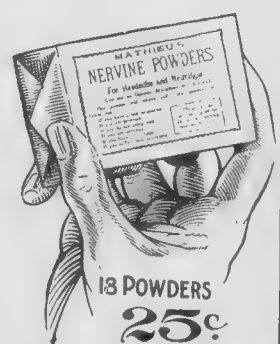
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REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Our MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The bandage absorbs the swelling and the goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

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NERVINE POWDERS

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WINNIPEG.

HE TOOK A FRIEND'S ADVICE

And Dodd's Kidney Pills soon Cured His Backache.

How Malcolm McKinnon Found Complete and Permanent Relief From His Kidney and Stomach Troubles.

SHUNACADIE, CAPE BRETON CO., N.S., June 4 (Special)—Suffering with Backache so much that he could not work—Malcolm McKinnon, a well known resident of this place, took a friend's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that he is back at work and his Backache is gone.

"Yes," he says, in speaking of his case, "I was troubled with Backache, due to wet feet and hard work. It got so severe at last I was quite unable to do my work."

"It was through a friend's advice I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I was soon aware that they were doing me good. My back was easier and I had less pain in urinating."

"As Dodd's Kidney Pills had done me so much good I thought I would try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and I did so with marvellous effect. Two boxes set my stomach right."

With Dodd's Kidney Pills to keep the Kidneys well and the blood pure and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to put the stomach in shape, so that the body receives the nourishment it needs you are assured of the two first essentials of health. Any doctor will tell you that.

bodice 4 chain, 6 double crochet to waist. To make the buttonholes sew 4 buttons on the other side.

Crochet round bottom of petticoat * 4 treble into 1 treble, 1 double crochet into next treble, * repeat all round petticoat.

Crochet round neck * 1 treble into double crochet, 2 chain, miss 1 double crochet, 1 double crochet into next, * repeat all round neck. Thread a little narrow ribbon through holes to tie at back.

Lady's Petticoat.

Commencing 88 chain, work in same way.

Do 160 rows.

Sew a calico shaped band, and not work the bodice; only join up and work border around bottom of * 4 treble into 1 treble, 1 double crochet into next treble, * repeat all round petticoat.

Border for Knitted Counterpane.

Thirty stitches.

1st Row.—Sl 1, k 19, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

2nd Row.—Over, n, rest plain. All even rows same.

3rd Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 7 times), k 2, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

5th Row.—Sl k 17, n, o, k 5, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

7th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 6 times),

37th Row.—Sl 1, k 7, n, o, k 1, (n, o 2, n, 6 times), k 1, o, n, k 7, o, n, o, k 2.

39th Row.—Sl 1, k 9, o, n, k 1, (n, o 2, n, 5 times), k 1, n, o, k 7, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

41st Row.—Sl 1, k 10, o, n, k 2, (n, o 2, n, 4 times), k 2, n, o, k 7, n, o, n, o, k 1.

43rd Row.—Sl 1, k 11, o, n, k 3, (n, o 2, n, 3 times), k 3, n, o, k 7, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

45th Row.—Sl 1, k 9, n, o, k 7, (n, o 2, n, twice), k 7, o, n, k 4, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

47th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, o, n, k 4, n, o, k 10, n, o 2, n, k 10, o, n, k 2, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

49th Row.—Sl 1, k 7, n, o, k 26, o, n, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

51st Row.—Sl 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 6, n, o 2, n, k 4, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

53rd Row.—Sl 1, k 10, o, n, k 1, (n, o 2, n, twice), k 2, (n, o 2, n, twice), k 1, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

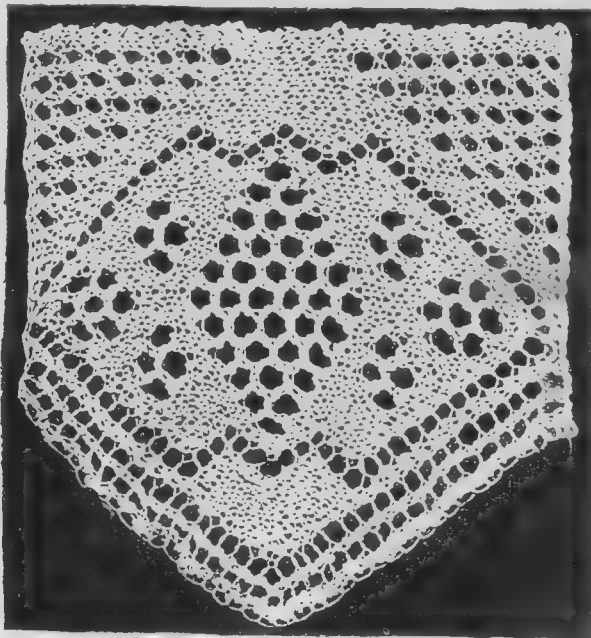
55th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 3 times), k 3, o, n, k 2, n, o 2, n, k 6, n, o 2, n, k 2, n, k 2, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

57th Row.—Sl 1, k 12, o, n, k 16, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

59th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 4 times), k 3, o, n, k 5, n, o 2, n, k 5, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

61st Row.—Sl 1, k 14, o, n, k 2, n, o 2, n, k 2, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

63rd Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 5 times),



Border for Knitted Counterpane.

k 2, n, o, k 2, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

9th Row.—Sl 1, k 15, n, o, k 1, n, a, 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 1, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

11th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 5 times), k 2, n, o, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 4, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

13th Row.—Sl 1, k 13, n, o, k 3, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 3, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

15th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 4 times), k 2, n, o, k 6, n, o 2, n, k 6, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

17th Row.—Sl 1, k 11, n, o, k 18, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

19th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 3 times), k 2, n, o, k 3, n, o 2, n, k 6, n, o 2, n, k 3, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

21st Row.—Sl 1, k 9, n, o, k 2, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 2, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 2, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

23rd Row.—Sl 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, k 2, n, o, k 5, n, o 2, n, k 5, n, o 2, n, k 5, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

25th Row.—Sl 1, k 7, n, o, k 26, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 2.

27th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, o, n, k 5, o, n, k 9, n, o 2, n, k 9, n, o, k 4, o, n, o, k 2.

29th Row.—Sl 1, k 10, o, n, k 6, (n, o 2, n, twice) k 6, n, o, k 6, o, n, o, k 2.

31st Row.—Sl 1, k 11, o, n, k 3, (n, o 2, n, 3 times), k 3, n, o, k 8, o, n, o, k 2.

33rd Row.—Sl 1, k 9, n, o, k 3, (n, o 2, n, 4 times), k 3, o, n, k 7, o, n, o, k 2.

35th Row.—Sl 1, k 8, n, o, k 2, (n, o 2, n, 5 times), k 2, o, n, k 7, o, n, o, k 2.

k 3, o, n, k 3, n, o 2, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

65th Row.—Sl 1, k 13, o, n, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

67th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 6 times), k 3, o, n, k 1, n, o 2, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

69th Row.—Sl 1, k 18, o, n, k 4, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

71st Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 7 times), k 3, o, n, k 2, n, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

73rd Row.—Sl 1, k 20, o, n, n, bind 1 over, o, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

75th Row.—Sl 1, k 2, (o, n, 8 times), k 5, n, o, n, o, n, k 1.

Wishbone Penwiper.

A good sized wishbone is required for the foundation. Upon the upper portion of the bone a head is supplied by black sealing wax, having white beads for eyes. On the head a cap of red cloth, trimmed with white beads, is tucked. Several circlets of red cloth, edged with beads, are prepared. Through these the head is thrust, the legs appearing beneath the edge of the skirts. The feet are also formed of sealing wax. On the cloth skirt, which acts as penwiper, some lines are printed, as for instance:

Once I was a wishbone
And grew upon a hen,
Now I am a little slave
And made to wipe a pen.

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DOMINION SHELLS

AND

DUPONT ^{Smokeless} POWDER.

A Record Making Combination for the Trap or Field

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WE want to place a New Scale Williams Piano in practically every home in Canada. We want those of moderate means to enjoy the delights of owning one of these superb instruments. Our Easy Purchase Plan points the way.

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The richness and elegance of the New Scale Williams Piano impress you at once. When you hear the beautiful tone, you agree with musicians that the "New Scale Williams" is a masterpiece.

Write for illustrated booklets and our Easy Purchase Plan. Sent free on request. Mail the coupon to us today.

The Williams Piano Co. Limited,
OSHAWA, Ont.
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Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan.

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Order now, don't experiment, I have done all that, and can cure your horse. Address:

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Manufacturing Chemist.
Mention this paper in replying.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 936, WISCONSIN, ONT.**

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American Plan. Rates \$1.50 upwards

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SMART YET PRACTICAL FROCKS.

The frock that is both smart and practical is one that is certain to be in demand. The two illustrated fulfill the conditions and are in every way to be desired. In the illustration the little girl's dress is made of white pique and is finished with scallops and embroidered dots but it is appropriate for almost every seasonable material and it can be trimmed with straight banding in place of the scallops if

ingly simple manner, yet the whole effect is a really elaborate one and the dress is adapted to dancing parties and occasions of a similar sort. The square Dutch neck is a favorite of the season and is always pretty, but should the yoke be preferred it can be added, making the dress high at the neck. Also the usefulness of the model is not to be confined to flouncing, for plain material can be trimmed to suit the fancy or the skirt could be finished with a hem only if a simpler frock



SMART YET PRACTICAL FROCKS
Two Patterns

No. 6291, Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. No. 6295, Sizes 14 and 16 years.

preferred while these bands can be either of braid or of contrasting material. The dress is made with the body portions and the skirt in one and is confined at the waistline by means of a belt while it is closed at the left of the front.

For the eight year size will be required 4 yards of material 24, 3½ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6291 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6, 8 and 10 years of age.

The older girl's dress shows one of the latest developments of the favorite sailor style and in this case it is made of blue galatea with shield and band of white. The skirt can be laced together at the back and closed at the left of the front, as in this instance, or closed at the back as preferred. The blouse is faced to form the deep yoke and the shield is arranged under it, attached by means of buttons and buttonholes beneath the sailor collar. Either long sleeves with straight cuffs or three-quarter sleeves with rolled-cuffs can be used.

For the sixteen year size will be required 8½ yards of material 27, 5½ yards 44 or 4½ yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard any width for the shield, 4½ yards of braid. The pattern 6295 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK.

Embroidered flouncing is being extensively used now for the daintier frocks worn by little girls and this one is charming and attractive in the extreme. The straight skirt requires only to be gathered at the upper edge and the blouse combines the flouncing and narrower edging after an exceed-



6307 Girl's Dress.

A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK

No. 6307, Sizes 6 to 12 years

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A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

Above is given a portrait of Mrs. W. J. Fielder of 18 Duford St., Providence, R. I., showing a waist she made for herself, and below is shown a picture of her daughter at the time of her graduation from school, wearing her new dress made by the American System. Mrs. Fielder says:

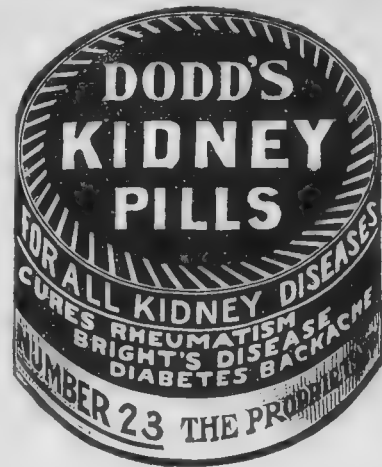
"Enclosed you will find two photos which I have had taken just to let you see what progress I have made during your training. Everyone who saw my daughter in her new graduation dress admired it, and I did not forget to let them know that I had made it by your system, and my waist came in for a good amount of attention also. I drafted the pattern myself. You may refer anyone to me and I will tell them just what I think of your System, namely, that any girl who can read plain English language can learn dressmaking through the American College. I think this the best System I ever heard of. I am sorry I did not know of it years ago."

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6	Effects of eating Rich Food	25
7	Piles, blind or bleeding, internal or external	25
8	Cholera Morbus, Nausea Vomiting	25
9	Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo	25
10	Inflammatory Affections of the Windpipe	25
11	Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults	25
12	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
13	Worms, Worm Fevers, Worm Colic	25
14	Diseases of Infants or Young Children	25
15	Diphtheria or Ulcerated Sore Throat	25
16	Asthma Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	25
17	Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Bronchitis	25
18	Whites too Profuse Periods, Bearing Down	25
19	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
20	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
21	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues	25
22	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	25
23	Whooping Cough, Violent Cough	25
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1 teaspoonful BOVRIL—
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plain material or the pretty dimity, is needed. Whether the flouncing, that is so much liked, is utilized, the dress is always an attractive and charming one that is perfectly simple of construction and eminently childish in effect.

For the ten year size will be required 2 1/2 yards of flouncing 20 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards 9 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards of plain material 36, 2 1/2 yards of narrower edging; or, 5 yards of plain material 24, 4 yards 32, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern. No. 6307, sizes 6 to 12 years. will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

ONE OF THE NEW PRINCESSE GOWNS.



A PRINCESSE GOWN
One Pattern
No. 6313, Sizes 32 to 40 Bust

Semi-princesse gowns in simple style such as this one are to have great vogue this season and they are chic and attractive in the extreme. This one is made of bordered foulard and the border has been cut off to make the trimming, but linen and pongee, the simpler ginghams and similar materials are equally pretty and trimming can be either banding or soutache applied over some simple design. The neck can be finished with the Dutch collar illustrated or with a regulation stock as preferred. The sleeves are distinctly novel, the upper portion being cut in two sections which are overlaid and trimmed effectively.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 1/2 yards 24, 7 1/2 yards 32 or 5 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard of linen lawn for the Dutch collar and rabat.

The pattern 6313 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

A SMART LINEN GOWN.

Linen in darker colors promise to be extensively worn this season, both for simple morning dresses as well as for more elaborate costumes. This one is in the always practical shirt waist style and shows the material in one of the newer canvas weaves and in a fashionable shade of old rose. Collar and cuffs are trimmed with

bands of white but otherwise the gown is plain. In addition to the linen there are a great many appropriate materials. The chambrays and zephyrs are shown in an exceptional variety of colors and are eminently desirable and the list of washable materials is exceptionally long and exceptionally attractive.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 1/2 yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 12 1/2 yards 24, 9 yards 32 or 6 1/2 yards 44 inches wide if there is up and down but if not 9 1/2 yards 24, 7 1/2 yards 32 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide will suffice.

The blouse pattern 6300 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5688 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.



A SMART LINEN GOWN
Two Patterns
No. 6300, Blouse, Sizes 32 to 42 Bust
No. 5688, Skirt, Sizes 22 to 32 Waist

When the last Cleveland baby was born, Mr. Cleveland was asked about the weight, which he gave as twelve pounds. Dr. Bryant, who was present interrupted the ex-President to say that the nurse had reported the young hopeful to be an eight-pounder. "Well," said Mr. Cleveland, "I know, for I weighed him with the same scales that I use when I go fishing."

A so-called "happy family" P. T. Barnum used to exhibit consisted of a lion, a tiger, a bear, a wolf and a lamb, all penned together in one cage, "Remarkable!" a visitor said to Mr. Barnum; "remarkable, impressive, instructive! And how long have these animals dwelt together in this way?" "Seven months, Barnum answered, "but the lamb has occasionally to be renewed."

A gentleman, whose nose had been lost in an accident was invited to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and to make no remarks about Mr. J—'s nose." Around the table everything was going on well, then the child began to peep about and looked puzzled. At last she startled the company with, "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. J—'s nose? He hasn't got any."

HAD BACKACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years

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Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

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PUT a tall "silk hat" on a table or shelf next the wall, crown up.

Ask a friend to look at it from a distance of ten feet or so and say *how high* it is.

Then remove the hat and ask him to place his finger on the wall at the height of the hat.

Now, push the hat under his finger and you will find he has placed it *very much higher* than the hat measures.

That is because of its peculiar shape, which creates an *Ocular Delusion* as to height.

This same law of Illusion is made skilful use of by Decorators in the treatment and selection of wall-paper design.

Just as a striped suit will make a stout person look taller so will certain peculiarities in wall-paper design make a room look higher and narrower, or lower and wider.

Other peculiarities of Color and Design produce a dignified effect, or a cozy one, a chilling effect or a cheerful one.

Such use is called "Corrective Treatment," its object being to secure symmetrical effect and pleasing proportion in the room.

Knowledge of this kind has much to do with success, and with permanent satisfaction, in Home Decorating.

That is why a little book, by Walter Reade Brightling, just published, should be of decided interest and advantage to Home-makers.

It tells *how* to use Wall-papers so as to make a room seem larger, smaller, wider, higher, lower, dignified, or Cheerful, by the deliberate use of Ocular Delusion in certain forms of design or certain colorings.

There are Colorings in Wall-decoration which convey a distinct impression of Cheerfulness or Restfulness to the mind, while others convey a sense of Depression or Irritability.

Brightling's book entitled "Wall-paper Influence upon the Home" covers this subject acceptably for popular use.

It supplies information by which any Home can be made to look cheerful and restful at small cost.

The book is well worth a dollar though it costs only 25 cents at your wall paper dealers, or by mail from the publishers, Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St., East, Montreal.

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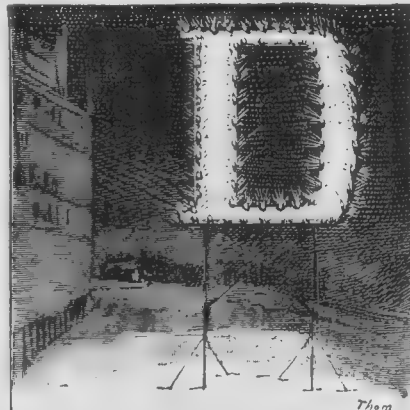
Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—A LITERARY PUZZLE.

A tall young —, a — by trade, walked down the village street, lined on either side with pretty little —. At one of the most attractive of these he stopped to give a low call. Here lived his sweetheart, —, but her — parent forbade him to come to see her, not because the lover was — or — but because he was poor and the father was ambitious for his daughter. The girl heard the call and although she was cooking the dinner she left the roast —, seasoned with strips of —, — in the oven, and throwing a — on her head ran out to answer the lover's call. He had been to the — that day and had brought the circlet that was the emblem of their plighted troth. In a low impassioned voice he was urging an early date for their marriage. She said, "We are both — and we can wait until papa gives his consent." Suddenly they heard her father call in stentorian tones, "Daughter, your dinner —," then immediately they heard footsteps coming toward them. The old man had been suffering from a — and was especially irritable that day. The girl whispered "Great —," while the man muttered "The —." However, the latter in a vain endeavor

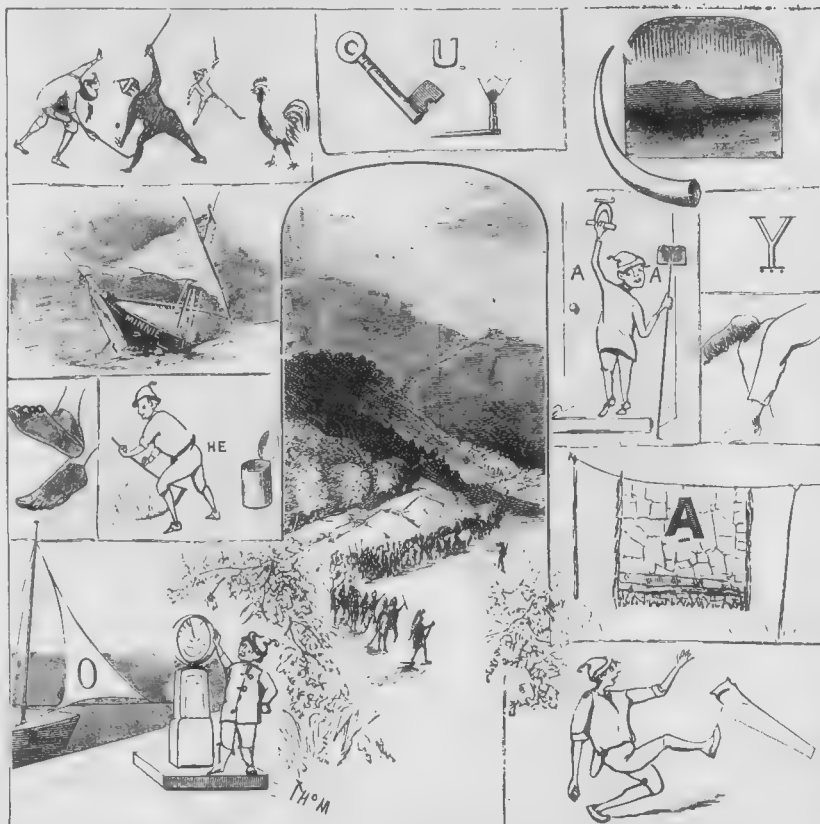
old father forgave them, for he was not a bad man, only irritable and childish, and now he often visits them in their cosy little home, a — cottage surrounded by a well-trimmed — hedge, where love and contentment reign supreme.

No. 3. — ILLUSTRATED CONUNDRUM.



Why does this picture represent the well-known expression of a most distinguished man?

2.—THE BIG POW-WOW PUZZLE.



An Indian Council, you may know, Took place a thousand moons ago, And all the tribes that claim the North From camp and wigwam sallied forth. The Sacs, Quapaws and Iroquois, Catawbas and Powhattans, The Navajo from Mexico, The Choctaws from the cottons,

The Crows, the Crees, the Cherokees, Oneidas, Susquehannocks, The Creeks, the Sioux the Kickapoos, The Hurons and the Bannocks. And others renowned, whose names may be found In the twelve little pictures scattered around. While the large one I vow, will indicate how They followed the trail to the Big Pow Wow.

or to conciliate the old man said "— are you, sir?" and knowing his weakness for tobacco held some toward him and said, "Have a —?" For reply the father gave him some vigorous — over the head with his —. The lover turned — but as he had always been taught respect for — hairs, he determined not to strike so old a man, but turned away and hastened home where his — of — were heard by his mother. She immediately sent for Dr. — who was — with rage when he found the cause of the trouble.

In the meantime the old man had taken his daughter into the house, closing both gate and door with vigorous —. He went into the library, picked up a book and tried to — but couldn't, the — was blurred before him, for he was really ashamed of his outburst of temper.

It was not many weeks before the young people planned an elopement to — where they were quietly married. After a short time the crochety

No. 4.—ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

The hidden words are the names of authors and sculptors.

"Good sir, speak it to us."—Henry Eight.

"A cap-case for your linen and your plate, with a strange lock that opens with amen."—Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Necessity or chance Approach not me, and what I will is fate."

No. 5.—AMPUTATIONS.

The following are to be beheaded and curtailed:

1. Sounded, and leave a number.
2. Having a rough voice, and leave rowing implements.
3. A poem, and leave a printer's aversion.
4. A vocalist, and leave an animal.
5. More recent, and leave devoured.
6. A city in New York, and leave a neuralgic pain.
7. A point of the compass, and leave even.

8. Part of the title of a Canaanite tyrant of Bezek mentioned in the Bible, and leave a Spanish title.

9. Portion of the title of the last (deceased) Pope, and leave within.

10. Sketched, and leave uncooked.

11. A bitter fruit, and leave a pronoun.

12. A girl's name, and leave a kind of box.

13. An exclamation, and leave an exclamation.

14. Part of the head, and leave periods of time.

The letters decapitated, read down in regular order, we should not forget; especially at the times designated by the curtailed letters, written down in the same manner.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be found in the July number of The Western Home Monthly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 1. Buried European Cities.—Tyre, Leith, Pau, Derby, Waterloo, Rome, Lee, Ghent, Gath, Agra, Perth, Kew, Stoke, Sedan, Aden, Ayr.

No. 2. A Nature Fakir Puzzle.—The things which he saw: pine, creeper, boughs, limbs, brush, scrub, log, boles (bowls), cones, fence, trunks, leaves, mast (decayed leaves) flowers (flours).

No. 3. Problem.—168.

No. 4. A Nest of Ants.—1. Discordant. 2. Valiant. 3. Suppliant. 4. Concordant. 5. Accountant. 6. Malignant. 7. Informant. 8. Complainant. 9. Exultant. 10. Stagnant. 11. Stimulant. 12. Flagrant.

No. 5. Illustrated Conundrum.—When its Cabinet is worthless and its Rulers can be bought.

No. 6. Charade.—Aga-mem-non.

No. 7. Double Decapitations.—1. Twaddle, waddle, addle. 2. Switch, witch, itch. 3. Clink, link, ink. 4. Splay, play, lay. 5. Grill, rill, ill. 6. Bramble, ramble, amble.

No. 8. Twelve Nations.—1. Indignation. 2. Contamination. 3. Catenation. 4. Denomination. 5. Condemnation. 6. Hallucination. 7. Machination. 8. Imagination. 9. Nomination. 10. Consternation. 11. Resignation. 12. Ruination.

No. 9. Cluster of Diamonds.—

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By Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor
American College of Dressmaking.

An Age of Dress.



WHATEVER attitude we may personally feel disposed to entertain towards the question it is nevertheless a condition that is here and which we must meet. It is no longer necessary for a woman to be a professional beauty, nor does it seem to be absolutely essential that she be intellectually as brilliant as the scintillating jewels which bedeck her form. The chief thing appears that she should be well dressed, for the art of dressing has been brought to such perfection that any woman can be brought to look beautiful by wearing the right clothes, and wearing them right. Of course, the art is not all the couturiere's. The woman must know how to wear her clothes and how to live up to them. But given the right costume, the one that brings out her good points and conceals her bad ones and accentuates her own personality, the plainest woman can hold her own with the beauty. These are times when no woman, even though she have beauty and charm and intelligence, can afford to be indifferent to her clothes. This is an age of dress. Young men devote themselves to the girls who are so well gowned as to attract the admiration of other men. A man marries a woman who can dress in such a way as to be a credit to him and his. The well-gowned, well-groomed woman dresses a room and rounds the corners. Plainness and angles disappear before her. But it is not a thing that is lightly acquired. It is as a woman's duty to be well dressed, appropriately and neatly so, in the family as in the social circle.

By "well dressed" I do not mean gaudily attired—far from it. The old Greek motto, "Modesty in all things" is a good one to apply. An article in a recent issue of Harper's Bazar by the peerless Worth of Paris, voices my sentiments on this point exactly. The gist of his discussion is that simplicity in dress is the highest art. She is best dressed who is equally so far removed from plainness on the one hand and from excessive show on the other as to attract least attention to her appearance.

Woman, if for no other reason than because she is a woman, expects, is entitled to and commands the chivalric homage of man only to the degree to which she recognizes and practices this principle of simplicity in her apparel. A wise woman will hide or put in the background everything that will detract from the beauty of her character or the brilliancy of her intellect by attracting undue attention to a showy gown. Let us see to it that this homage, justly ours, is paid rather to our personality than to our person. Simplicity does not mean commonality at all. There is such a thing as individuality though simplicity.

I suspect I am subjecting myself to the possible criticism of preaching poor professional doctrine, especially from a business standpoint, but this is exactly what I practice and endeavor to inculcate into the minds of my students. With those who may criticize, I have no issue, other than to cite them to the thousands, I am glad to say, who are now following my instructions. I heartily believe the decided majority will continue to endorse this idea of modest and becoming simplicity in dress. Dress reform will never take on very large proportions until the dressmakers themselves become its champions, and they will never become its exponents as long as women go to excess in dress.

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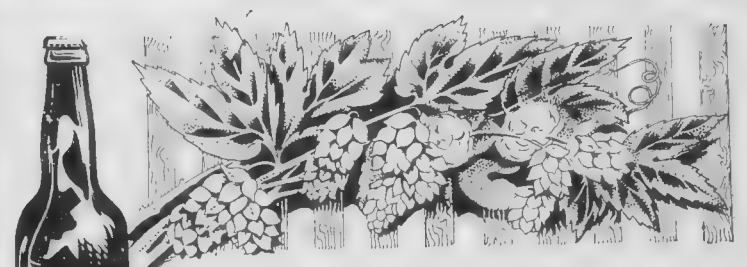


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High Bluff, Man., Jan. 22, 1909.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.
Dear Sirs,—

It is now six years since we bought our Oxydonor and I never could tell you half the troubles I have used it for.

I have nine children, and Oxydonor has been our family doctor for six years. Among other things I have used Oxydonor successfully for pleurisy, pneumonia, rheumatism, heart trouble, coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, grippe, measles, sore eyes, sore throat, croup, etc., etc. It has also been found very helpful for chronic headaches.

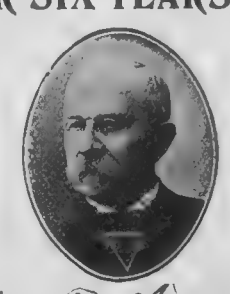
I consider Oxydonor worth its weight in gold.
Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
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OXYDONOR is a wonderful little instrument that cures at home, while you sleep. It can be applied properly by anyone and causes no sensation, either of pain or anything else.

All diseases are alike to Oxydonor. It cures by creating in the body a powerful affinity for Oxygen, so that it is absorbed freely by the whole system. This abundance of oxygen gives such abounding vitality to the body that it is able to throw off the disease (unless some vital organ has been destroyed) and regain perfect health.

Write to-day for our free illustrated booklet that tells about Oxydonor and its wonderful cures.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 356 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal, Que.



Hercules Sanche
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A CURIOUS THEORY About EARTHQUAKES.

"The cause of earthquakes is sin!" This is the way a great preacher explained these terrifying convulsions of the earth. Just fancy the destruction of Messina and Reggio as resulting from *violation of moral law*. It is more likely that a good deal of sin results from earthquakes. But Hannah More, the great authoress, came pretty close to the truth when she said "The cause of a deal of sin, is bile!" That bit of wisdom and opinion we can understand easily. Bile poisons the blood—and poisoned, impure, blood poisons the brain. The brain is the organ of the mind and senses.

All the earthquakes that ever shook this wicked world have not done as much harm to human beings as is done every year by sleepy stomachs and lazy livers. Generals have lost battles, workmen have lost good jobs, husbands and wives have quarrelled, because of "a touch of liver complaint." That ugly force, called biliousness could "break up a majority in the House of Parliament."

Madame F. X. Duhamel, Masson, P.O., Labelle Co., P.Q., writes as follows:

"After one suffers for nearly a quarter of a century from an illness, you cannot imagine the wonderful relief to one's mind when good health is restored, as happened in my case."

In my girlhood, when about fifteen years old I became subject to Indigestion and Stomach disarrangements, and for many years I kept trying medicines and underwent operations with little or no effect.

The symptoms of my illness were:—constipation, bad breath, coated tongue, palpitation of the heart, pains in the sides, and a sensation after meals as if I should vomit. At times I would be troubled with rheumatism in my arms and legs, and it seemed as if I would never regain my health.

By chance I commenced to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it was not long before I became a changed person, and in one year with the continual use of the Syrup and Pills I became permanently cured. Before commencing to take Mother Seigel's Syrup I weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds.

I wish to emphasize the fact that it is the Mother Seigel's Remedies and they alone which restored me to good health, and I feel certain that without the valuable medicines I would not be alive to-day.

(Signed) Mme. F. X. DUHAMEL.

Whatever may be the natural cause of earthquakes there can be no doubt about the upheaval that Biliousness and Indigestion cause in the human system. Nor is there any doubt that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure these disorders, and at the same time rid the sufferer of constipation, flatulence, dizziness and all attendant miseries. It is a purely herbal medicine and tones up and strengthens all the organs of digestion.

AN IDEAL TONIC

FOR THE
STOMACH AND LIVER.

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, your bowels costive, and you awake in the morning fagged and worn-out, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work. When you are racked with pains—in the head, in the chest, at the sides, in the stomach, all over. When you feel done-up and good-for-nothing, have no appetite, no energy, no interest or ambition, your stomach and liver have broken down. It may be the weather or over-work, a chill, errors in diet, a legacy from the winter, or constitutional weakness; but whatever the cause, if that is your condition, your stomach and liver need help, and need it sorely. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure you. It will clear your head and clean your tongue, renew your appetite, stimulate the action of your stomach and liver, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. Read the testimony of:

Norbert Choquette, Versailles P.O., Ile de la Cote, P.Q.

"It is a pleasure for me to give you my testimony concerning the excellence of Mother Seigel's Syrup, as in my illness which extended over a period of fifteen years I had been looking for such a preparation."

I have been to see two physicians and they pronounce my case as incurable, having a complication of diseases, of which, dyspepsia and inflammation of the bowels were most apparent. Constipation of the worst nature afflicted me, and what with headaches and sleeplessness I surely had my share of ills. I have always been very thin, which no doubt is due to my long sickness, and a dizzy sensation would often overtake me so that I was compelled to either sit down or lay on the couch. Rheumatic pains in the arms, loins and limbs seized me, and the afflicted parts would swell very much. Three weeks after I had taken the first bottle of Seigel's Syrup I found permanent relief, and though I am seventy-three years of age, I now feel as well as at any time during my life. My family have used both Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills for indigestion, and I recommend these preparations very highly to all those who suffer from such complaints.

NORBERT CHOQUETTE.

CURES INDIGESTION

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.
— PURIFIES THE BLOOD. —

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Temperance Talk.

Total Abstinence.

We can point with pride to the life-work of many men as proof that total abstinence, in practice and as a principle, is a benediction direct and indirect in its effects upon life and character. Thousands of men who began life under favorable auspices have fallen in the prime of their manhood, without having accomplished their allotted work. Total abstinence would have saved them. Moderate drinking led them to an untimely end.

A noted statistician of England, after long and careful investigations, comparisons and observations, has established the following facts:

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, where ten total abstainers die, eighteen moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, ten of the former and thirty-one of the latter. Between thirty and forty years, forty moderate drinkers to ten abstainers die.

That is: A total abstainer twenty years old has a fair chance of living forty-four years longer; a moderate drinker has a chance of living only fifteen and one-half years longer.

At thirty-six years a total abstainer has a chance of living thirty-six and one-half years longer; a moderate drinker at the same age only thirteen and one-half years longer.

At forty a total abstainer has a chance of living twenty-eight years more, and a moderate drinker only eleven and two-thirds.

We may talk and write as eloquently as we will about the "fifteen hundred millions" annually spent in our own nation for intoxicating liquors, but half the truth is not told unless we add the actual money value of the wasted mental and physical resources of thousands of otherwise noble and useful citizens, destroyed by moderate drinking.—Exchange.

The Moderate Drinker.

That staunch old Scotchman, Doctor Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that "they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side." "They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards," and the like.

Doctor Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow footbridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its ballustrade is high and firm. All may cross it with perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say; 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to go will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!"

Walking a footbridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink.

Make Social Drinking Unpopular.

If social drinking in the society world could be made unpopular total abstinence would receive a mighty impulse.

It is as a social custom that strong drink begins its deadly work. The young man does not take his first drink because he likes it. He takes

it because he thinks it will make him seem manly and up-to-date to do so. He does not purchase a bottle of whiskey and go off by himself and drink it. He may do that later on; but at first he drinks for the social pleasure he expects to derive from it.

Temperance workers find their main fields of work among the children and the drunkards. One class devotes its chief efforts to pledging the children, and the other class applies its energies to saving the drunkard. But between these two extremes is the great recruiting ground of inebriety—the social drinking customs of the country.

Visit any restaurant where liquors are served at any hour when they are crowded with guests and it will seem to you that every patron of the establishment, whether man or woman, is drinking cocktails, champagne or beer, with an occasional order for straight whiskey. Judging by such appearances you may think that drinking is largely on the increase. And perhaps it is true that there is more social drinking than formerly. Modern demands have not reached this branch of the liquor problem. But it is believed that there is not so much drunkenness as there used to be. Not because people have become more abstemious in their desires, but because sobriety has become a business requirement.

The social drinker is in a sort of fool's paradise. He imagines he is having a good time; but he is blocking his way to advancement. The man who carries a whiskey handicap has a hard road to travel. Nobody wants him.

The real rulers of the world have decided against whiskey. Railroads and corporations have adopted rigid rules with regard to strong drink. They will not employ men who drink. They will not continue in their employ men who are known to use intoxicating liquor.

Trades unions are beginning to bar the drinking man. They are finding him an expensive proposition. By their rules there is a regular scale of wages for certain kinds of work. But the drinking man fails to make good. He reduces the average and brings reproach on worthy members.

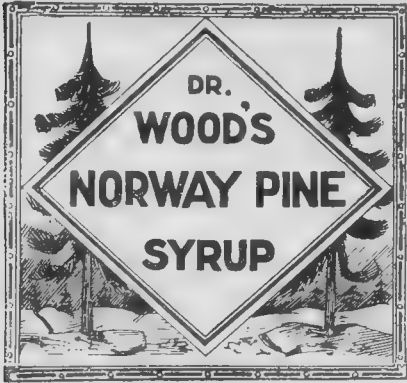
In these days of close competition and small margins it is necessary for a man to be at his best if he would succeed; and no man can be entirely fit who is ever so slightly under the influence of strong drink.

Then there is the domestic, or home, side of the drink question. The man who brings wretchedness and misery to his family. He is not a good husband. He is not a good father. He defrauds those whom he has sworn to love and cherish. He robs them of their birthright of honor and protection. If whiskey makes him vicious they fear him. If it makes him stupid they are ashamed of him. If he is poor they suffer deprivation and want. If he is rich they look to the time when bad management or neglect will reduce them to poverty, and added to the humiliation of his habits there will be the discomforts of penury.

Whiskey has been driven from nearly every place of honor and trust. It is a bar to achievement, an enemy to happiness, and a menace to health. Even as a medicine alcohol has lost its vogue, and the best physicians seldom prescribe it.

But in spite of business requirements and domestic needs, social drinking continues. There is something incomprehensible about the tolerance of a custom which, if continued, may ruin a man's prospects.

Sobriety is stock in trade for the ambitious man. It opens the door of opportunity. It gives him a chance to utilize his ability. It converts his energy into cash. It materializes his aspirations. Inebriety blights ambition, closes the door to opportunity, paralyzes energy, and destroys the aspirations.



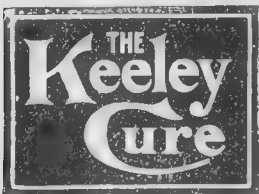
Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHTNESS in the CHEST,

and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."



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The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

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Sobriety builds up. Inebriety pulls down. The two are antagonistic. They have nothing in common. And yet, at the very time when sobriety is at the very highest rate of premium, and drunkenness at the lowest rate of discount, we are told that social drinking is on the increase.

There is more than a note of inconsistency in a policy that finds its pleasures in undermining its possibilities.

Social drinking does not in all cases lead to drunkenness; but nearly all drunkenness begins in social drinking. The young man who begins to drink does not intend to become an inebriate. He means to be a moderate drinker. He knows of prominent business men who drink moderately, but who are respected and honored citizens. If he thinks at all, he thinks that he will be like them.

Unfortunately there are plenty of such men—men of wealth and prominence, who by their example say to the young man, "it is right and possible to drink moderately."

As has often been said in these columns, all men are not equally affected by the poison of alcohol. Many men can never be moderate drinkers. For them there is no half-way ground. They must let drink alone or they will drink to excess.

It must be remembered that the moderate drinkers who occupy high positions have reached those high positions in spite of their drinking practices, and not because of them. While they might defend those habits in themselves they would be quick to object to them in those who asked their assistance.

There is no profession or position or occupation where drinking habits are a recommendation. If they are tolerated, they are not approved. Science and industry have pronounced against them. It remains for fashion to say the final word.

There is an army of men to whom any denouncement against whiskey which did not carry healing in its message would be useless. These men were the social drinkers of a few years ago.

They have passed through the various stages of delusion that go with the drink habit. They have tried the moderate drinking experiment and found it a failure. They believed they could drink or let it alone. But they have tried times without number to let drink alone, and they have failed. They have made braver fights with their tyrant than many of those who condemn them would be capable of doing. But they failed because they were trying to conquer a physical disease with a weakened will.

The continued use of alcohol causes a diseased condition. The craving for drink is a symptom of the disease of inebriety. Disease is not cured by will power. It requires appropriate remedies.

Use every influence to prevent the young from beginning to drink. Use every argument to convince the moderate drinker of the danger of his example. But send the drunkard for medical treatment.

As a rule, other things being equal do you consider the habitual user of intoxicating beverages as good an insurance risk, as the total abstainer?

Forty-one companies sent answers to this question in the strongest and most emphatic language. Thirty-nine would not insure moderate drinkers, except under very peculiar conditions, and as a rule, they are considered very bad risks.

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucous, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.

THE EASY WAY TO GET FAT

A Safe, Simple, Method Which Puts Flesh on Thin Folks, Makes Skinny Men and Scrawny Women Plump and Attractive.

50c PACKAGE FREE TO PROVE IT



Thin Folks Get the Cold Shoulder, Socially and in a Business Way

Modern scientific skill has at last been successful in devising a simple home treatment which works wonders in making undeveloped men and bony women gain flesh rapidly, even if they have been thin and scrawny for years.

This seems too good to be true, you say? Well, the test is free and surely the test will tell. You see it is this way with thin folks. Most thin persons eat enough, many eat too much, but the trouble is that they do not assimilate their food properly.

Assimilation is the process which turns food into flesh. Let any scrawny woman gain this power to properly assimilate her food and she would quickly develop a figure which will be the admiration of passersby. On the other hand, let any fat, jolly, happy-go-lucky man lose this power of assimilation, and his flesh will quickly leave him.

This marvelous new discovery, Sargol, seems to have the power of causing all kinds of thin folks to assimilate their food properly, then of course, nature takes care of the rest and they fat up to proper weight quickly. No severe diet, no dosing. When Sargol once gets the body machinery working properly, the rest is easy. Take Sargol and you may, like many others, gain five or six pounds a week steadily.

It is truly remarkable the way that Sargol gets busy putting on good, solid flesh almost from the first dose. Take the case of Harry Runford, of East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, New York, for instance. His report shows a gain of four pounds in less than 10 days. Or the case of Mrs. Gray of Camden, Me., who went from 132 pounds to 142 pounds in less than two weeks.

Mr. J. F. Shields of Pittsburg, who gained five pounds in the first week and fifteen pounds by the time he had taken one treatment.

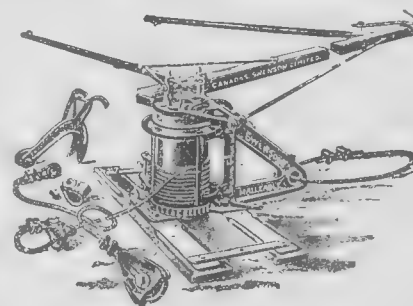
A man from Portland, Me., in sending for a second package of Sargol, happily christened this marvelous new discovery "THE THIN MAN'S FRIEND." A mighty good name, for we all know that thin, scrawny folks need friends more than fat, happy-go-lucky people do.

Thin folks are pushed to one side in this day and age. It is the well-developed ones that make the money and have the fun. Dress will not hide the skin and bones.

Arrangements have been effected whereby thin folks can make a private test of Sargol free of charge. Send your name and address to Sargol Co., 5 F Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y. Pin this coupon to your letter and enclose ten cents to help pay distribution expenses and they will send you a full size 50 cent package in plain wrapper at once. Do it now and get your weight up where it should be before Easter.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, "The Flesh Builder." The Sargol Co., 5 F. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y.



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Do not fool away time and money with old dilapidated cast-iron machines. If you write for Catalogue H, you will get full particulars. Address:

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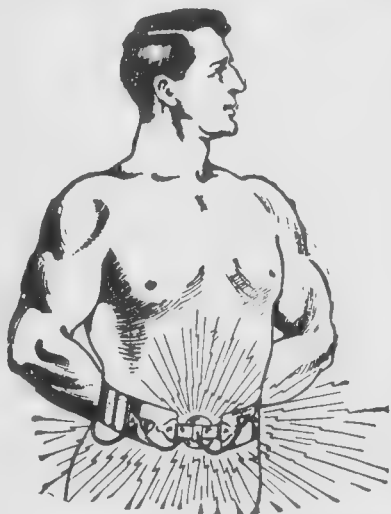
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TO THE WEAK AND NERVOUS



If you are losing the strength of youth and can see evidence from day to day that your physical system is going to decay, you should, in common justice to your future happiness, take steps to check this.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that this can't be done; it can, and has been done in thousands of cases.

Don't deceive yourself into believing that it is natural for any person to thus exhaust his strength.

Nature is appealing to you every moment to save yourself. The slight pains that you feel; the momentary spells of weakness; the periodical loss of memory, dullness of brain, drowsiness—all point to the necessity of curing yourself now. I have a positive cure for you in my

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

No matter what ails you there is a cure for you in Nature's remedy—Electricity. The greatest cures on record have been performed by this famous Belt, and it is recognized to-day as the greatest remedial agent known to mankind. It cures every form of weakness, restores the fire and vigor of youth, cures all forms of Nervous Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and many other complaints, after every other known system of medical treatment has failed.

Dear Sir,—I have been using your Belt for Lumbago and Weak Kidneys and have found it just what I needed, as my back is stronger and I feel better in every way. I can recommend it very highly to any one suffering from these troubles, as I was a chronic sufferer for many years before I got the Belt. Thanking you for the benefits I have received,
--SAMUEL QUINN, Edmonton, Alta.

MR. W. A. HENDERSON, Gladys, Alta., has this to say:

Dear Sir,—I purchased one of your Belts some seven months ago. I was troubled then with weak heart, and I find that the Belt has greatly benefited me. I can heartily recommend your Belt to any one who may be troubled in this way, and believe they are even better than you say yourself."

If you are a sick man and discouraged with drugging your system in search for relief with no results, try my Belt. If it fails to cure you, it costs you nothing. Reasonable security is all I ask. Remember my terms are

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FREE BOOK—Call and test my Belt, free, or, if you can't do that, send for my book about it also free. CALL TODAY SEND THIS COUPON.

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Please send me your Book, free.

NAME
ADDRESS

In Lighter Vein.

Note.—To the boy or girl who sends the best joke for this column we will give a present of a good book. The story must be told by the writer—not cut from another book.

Mother's Hairpin.

The doorbell broke the other day, Pop couldn't make it ring. Said he: "I'll have to get a man To fix the blamed old thing." But mother said, "Oh, don't do that. Think what you'd have to pay." And then she took a hairpin out, And fixed it right away.

We lost the back door key last week 'Twas when the door was locked. Pop fumed around, said things until The neighbors were all shocked. Then mom she got a hairpin out And poked, and pretty quick She had the bolt turned in the lock. The hairpin did the trick.

There's nothin' much that mom can't do, With hairpins, seems as like. One day she fixed pa's busted watch, An' next 'twill be my bike. If we was poor, I'll bet that she Could make hard luck take wings, By goin' round the city with A hairpin, fixin' things.

—A Reader.

How's This for Mud?

Of all the yarns that ever came down the line, regarding deep mud, the following should be entitled to the blue ribbon. It happened in the place where mud originated.

A man was walking along the road-side one summer day and noticed a fairly good looking hat out in the road. Reaching out with his cane, he gave it a cut and was startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Here, what the deuce are you doing?"

Then he made the astonishing discovery that the owner of the head-piece was under the hat, up to his ears in mud.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man who had hit the hat. "Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep!" cried the victim. "Why, man alive, I'm standing on a load of hay!"

A New Part of Pork.

The teacher had been reading to her class, of the industries of Russia. Among others mentioned was pig-raising. The pig is used almost exclusively as an article of food, very little of his body being valued except his flesh and his bristles.

"The Russians have much to learn from the Americans in this respect," she continued. "In America all parts of the pig are used except his squeal."

At this point a pupil raised her hand and asked, in all innocence:

"What part of the animal is the squeal?"

The Relationship.

"You say, madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness box, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the Court and replied:

"Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother

Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I an't never figgered out just how close related we are, but I always looked on 'im as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

Amusing Advertisements.

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"For sale, a piano-forte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, wishes to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and a boy to blow same."

"Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman, with a moveable headpiece, as good as new."

He Didn't Say He Could Stop It.

Pat had obtained employment as a hostler and was greatly interested in the iron horses under his care. One day the yardmaster asked him if he could run an engine.

"Can Oi run an engine? If there's anything Oi'd rather do all day long it's run an engine."

"Suppose you run that engine in the house?"

"Oi'll do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed into the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the round-house. Pat saw the bumpers ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again. Then the yardmaster yelled:

"I thought you said you could run an engine?"

But Pat had an answer ready: "Oi had her in there three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

Quite a Youngster.

While passing through a village a tourist saw an old man seated at a cottage door devouring huge chunks of bread and bacon in a ravenous manner. He remarked:

"Look here, my good man, you shouldn't eat so rapidly at your time of life! Think of your digestion!"

"My digestion be alright, and Oi beant old. Oi be on'y savinty-foive."

"Then don't you consider that old?" the tourist asked, in surprise. "What age was your father when he died?"

"Feyther? Feyther beant dede; he be oopstairs putten gran'feyther to bed!"

Wise William.

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in Southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson."

A dignified gentleman came to the bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock,
Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
Ringbone and other bony tumors.
Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all
Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is
warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by ex-
press, charges paid, with full directions for
its use. Send for descriptive circulars,
testimonials, etc. Address
The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

KELOWNA FRUIT LANDS

Ready to Plant 10 & 20 acre lots

Within Four Miles of the City of
Kelowna (Population 1,200)
in the Famous Okanagan
Valley.

Our Fruit Lands are free from
timber, rock and scrub—already
plowed. No mountain side, but in
the centre of a beautiful valley—
and a prosperous settlement. Main
roads run around the property.

The Land will easily pay for
itself the first year. Some results
this year:

½ acre Strawberries.....\$ 626.00
1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
4 acres Onions, 75 tons.....2550.00
½ acre Crab Apples yielded...10 tons
Prices—\$150 to \$200 per acre—
Terms, ¼ Cash.

Balance in three annual payments
If interested, write for illustrated
booklet.

CENTRAL OKANAGAN LAND
AND ORCHARD CO., LTD.
KELOWNA, B.C.

KODAK

INVEST-
MENT



WHERE investments are con-
cerned one naturally gives
preference to a banker's judgment.
The amount INVESTED in a
KODAK earns a handsome dividend
in preserving for ever a vivid record
of happy moments. The season is
now in full swing and we have all
the New Kodaks for 1909 at prices
to suit everybody.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE. IT'S FREE.

ROBT. STRAIN & CO.

Dealers in Standard and Reliable
Photographic Goods

276 SMITH ST., WINNIPEG

of respect, and grinned a propitiatory
grin.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh,
Jedge," he said. "Ah doan' know
nuffin 'bout no 'fendant, suh. Ah'm
jes' the man wot took de chick'ns."

"Don't talk like that," the Court
warned William. "You ought to have
a lawyer to speak for you. Where's
your lawyer?"

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge—"

"Very well, then," said his Honor.
"I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no suh! Ple-e-ase
don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It
won't cost you anything. Why don't
you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', suh," said
William, waving his tattered old hat
confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-a way
—Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chick'ns
mase'f."—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Ready for Ma.

The way in which an Oklahoma
editor announced that his mother
was coming to visit him may seem a
trifle breezy, but it is safe to say that
there isn't a mother living who would
not be glad to have her advent hailed
with such genuine delight and pride.
This is the way he spread the glad
tidings abroad:

"The editor of the News-Republic-
an is going to tog up a little this
evening. Going to change collars
and put on a pair of cuffs, if we can
find any. Going to get shaved and
going to get our shoes shined and
the pegs cut out, so we can walk
right pertly.

"Ma's a-comin' down to see us.
You know who our ma is? Ma is our
only ma, and she's a good one, too—
one of the old Ohio Quaker sort, you
know.

"Ma lives in Kingfisher. She was
our ma when we were born; she was
our ma out in western Kansas when
we hunted prairie coal; she was our
ma when we drank parched corn cof-
fee in old Oklahoma in '89, and she's
our ma now. She's the best we ever
had.

"If you see us tomorrow walking
down the street with a little woman
with a smile on her face you'll know
that's ma.

"If you never had a ma, you should
get one—and one like our ma, too."

Two of a Kind.

A private in the regulars went to
the colonel of his regiment and asked
for a two-weeks' leave of absence.
The Colonel was a severe disciplin-
arian, who did not believe in extend-
ing too many privileges to his men,
and did not hesitate to use a subter-
fuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the Colonel, "what do
you want a two-weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered:
"Me woife is very sick and the
children are not well, and, if ye didn't
moind, she would loike to have me
home fer a few weeks to give her a
bit ov assistance."

The Colonel eyed him for a few
minutes, and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your re-
quest, but I got a letter from your
wife this morning saying she didn't
want you home; that you were a
nuisance whenever you were there.
She hopes I won't let you have any
more furloughs."

"That settles it! Oi suppose Oi
can't get the furlough, then?" said
Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye
the Colonel as he started for the
door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

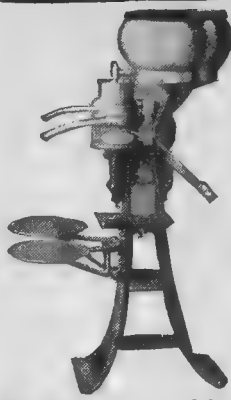
"Colonel, can I say somethin' to
yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, Colonel, if Oi
say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is
it?"

"Oi want to say there are two
splendid liars in this room. Oi'm one
and ye're another. Oi was never
married in me loife."



CREAM SEPARATORS

Don't buy a cream separator without being sure you KNOW
what you are doing.

Making a mistake in buying a cream separator means a great
deal—it means waste of time and butter fat twice a day, every day
in the year, if you get the wrong machine,—until you "scrap"
the machine itself. More than 15,000 users who had made
such a mistake replaced their "mistaken" machines with DE
LAVAL Separators during the year 1908.

They had probably wasted Five Million Dollars worth of
investment, labor and butter meanwhile.

If you feel inclined to buy some other make of separator by
all means do so, if you can find any apparently good reason for it.

BUT why not TRY a DE LAVAL machine beside the other
machine for ONE WEEK before you actually contract to buy
it? Simply SEE the comparative operation and comparative
results and examine the comparative construction.

That's a proposition open to every intending separator
buyer. Any DE LAVAL agent will carry it out. WHY not
avail of it and KNOW what you are doing before making this
very important investment?

Don't let any alluring "catalogue house" literature or
clever talking agent wheedle you into buying any other
separator without FIRST actually TRYING it alongside a
DE LAVAL.

In other words, buy your separator intelligently and
knowingly and not on blind faith in anybody's representations.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

Montreal

WINNIPEG

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This Trademark is Protected
By Over a Hundred Registrations

In practically every country that has a patent law—in
every principality, province and colony that protects the
inventor and puts a premium on brains—you will find
the "Gillette" Trademark registered.

This trademark goes on Gillette Blades—on Gillette
Boxes—on Gillette Wrappers—as the distinguishing
sign of the Gillette Safety Razor outfit.

We protect you before you buy the "GILLETTE" by
having originated a unique trademark for you
to remember.

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having originated the most unique and the most
satisfactory shaving appliance that the world has
ever seen.

Ask your Jeweler—your Druggist—your Hardware man—the clerk in
your favorite Departmental Store—to show you the "Gillette" and
explain its exclusive features.

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Stamp Collecting is Interesting and Instructive

We will send fifty fine stamps to every appli-
cant enclosing 10 cents to cover cost of selection
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cant. RUSSELL BROS., P. O. Box 1751, Winnipeg.

15 SPARKLING POST CARDS in full
Color,
with YOUR NAME in Gold, done
Free if desired. UNION ART CO., Dept.
4; 81 Pine St., New York. 10c

ONE USE FOR A PICKET FENCE

THIS picture shows how one woman used her picket fence to dry the disks from her "bucket bowl" cream separator. She realized the work of thoroughly washing a half bushel of disks twice a day, but she did **not** know that the simple Sharples Dairy Tubular would **save** that work and give better service, or she **never** would have let her husband buy a disk machine.

"Bucket bowls" are **not** modern. Disks or other contraptions make them unsteady, complicated, heavy, hard to clean and short lived.

The **only** modern bowl is the light, slender, simple Dairy Tubular bowl, hung below its bearing and fed through the lower end. Our patents prevent imitation, so others still make "bucket bowls" out of date years ago.

The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. 1908 sales way ahead of 1907—out of sight of most, if not all, competitors combined. Get catalog No. 248.



The Sharples Separator Co.

Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.



The simple, light Sharples Dairy Tubular bowl is easily washed clean in 3 minutes. A few thrusts of the brush does it. Better than spending 15 to 30 minutes washing a "bucket bowl."

About the Farm.

Dairy Miscellany

The story is told of a western dairyman, who skimmed his milk at home by hand, and satisfied himself that there was not enough butter fat left in it to given even a smell of butter. A separator man challenged him to bring a sample of his skimmed milk for analysis. The challenge was accepted, and the test showed two per cent of butter fat had been left in the milk, and had been fed to calves and pigs. This is expensive pig feeding, and it was an eyepener to that dairyman. The human hand is superior to many machines, but when it comes to skimming milk no hand-skimmer can equal the separator for getting the butter fat out of a given weight of milk.

A good cow usually brings a fair price, but she must be known as such. A cow with a pedigree will always be preferred, because the pedigree is an evidence that she is from good stock, and can be relied upon to excel in production of milk and butter, and also of calves that will be of value in the future.

There is one important point in connection with a milch cow that should never be overlooked, and that is her disposition. She may be an excellent animal, as a producer, and capable of giving a large profit, but if she has a disposition which renders her difficult to handle she will always be a source of annoyance and anxiety. When raising a heifer she should be handled from the day she first appears on the farm until she becomes a producer.

It will not pay to spend one's time running a dairy with less than twelve cows, and those containing from thirty to forty cows are probably the most economical.

Ailments and Remedies.

The following hints from Dr. Glover of the Colorado Agricultural College, are timely:

Too much care cannot be exercised in seeing that the collar is a perfect fit. A collar which is too large is more likely to injure the horse than one that is too small. The collar should be scraped each morning and carefully cleaned before it is again put on the horse. Before the spring works begins, it is well to oil the harness and have it soft and pliable. For the first few days of hard work on soft ground, the shoulders of the horse should be bathed in cold water every night after the harness is removed. The horse will be very sore and tired for a few days and should be given every kind of attention. Watch the harness to see that the draft is at right angles with the shoulders. If it is too low, the collar will be constantly "kicking up" at the top and the horse will soon have a sore neck. If the draft is too high, the collar will not rest securely on the lower part of the shoulder, where the horse is best prepared to throw his weight. If there are any calloused lumps on the horse's shoulders or back, they should be carefully removed before the busy season. If the collar is put on over one of these "sit fasts," it will have the same result as a man trying to walk with a button in his shoe or a bunion on his foot.

This article is not for the purpose of suggesting treatment for bruised shoulders and sore neck, but simply as a reminder that as spring approaches, an ounce of prevention (by having the horse and the harness in good condition before beginning the spring work) is often worth pounds of cure later on when the horse is disabled and you are deprived of his services for weeks, right in the busy season.

FOOT NOTES.

Watering is often far better than waiting until a horse is almost choked and then letting him have all he can drink. Many horses are spoiled by the latter method, while no one ever hurts a horse by frequently watering.

When one has got a few hogs, mange may be treated by scrubbing with a broom dipped in a solution of soap and water; but if one have many, it pays to dip them. This is a hard disease to fight and the fight must be in earnest.

A mixture of equal parts of licorice and ginger in the hog feed two or three times each day is recommended for the pig that coughs. A lump of coal-tar placed well down its throat while the pig is held on its feet is also good.

Set a post in your hog lot and every hog will rub against it. This gave the cue for cheap and effective lice killer. Wrap the post tightly from the ground up with quarter-inch rope, and saturate the rope with kerosene every few days. Kerosene will kill lice, and the hogs will keep on scratching against this post.

Wind galls, dropsical or made by over-exertion, may be caused to disappear, according to Dr. Law, by persistent pressure with bandages and pads. Apply at first two hours twice a day and thereafter two hours more per day until they can be kept on all the time. It may require five or six weeks and must be stopped if it causes inflammation in the sac.

Inflammation and swelling of the hock occurs from overwork, sprains, rheumatism, wounds and fractures. The lameness resembles that of bone spavin, but there is perhaps more of a tendency to a jerking up of the limb. Dr. James Law prescribes for this a high-heel shoe with rest. With violent inflammation use soothing methods (fomentation), and when extreme heat and tenderness have subsided use blisters as for bone spavin. The hot iron is better if applied at nearly a white heat.

Poultry.

Eggs from healthy hens produce vigorous, quick-growing, profitable chicks. Therefore take good care of the breeding stock.

Be sure to thoroughly clean and whitewash the hen house this month to make it cleaner, whiter and in every way more healthful during the coming season.

Be sure that the sitting hens are not lousy. Whether you find lice or not, fill their plumage completely full once a week with some good lice-killing powder.

There is nothing better for new-hatched turkeys than some brand of commercial prepared dry chick feed and this food can be brought from any dealer in poultry supplies.

Do not forget that the early broods must have a dry place at all times and some room to exercise in when the weather will not permit them to go outdoors with safety.

A good food for little chicks is a mixture of one-third bran and two-thirds corn meal, sifted together mixed with sour milk and baked hard, then crumbled and fed dry.

Manure will not cause scabby potatoes or roots unless scabby potatoes or roots have been fed to the animals or mixed with the manure.

The U.S. postoffice department will establish over 300 new rural free delivery routes in the Southern States this year. At present there are over 41,000 rural routes in the States, 9,874 of which are in the south.

We Want Your Cream

MR. FARMER:

We want your cream, and are prepared to pay cash for it as soon as it is tested—at Highest Prices.

Is this offer not better than making your own butter and trading it at the stores?

Don't delay. Write for particulars. It will pay you.

CRESCENT CREAMERY Co. Limited
WINNIPEG.

BINDER TWINE "CRICKET" BRAND

BEST MADE IN U. S. A.

Now offered to the progressive farmers of the Great Northwest, at lower prices than ever before. We sell annually to customers located at 19,000 postoffices in the States, and have been selling direct for nearly one quarter of a century, distributing direct from factory to farm more than double the quantity of any other concern in the world.

YOUR NOTE LOOKS GOOD TO US.

To protect credit buyers from exorbitant prices, charged by discriminating retailers, we will accept notes from responsible parties, payable November 1st, at only 4 per cent added to our low cash price, which we quote for this season, F.O.B. Winnipeg as follows:—

Standard, 500 ft. "Cricket Proof" 8c
Standard Manila, 550 ft. "Cricket Proof" 8½c
Manila, 600 ft. "Cricket Proof" 9c

Let us book your order NOW subject to cancellation or additions according to crop conditions. We were the originators of the liberal crop damage proposition. Remember, we want your business, and will treat you right. Cash or note.

COOPER CORDAGE CO. ALEXANDER and STANLEY ST. Warehouse B., WINNIPEG.

Low Problem Figured Out.

If by weighing and testing the milk of each cow at regular intervals during the year, a dairyman should discover that twelve cows of his herd produced only 113½ pounds butterfat and returned only 77 cents profit per cow per year, like the lowest one-fourth of the 554 cows tested by this experiment station, how much would it add to his annual income if he were to replace them with twelve cows producing 301 pounds of butterfat, and making 31.12 dollars per cow per year, like the highest one-fourth of the same 554 cows? The twelve poor cows would return a total profit of 12 times 77 cents, or 9.24 dollars. The twelve good cows would return a profit of twelve times 31.32 dollars, or 375.84 dollars for the year. The difference in these two profits is 366.60 dollars. This change of cows would increase the dairyman's annual profits 366.60 dollars.

Suppose the poor cows were sold to the butcher at 35 dollars per head, and the twelve good cows were bought at 70 dollars each, how much new capital would be invested in this dairy? The added profit would be what per cent. of this investment?

The twelve poor cows at 35 dollars each would bring 420 dollars. The twelve good cows at 70 dollars each would cost 840 dollars. It would be necessary to double the money received for the poor cows; that is, to put in 420 dollars of new capital, to pay for the twelve cows bought. The annual increase of profit, 366.60 dollars, is over 87 per cent. of the new capital. Isn't an investment returning 87 per cent. annual interest good enough to warrant such an exchange of cows?

NOTES.

Ten minutes cleaning up the farm machinery and oiling it will save a week's wear.

We are using about three times as much timber as our forests grow annually. What are we going to do about it?

The other day I saw a wagon in actual use that was built forty-five years ago. Frequent painting and good care did it.

Don't fret and worry about the cloud over there; you will not get wet until it rains, and one umbrella will do more good than much worrying.

Too much breakfast makes some people stupid and quarrelsome all day. Better a light breakfast, full dinner, with an hour's rest, and a light supper. Then you feel better.

How we dispise what we call a bad temper in a horse or cow. Now, what must these creatures think of us, when we flourish a whip or stick and shout until we can be heard in the next township?

Look after the pigs carefully, and see that they get a good start, for there is money in them.

Get them out on the ground as soon as possible.

Be sure that they have a warm shelter and a clean, dry bed, or have access to the pig house.

Don't allow them to get chilled—but it is essential that they have exercise.

The Calendar for June.

June weather seems to be a regular tonic which puts vim in the poultry man.

Everything seems to vie with the weather, and this is especially true of the young chicks that are so full of life.

The matter of shade for both old and young stock should now be looked into, that the fowls may find a cool spot later on in the season.

Do not overfeed the growing chicks, or they may become stunted.

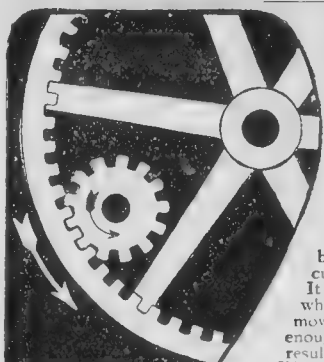
Look out for hidden nests. This seems to be the time when the hens delight to go to some hidden nook to lay.

The price of table eggs is on the decline. Why not turn them into chicks?

The market for broilers is good. The weights should be from one and a quarter to two pounds each.

The Hebrew holidays make great demand for live poultry this month.

No "Flying Start" Needed with FROST & WOOD No. 8



Why, think you, do you have to back up some mowers a few feet and get a "flying start" before the knives will cut?

It is because the gear wheels on external gear mowers do not mesh fully enough and lost motion results.

When selecting a mower, see if the small gear wheel is inside the large (the internal gear, note illustration) or outside of it (the external gear.)

If it is the external gear you'll find only one cog in mesh. To start this kind of a machine in heavy hay without first "getting up speed" is impossible. There is so much "slack" to be

taken up in the gears between the Main Drive Wheels and the Pitman, that the horses have to travel quite a distance before the knives commence cutting.

Now, look at our top illustration (better still, see our No. 8 Mower), and what do you find? Why, that two cogs are always in full mesh and at least one other in touch. You'll readily understand by this that the Internal Gear is just about three times as fully in mesh as the External. The gears mesh so completely that they simply must turn smoothly and precisely together, with never a slip. You can take our No. 8 into the heaviest part of your hay field and the knives will commence cutting the instant the horses step up.

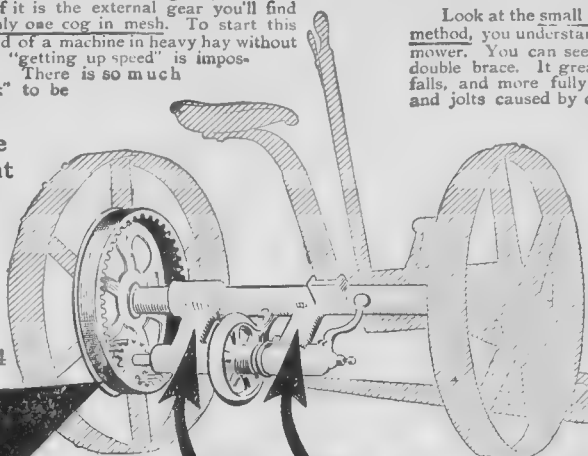
Furthermore, in the external arrangement, the wheels turn away from each other, out of harmony, and the cogs wear down.

By the internal method (see top illustration) the wheels move in the same direction, in harmony, which reduces friction (wear) to the minimum. The result is a smooth and easy-running machine—the pride of the owner.

Look at the small arrows pointing to our double brace. The other method, you understand, is to have but one brace at this part of the mower. You can see for yourself how much wiser it is to have the double brace. It greatly strengthens the machine where a big strain falls, and more fully protects the working parts against the jars and jolts caused by driving over rough ground.

Then, too, the No. 8, thanks to the use of generous sized Roller Bearings, delights the horses by running so "easy," instead of making them work so "hard," as some mowers do.

Just see our agent in your locality. But first drop us a post card for catalogue A.4



THE FROST & WOOD COMPANY, Ltd. Smith's Falls, Canada

Note the Double Brace



Rich Durable Paint

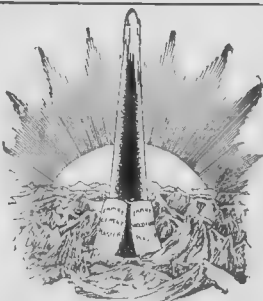
Our paints prove their worth by long years of wear and ever-fresh appearance. We have paints specially prepared for every purpose.

For HOUSES, BARNs, CARRIAGES, WAGONS, ROOF, FENCES, FLOORS, etc.

Remember that a good paint saves its cost many times over, and is easier to apply than a poorer grade. Write for free color card.

THE CANADA PAINT CO. LIMITED MONTREAL -- WINNIPEG -- TORONTO

WALL PLASTER



The "Empire" Brands of Plaster are superior to all other Plaster material on the market.

Shall we send you our booklet on Plaster?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd. Office and Mill Winnipeg Manitoba.

Bone Spavin

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Hartland, N.B., Oct. 28th, 1907.

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Household Suggestions.

Some Economies.

True economy consists in wasting nothing and making the best use of everything. It is not economy to make over goods that are so old and thin they will hardly hold the stitches, or to purchase a poor, cheap article, when for a very little more a really good article could have been procured.

On ranches where hired men are coming and going all the time there is apt to be quantities of partly worn shirts, overalls, sweaters and underwear that can be made over for the children, and be better than one would usually buy.

SUITS.

A woman once showed me suits she had made for her little boy and girl aged five and three years, from two suits of heavy, all-wool, knit underwear. The underwear was gray and had fulled up in the washing before it had been used long. With diamond dyes for wool, one suit was dyed navy blue and the other cardinal. From the red suit she made for the little girl, a long coat, hood, leggings and mittens. The coat and hood were trimmed with strips of looped knitting made with chinchilla, Germantown wool.

HOUSE SHOES.

An old felt boot, the legs of a pair of red German socks and some lamb's pelt that was the lining of an old coat, furnished the material for a pair of nice, warm house shoes that provided such a comfort to an old lady who suffered from cold feet. A pattern was taken from a shoe and then cut and sewed up first from old overall cloth and fitted. The tops were then cut from the sock, sewed up and buttonholed around the edge, and up the fronts with black yarn. The edge that joined the soles was turned up and seamed and stitched. First, soles were cut from the felt boots, then from the lamb's wool, and sewed together with harness thread by hand, using an awl to make the sewing easier.

The tops were sewed over and over to the edge of the felt and through the sheep pelt. The sewing was done upon the wrong side. When turned, two buttonholes and two buttons closed each shoe. A pretty scallop was crocheted round the tops.

SLUMBER ROBES.

A bright girl has been collecting old wool sweaters for the past year or more and is now using them up to make a large slumber robe. A bright scarlet one and one of light grey were left as they were, but a lot of all shades of red were dyed dark wine color, and some brown and tans were colored navy blue to match some that were already of that color. They were then cut into five inch squares, basted upon pieces of flour sacks the same size, seamed together and pressed. They will form a large slumber robe when finished and will have a row of scarlet and grey blocks near each end for a border. The whole will be lined with an old grey blanket and the edges buttonholed with grey yarn and a scarlet scallop crocheted into this. The seams were all briar-stitched with grey wool.

STOCKINGS.

Re-footing stockings after they have been darned or patched beyond repair, but still have good legs, is a great saving. The feet can be made from old socks, stocking legs or pieces of knit underwear. It is well to carefully cut and fit a foot, then rip it up for a pattern. Sew up on the machine and then run the seams down flat. Spend an afternoon making new feet, and when you have a pair of stockings give out it is easy to sew on a pair of new feet.

NIGHTDRESSES.

When making nightdresses I always make two pairs of sleeves for each

gown, as I find the sleeves wear out first. Every time I make shirts for men, I make an extra collar and pair of extra sleeves for each two shirts.

SLIPPERS.

A whole family was supplied with crocheted slippers to wear evenings or when dressing. The material used was yarn unravelled from a wool sweater. It was dark grey and each pair was crocheted around the tops with crimson wool unravelled from an old hood. Half inch red rubber was run in around the tops. The soles were made of lamb's pelt taken from an old coat, with several thicknesses of table oilcloth between it and the bottoms, which were made from old felt hats. The soles were bound with bias strips of old pants cloth. These are especially nice for children and even the men accept and wear them.

Raisins will be much easier to chop if a little sugar is sprinkled over them.

A simple and positive preventive of the ravages of moths is red cedar chips. Keep them in your wardrobes, closets, trunks, etc.

When rolling out cookie dough spread a thin white cloth over your board, sprinkle with flour and the dough will not stick.

Table oilcloth will last twice as long and present a better appearance if gone over with a thin coating of shellac.

A woman who always has fresh looking sofa pillows covered them with dainty white lawn slips through which the colors gleam softly. These slips are frequently laundered.

The shops are now offering a most useful, as well as ornamental, contrivance that will bring joy to the housewife whose home cannot boast of the modern luxurious bathroom. A panel of wood or imitation tiling fitted with towel racks, soap and sponge holders, small shelves and other attachments can be procured for a moderately small price and will prove an untold convenience.

For coughs—Rub the lungs well, back and front with camphor oil, gum dissolved in olive oil. Apply very profusely and then cover with thick cloth. There is a recipe for rye flour soup considered very nourishing for one who has grown thin from a chronic cough. Take three pounds of good rye flour, wrap in a double napkin, put in water and cook for six hours, renewing the water as it evaporates. When the flour is cooled there will be a jelly-like substance surrounding the center. Remove the jelly, rub the remainder to a powder and take a teaspoonful for every plate of soup. No other ingredient will be required, as the rye flour has a good taste when thus prepared.

Memoranda. — Labor-savers in my kitchen (also nearly every room in the house) are a cushion with pins, a calendar, scissors, a pad with pencil attached, and a reliable clock. The alarm is set to remind me when baking a meringue, cake or bread. It also summons me at a given hour when working in my garden or caring for my poultry or bees.

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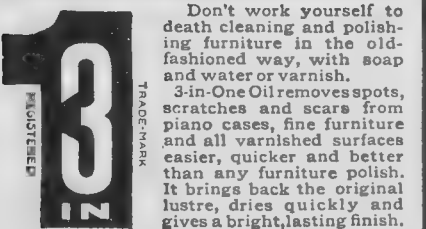
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Women's Realm.

A Smile.

They might not need it,
Yet they might;
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight—

A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

—From "Sunday Afternoon."

In one of Mr. Thos. Hardy's books there is a tragic passage which pictures the destiny of a large family of country children, born to a couple of irresponsible parents in a sleepy village under the hills.

The father is a vague, unhappy sort of man. The mother is superstitious and light-headed, always dreaming of great things for her children, but meanwhile doing very little to help them make the best of life. Both father and mother mean rather well, but both do uncommonly ill nevertheless.

And so you have a picture of the small crowd of muddled babies tumbling in a confused, haphazard kind of way, pitiable little passengers on the huge, rough sea of life, their boat manned and guided by captains who know nothing about the art of navigation—children who probably will never do much, because they have never in nursery days had a good example set before them, and so do not realize that life, if it is to be rightly lived, is a serious business, not a thing to be got through as comfortably and as easily as possible.

None of us want to bring up our children like that, but many of us do not, I think, at all realize that in a sense it may be said that a parent is a destiny, and that it rests largely with the parents to determine what sort of men and women their boys and girls shall grow into.

Choice of Parents.

Of course, many witty things have been said about the choice of parents. If only we could have chosen our own mother and father, in the same way as we decide what ship we will travel in over the perilous sea, how much more pleasant, we sometimes think, and how much simpler, our lives would have been!

We should probably chosen somebody with "plenty in the funds" and a nice house in the country, for I fancy the competition for poor fathers and mothers would certainly be small.

But, when one comes to think of it, wealth is really a very small matter as compared to the mental and bodily health, the character, the patient care, the wise example that all parents can, if they will, give to their children, no matter whether their income be large or small.

Do all mothers and fathers remember this, I wonder, or do they sometimes reproach themselves because, owing to the lack of money, they cannot do for their children what they would? Do they know that it lies in their power to help their children to be strong enough not to fear poverty, courageous enough to fight against it, or patient enough to bear it, if it must be borne? Do they realize how, by teaching children to have a right outlook on life and give them recollections of a happy home to look back upon, they can fill the whole of the after life with hope and brightness, and make them, when the nursery is deserted for the huge stage of the world, retain faith in human nature, belief in human goodness, and, in a word, keep their ideals.

The Kingdom of Ideals.

But if ideals are not supplied during nursery days the chances are that they never will be supplied at all, for you will not find them on the

floor of the Stock Exchange, or on the pavements of the muddy streets. Whatever ideals a man carries with him in after life, therefore, he will probably owe to his father and mother, who by living as straightly and honorably as they can will have set before him a standard by which to measure life.

And so it comes to pass that "the mothers' realm," if properly understood, is really the kingdom of ideals. It must begin in nursery days of course, but it will not end there by any means. By recollection, by suggestion, the mother's and father's influence will extend to the very end of life, and so it is impossible to too greatly magnify its importance.

Prize Hash.

A man who, in the seventies, had occasion to spend a week in an interior town in New York, and who stayed at the only hotel, had a curious and not wholly unpleasant experience. It was in the days of the "shinplaster", or fractional currency, issued by the government in place of silver, which had been driven out of circulation.

We had hash twice a day, sometimes three times, and the novel way they had of inducing the boarders to live chiefly on hash struck me as being original.

The hash would be brought in on a large brown oval dish and placed in the centre of the table, and the landlady would announce to the boarders that there was a new fifty-cent shinplaster hidden in the hash. Then we would all become interested and eat hash, ignoring all other dishes. And how the hash did fly.

Suddenly someone would announce, "Eureka!" or "I have found it!" and the hash was at once side-tracked until the landlady came in and saw the deserted dish.

Seizing it, she would run hurriedly out of the room, and shortly return, with the statement that here was now a twenty-five cent shinplaster in the hash, but the hole by which it had been introduced was so smoothly and evenly rubbed over that no one could discover its whereabouts.

Again we all returned to the hash, and ate until someone again announced, "Eureka!" Then everybody at once lost his appetite for hash.

There probably was now less than half of the original hash left over, when the landlady, seeing the slump in business, resorted to her old tactics, and removing the dish, reappeared with the cheer that there was still ten cents left in the dish.

The volume of the hash had now been so much reduced that the shinplaster was soon found, and the size of the little "mound of mystery" was less than one-quarter of the original. Still, there was hash to be seen.

The persevering landlady wanted that hash extinguished, clean and without remnant, and made a five-cent-shinplaster bid for its total extinction.

She won, and we were all fed.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.



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Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.



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63 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

The Little Ones.

Cold and Heat.

By Arthur Macy.

Said the North Pole Man to the South Pole Man,

"And how is the weather with you?"

Said the South Pole Man to the North Pole Man,

"There is something wrong with the dew.

It ought to be wet, but it's frozen yet,

And I don't know when it will thaw.

My spirits are low: and I'm tired of the snow,

And the weather is chilly and raw.

We both live alone in the Frigid Zone,

And I think it's a horrible plan,

So one of these Spring's let's pack up our things,

And visit the Equator Man."

"O Equator Man," said the North Pole Man,

"We're longing to live with you."

"O North Pole Man," said the Equator Man,

"You'll never be glad if you do."

"O Equator Man," said the South Pole Man,

"We're tired of living so far."

"O South Pole Man," said the Equator Man,

"You had better stay where you are,

You'll burn to the bone in the Terrid Zone,

And it's never the place for you,

For the sun's as hot as a boiling pot,

And will roast you through and through."

So the North Pole Man and the South Pole Man

Both said, "That's very good advice."

They cling to the Poles, and the earth still rolls

With the heat, the snow and the ice.

Bertrand's Valentine.

By a School Girl.

Bertrand had only been in London a few weeks. He talked such broken English that when he went to school the boys all laughed. "We'll have lots of fun out of him," Dick Steele observed. "Oh, my! ain't he a picture?"

Yes, he certainly was a picture—the sleeves of his old coat out at the elbows, patches on his knees, and his tattered shoes tied to his feet with strips of leather. A sturdy little form, a pleasant face with honest blue eyes, an obedient son, a kind brother, a true, brave boy—that is a picture of Bertrand. He did his best to master the English language, and the other boys did their best to torment him. But he did not mind their teasing.

One day, after morning school, he saw Herbert Downing and Dick Steele looking at something which he thought was very beautiful.

"Hello!" cried Herbert, "watching us, are you? Want to see what we've got?" and he displayed a wonderful silken fringed valentine, with cherubs floating about in a blue sky, underneath which flowers bloomed and birds fluttered. "I'm going to send this to my sweetheart, Dutchie. Where's your valentine for your sweetheart?" laughing as if his question were a good joke.

"I haf got a sweetheart—my Gretchen," said Bertrand seriously; "but I not buy de valentine—haf no money"—and the boy turned away from the merry, laughing boys with a misty look in his big blue eyes.

On the way home Dick and Herbert with two other boys, stopped to look at a shop window in which were displayed valentines of all kinds. "I sa," said Dick, "let's hunt up a comic valentine to send Bertrand tomorrow—a ragged boy bowing down to a ragged girl."

"Good! so we will," assented Herbert.

The valentine was bought—a ludicrous thing—and stored away in the coat pocket of Herbert until morning. But the boy whom it was intended for

did not arrive at school, much to Herbert's and Dick's regret. They found out from one of the scholars where he lived, and after school they raced out to the dingy old tenement.

A sweet-faced cripple girl opened the door in answer to their rap. "We'd like to see Bertrand," they said.

"Come in," she said politely; "mine brudder is ill." They stepped within and stood mute and motionless at the scene before them.

A sick woman was lying on a cot looking very pale and weary. A young woman, with one arm in a sling, seemed to be waiting upon her; and Bertrand sat before a smouldering fire with bandaged throat and head. "I'd get up if I could," he said; "but my head feels as if 'twould split when I move. You're good to come and see me. Please sit down."

The boys felt as if they were anything but "good." But they found their voices. "What's the matter?" asked Herbert.

"I haf taken cold some way," and he shivered. "'Tisn't very warm in here, is it?" asked Dick, wondering why the folks did not stir up the fire 't is bitter day.

"No, 'tisn't very warm," Bertrand said.

"We can't have it any warmer," put in the little crippled girl. "We're out of coal."

"Hush, Gretchen!" and the boy's face flushed. The boys had heard and seen enough. In another moment they were out of doors. Their eyes looked rather red and misty.

"I believe there never was a meaner fellow than I've been," said Herbert.

"Unless I am," added Dick. "And the poor little chap got cold going without an overcoat! And Gretchen isn't a sweetheart, but his own sister."

Daylight was just fading into night when a package was left at Bertrand's door. It was marked "Bertrand's Valentine." It was opened quickly.

Ah! Bertrand would not take cold so easily again, for there was a warm overcoat and cap and shoes—all new—a nice suit partly worn, a book with pictures, some delicacies, and other things. But there was another rap at the door, and a man put inside the door a sack of coal and some provisions, with the sententious remark—"More to follow."

There were smiles and tears and prayers in the home that night, and as for Herbert and Dick, they learned a lesson worth a great deal, and in the future they never treated unkindly "one of the least of these."

The Little Girl's Necklace.

The children lived in a house with white pillars in front, where the box bushes grew in line from the gate to the porch. The box and the lilac bushes in the yard and the big magnolia that had branches drooping down to the ground, were very important, when the Neighborhood Children came over after supper to play hide-and-seek.

There were three of the children: Peggy, who studied geography; the Boy, who had been to school one year; and the Littlest Girl, who was learning to make colored mats in kindergarten and still wore white socks when it was hot. On the place also lived Father and Mother, Nurse Sally, the cat, Alexander and Mosquito, the dogs and the cook and some others; but excepting Mother, they did not much matter.

This story is about the Littlest Girl's necklace.

One day when the Littlest Girl was getting over the measles it was damp and Mother wouldn't let her go out with the other children. It happened she didn't want to play dolls, or be read to, or even "dress up," so she sat on the floor in Mother's room and sulked, and because Mother looked sorry at her she sulked all the more. You see she was very little. And while she was sulking the door opened

The Eye AND Its Disease

PROF. WILSON'S TREATISE ON EYE DISEASES SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY PERSON WITH IMPAIRED EYESIGHT. THE BOOK IS FREE.

EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY

Every reader afflicted with any impairment of eyesight should not fail to send for this book. It contains 64 pages and cover and describes in language so plain and interesting the various forms of diseases of the eye, and sure and safe methods of treatment that any reader of ordinary intelligence may fully comprehend every word.

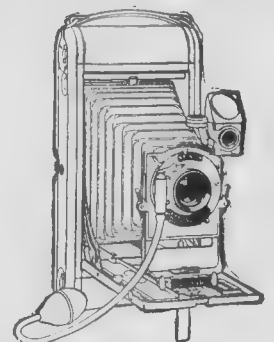


The author of this Book is the inventor of "Actina," an instrument that is attracting the attention of people in all parts of the world owing to the wonderful results obtained from its use.

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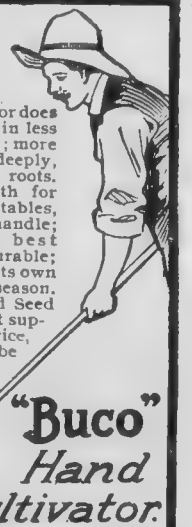
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and in came the pretty Aunt. The Littlest Girl jumped up for a hug and tiny smiles peeped out of the corners of her puckered-up mouth; for the Pretty Aunt had been away a long time and there was surely something for each of the children. She sat on the Pretty Aunt's lap and waited—being a well brought-up little girl—until the Pretty Aunt looked through the damp lashes, deep into the blue eyes and saw how it was; then she drew from her pocket a small square box for the Littlest Girl to open, and there, lying on pink cotton, was a beautiful necklace made of little blue flowers, more than you can count, and as pretty as sure-enough flowers. When it was fastened on, it hung nearly to the Littlest Girl's waist, and made her so happy that she ran to the cheval glass to see herself, and forgot the thank-you kiss.

The Littlest Girl liked the necklace very much. She wore it all day, and at night until she found it cut her when she turned over; only when the children played "blackman" or some other game where you had to run, she took it off and hid it for safety under the lilac bush or in some other delightful secret place, while she played.

Now the Boy did not play much with his sisters, for they didn't like "Ogre," or "Indians," and screamed when you jumped at them. One day he played Indians with the neighbor boys, and being on a scouting expedition he saw a glimpse of blue under the lilac bush at the end of the yard. It was the Littlest Girl's necklace and just the thing for an Indian Chief. There was plenty of time for him to put it back, he said to himself, for in reality he was a tender-hearted Boy and wouldn't have made the Littlest Girl feel bad for anything. When he returned to the wigwam the braves were at sure-enough war, for each one wanted to be Chief.

"I'll tell you what," said the Boy, "let's make Alexander the Chief."

So the necklace was snipped around he new chief's neck, and the Indians returned gaily to the war-path and they all forgot about the beautiful necklace, until the Boy saw the Littlest Girl sobbing under the lilac bush.

He called the Chief at once and felt round the shaggy neck—but the necklace was gone. (The Chief had rubbed it off against the magnolia branches.)

The Boy felt very mean. He coaxed and even kissed the Littlest Girl and offered her his dearest very own things; but she only shook her head and cried until he became angry and said angrily to himself that girls weren't any account anyhow.

That night the fireflies danced round and round the magnolia tree with their yellow lanterns, and the crickets hopped on the grass near-by, and the locusts sat under the magnolia leaves and cried, "Come here! Come here! Come here!" And after a while the tree-toad that lived in the tree began to tell all about it in his loudest and sharpest tones, until Father had to sit inside. But poor stupid people have a kind of cotton stuffed in their ears so that they cannot understand what God's outdoor creatures try to tell them; and not one person, not even Mother, understood that the beautiful necklace was under the magnolia tree.

The Boy didn't get to sleep as soon as usual that night and next morning he thought of the necklace at school—even at recess when everybody was talking of vacation beginning next week—for something inside of him said, "Boy, it is all your fault! Yes, Boy, it's your fault!"

That afternoon the Boy made up his mind; he would tell God he was sorry and see what that would do. It was the only thing left. He looked all around. There was no one in sight, and close at hand was the magnolia tree, where the falling limbs made the Ogre's den. There he went that he might modestly kneel unseen. That is how the Boy found the beautiful necklace. He gave one whoop; then, "Thank you, God," he said politely, and ran full-tilt to throw the treasure in the Littlest Girl's lap.

"There, take your old necklace!" he said.

You see he was only a Boy after all.

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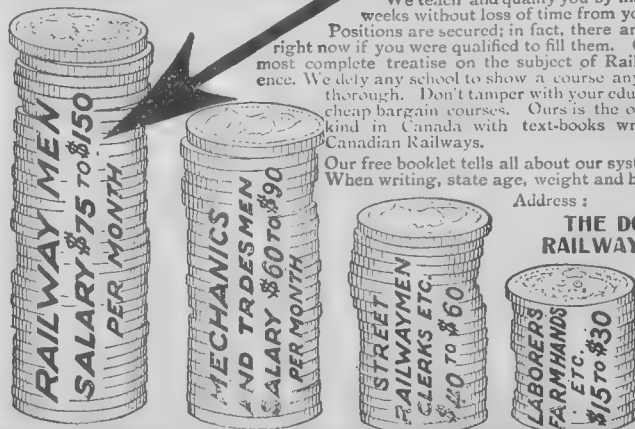
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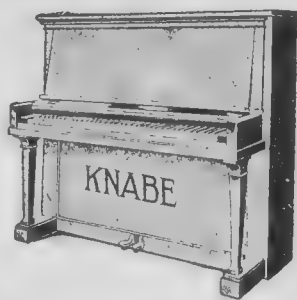
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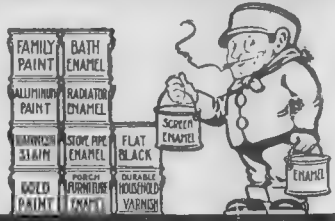
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My Life.—By a Dreadnought.

Ere a single stroke was made in my actual construction, vast numbers of men had been busy for many months. Plans of all shapes and sizes were prepared by skillful draughtsmen. These men knew nothing except the small portion of the plans upon which they were engaged. By these means there could be no possible leakage of secrets.

After the plans had been prepared, various drawings were made, from which a paraffin-wax model about 14 ft. long was constructed. This model was towed through a special experimental tank, and its behavior carefully noted.

When everything was in order, the plans were taken into a big room called the "mould-loft," on the floor of which they were drawn full size. Very flexible wood was cut and bent exactly to the plans—shaped in such a way that if all the pieces of wood had been fitted together, a full-sized model of the battleship would have resulted. The moulds were then taken to pieces and sent to the various workshops so that the steel-work could be constructed.

The costly portions were my plating and guns. The armor-plates cost something like £2,500 each. In fact, a large ship will require quite 4,500 tons of the plating, which is valued at £120 a ton. Then quite a fifth of the cost of a big ship when in commission will be absorbed by the gun machinery.

Before work was begun on me all this plating had to be collected, and the work had to be begun on the gun machinery. As soon as the work did start, however, it seemed to progress fast.

Born Amid Thunder.

First my keel was laid, and then, as if by magic, the sides sprang up, until, in a few months, I might have struck the observer as being nearly finished, though a vast amount of work had yet to be done. There were thousands of men at work all around me, hammering and clattering, as I grew in size and weight.

Surrounding me were a hundred great workshops, filled with masses of whirring machinery, engaged in making all manner of things to enter into my composition. Huge mangles pressed thick steel plates between their rollers. Machines were drilling holes through steel at the rate of nearly five inches a minute.

Here were gangs of men punching the rivet holes in the steel; there were others bending the heavy metal into all manner of shapes. About me were lines of rails on which travelled locomotives dragging ponderous masses of metal.

On my sides there clustered hundreds of men driving the metal home, while dotted all about were little furnaces. While there was so much noise and ceaseless activity, there was no confusion, and thus it was that I grew so rapidly, towering far above the yard on the slips over which I was to pass when my shell was finished.

Then came the great day when I was ready for launching.

Amidst a thousand hurrahs, I slowly went down the incline, after the props that held me in position had been knocked aside. Faster and faster I rushed to the water which was to be my home, my speed being checked as I entered it by means of heavy chains and what not. I was afloat at last.

A vast amount of work had still to be done. My engines and boilers had to be shipped and fitted, and so had all manner of machinery, including that to work the guns—a pair of which, with their mountings, etc., alone weighed some 500 tons.

There came a day at last when the work was finished, and I went on my trial runs. These being successful, I was handed over to the naval authorities, and commissioned as a Dreadnought.

Japan's Wondrous Garden.

The spring and summer in Japan is full of picturesque beauty, and yields an atmosphere of delicious comfort. The skies drop gladness and the earth teems with loveliness. Its garden pictures are changing as a kaleidoscope. The terraced hillsides rank with verdure, vie with wheat-fields bending 'neath their load of grain; some just cut and supplanted by rice, in fields flooded with water, while others, green with tender shoots, are ready for transplanting. When the seasons are unusually dry nothing is left to suffer. The reservoirs are so large, and the irrigating system so complete, that Japan's wondrous garden smiles on beneath scorching rays.

The trees of Japan are a wonder. Here is the "mockungi," with its purple bell-shaped flowers; also the magnolia, with its rich white and purple clusters. Queen among the trees towers the camellia. Some of these are sixty feet high, and are covered with blossoms from January to May, of many varieties, from the large pure white, resembling a double rose, to the various shades of pink and red. The cherry and plum trees are cultivated solely for their blossoms, and are trees of rare beauty. The former grows thirty feet high and as many broad, its branches are covered with red and white flowers, two inches in diameter, and perfuming the air at a great distance. Its petals of snow and cream falling in showers, spread many a carpet for the feet on the stone-paths leading to the temples, verifying the native poet when he says, "There are snow showers which do not descend from the skies." The plum-tree is par excellence the poet's tree. Often it is seen standing leafless in the snow, yet adorned with blossoms like a bride. The tree bursts into soft clouds of bloom and fragrance in February, but without leaves.

Along the hill-sides maples and pines are covered with vines of exquisite loveliness, trailing and intertwining with bewildering intricacy; among these are the wisteria and thumbergia, with their purple stars and tufts. From the verdant valleys to the tops of the mountains are seen lilies, pinks, and roses of endless variety. The grass is studded, and flowers spring even from the quaint, artistic, thatched roofs of the tea-houses, asking leave only to grow and bless the light. These tea-houses seem idyllic. They are a national institution, for they are everywhere, as the people are everywhere; along the city streets, by the roadside, in the groves, woods, parks, valleys and, up the mountain-side.

The Kite Over the Steeple.

By James Buckham

The wind was strong on the common, and after school Sidney Barnes took his four-foot kite out there to fly it. The kite went up with that steady, soaring and strong, even pull that a boy loves. It was none of your fickle, gusty winds that was blowing, a wind that will sweep a kite up with a rush, and then drop it as if in sport and let it pitch headlong to the ground. This was a strong, even northwest wind that you could depend on—a bit chilly, but splendid for kite-flying; and Sidney's heart glowed, as he watched his four-footer climb up over the trees and the tops of the highest blocks, until it finally hung like a great poising eagle in the deep blue of the sky.

As the boy watched it, he became aware of another interesting sight, up there in the blue depths of air—a steeplejack sitting on a tiny neck-lace of scaffolding just below the gilt ball and weather-vane of the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church—the tallest steeple in the city by fifty feet. The man was repair-

ing the tin sheathing, and swinging, his feet as carelessly and unconcernedly as if it were no more than twelve feet from the ground.

"A thousand dollars wouldn't hire me to sit up there like that," thought Sidney. "It makes me dizzy and faint just to look at him."

The boy removed his eyes from the man on the steeple, and fixed them upon his kite, which was doing its best to break away from the restraining string and plunge into a white cloud that hung high above it. When he glanced again at the steeple, he saw something that whitened his cheek and made his heart give a great, choking leap into his throat.

In that brief interval of time while Sidney's eyes had been withdrawn, the frail scaffolding on which the steeplejack was sitting somehow collapsed, and the man was now hanging suspended by the safety-rope, which was looped around the neck of the steeple above him. The rope was attached to a belt buckled around his waist; and the belt, drawing up under the armpits, held him close against the steeple, so that he could not look down, or in any direction except over his shoulder. He had managed to draw his handkerchief from his hip-pocket, and was fluttering it as a signal of distress.

The man's terrible predicament soon attracted attention, and Sidney saw people streaming from all directions toward the church in the square. His first impulse was to let his kite go, and run with the crowd. Then the thought came to him, "Possibly the kite might be of some use, if I could get it over there. I could send a message up the string anyway, if they wanted to get word to the man."

The kite was tugging hard in a southeasterly direction, toward the steeple, and fortunately the broad mall across the common led in the same direction. Sidney with some difficulty got his kite-string safely into the mall, and began carrying it toward the steeple. People running to the scene saw what he was trying to do, and gave him a clear path. In less than five minutes he was out in the square, and his kite-string was streaming up across the southern face of the steeple. The crowd saw the kite and the swaying string, and cheered. As yet nothing else, apparently, was being done to save the life of the helplessly swinging man up there in mid-air. But of what use could a mere kite-string be, in the hands of an excited boy?

Someone suddenly touched Sidney on the shoulder. It was a man, carrying a bit of stout cord in his hand. "Bring your kite-string across him, if you can," said the man, "so it'll touch him and he can get hold of it. That's right. Now bear away to the left—a little more—hold on! It's rubbing against him. Tom! Tom! Get hold of it!"

The man's stentorian shout rang above the murmurs of the breathless crowd, and the steeplejack heard. He put out one hand behind him and caught hold of the tugging string. The man with the cord cut the kite-string below Sidney's hands and tied his cord to the dangling end. "Now let the cord run up to him," he said, "while I run for a rope. Tom! We're sending you up a cord."

The large kite, tugging skyward out beyond the steeple, quickly carried up the cord that was attached to the kite-string. The steeple-jack let the string run through his hand. He knew just what was being done, for he had seen the soaring, tugging kite far up in the blue sky. When the large cord reached him he lifted it to his teeth, bit off the kite-string and let the kite go drifting and pitching down over the city roofs. Sidney finally saw it plunge and disappear. Its work was done, and done better than any other mechanical agency could have done it.

In less than three minutes the man who knew what to do was back with a coil of rope from a nearby hardware store. He cut the cord from the ball, tied rope to the free end, and called to the man on the steeple

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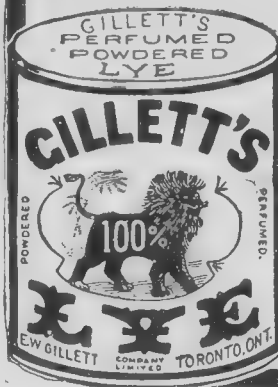
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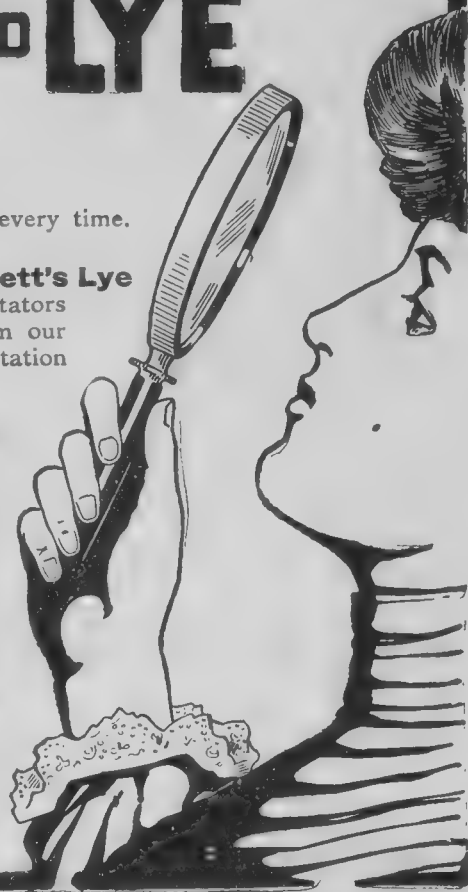
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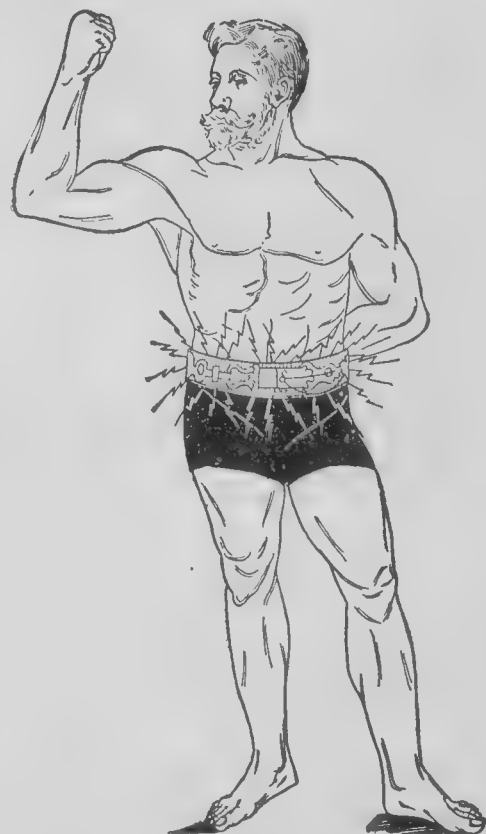
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I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 88, WINDSOR, Ont.**

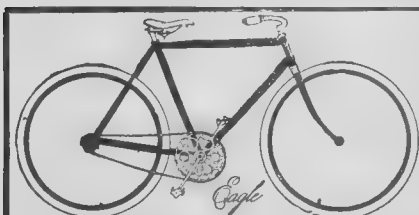
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to pull up. The steeplejack drew up the rope, took it in his teeth, mounted the safety rope, hand over hand, until he was high enough to pass the other rope around the steeple. Then he made a slip-noose, hung on to the second rope with one arm and the grasp of both knees until he could unbuckle the belt and loose himself from the safety rope, and then slid down until he reached the ridge of the roof of the base of the steeple. Here he sat astride and waved his hand to the crowd. The cheer that went up then was heard a mile away!

It was an easy trip down the ladders by which the steeplejack had previously reached the base of the steeple, and in a very short time he stood on solid ground once more, and was grasping the hand of his fellow workman, the man who had known what to do and how to do it.

"But it might have been all day with you, Tom," said his friend, "if it hadn't been for the boy with the kite. Where is that kid? Come here, boy! Tom wants to show you what a man's handshake is like when he gives it to the fellow that's saved him from a horrible death."

Polly's Lesson.

By Alice V. L. Carrick

She was always forgetting something, this little Polly girl—her errands, her library books, or the things she had promised her mother she would surely do. And yet, when she did remember what she had forgotten, she was always so sorry and so willing to make amends that no one could be angry with her very long. But at last, after she had forgotten her arithmetic for the fourth time, the teacher, Miss Gray, said, "I am going to make a new rule. Any girl who forgets to bring her books or her lunch or her sewing must stay for an hour after school, and besides that, the class cannot have their story read aloud to them that day. So you will punish all the rest as well as yourself."

When Miss Gray said this, there was a sigh that ran all around the room, for the tale which was read aloud to them during the sewing hour was a very precious treat indeed. For a long time, that is, almost a week, things went well. No one forgot anything, and Miss Gray began to think that she had never planned anything better than this little scheme.

The trouble first began in the geography class. The children were looking at the map of Africa—Africa, that had always seemed so far away and so strange with its thick jungles, its deserts and its elephants. All they knew of it was summed up in the pictures at the beginning of the page—a ruined temple shaded with palm-trees, a tremendous elephant chasing a negro, and camels and the Pyramids. So when Polly eagerly waved her hand until Miss Gray could not help seeing, and said, "My brother has two stones that came from an African temple. Would you like me to bring them this afternoon to show to the class?" Miss Gray was very much pleased, and some of the other girls looked just a wee bit envious.

Mamie Taylor leaned far out in the aisle to whisper, "I don't believe you've got any such things."

But Polly was just too sure to argue. "You just wait until this afternoon," she replied, and then Miss Gray rapped on the desk, and said, "No more communication, please!"

When school was out Polly ran down the street as fast as she could. "O mother," she cried, as soon as she reached the sitting-room, "can I take them to school this afternoon? Those stones from the African temple that Ned has in his mineral cabinet?" She ran to open the cabinet door.

"These. These shiny ones," she said, holding up something that glittered. Her mother tried not to smile. "Little girl, I think that brother must have been joking. Those are only pieces of quartz that Ned picked up at grandpa's farm. Why, what's the matter?" she cried, for

Polly had broken out sobbing, "I wanted to take them with me this afternoon, and show them to the other girls!" she wailed. "I don't want to go back! I don't want to tell them!"

Mrs. Edgerly had hard work to persuade a little, tearful, red-eyed girl who had eaten no dinner to pick up her satchel and return to school. "Just tell Miss Gray that you were mistaken, and I'm sure she will not mind in the least," she told Polly.

But all the school children seemed to have come early that afternoon, and there was no chance to speak to Miss Gray. So Polly sat quietly unhappy in her seat, trying her best to be very busy and not to notice the little whispers, "Let us see them, Polly," that came from all the desks near her.

When Miss Gray said, "Now, children, you may open your geographies at page one hundred and four; we are going to study a little more about Africa this afternoon," Polly's heart sank way down, as far as a heart ever goes. Miss Gray went steadily on: "Polly has brought something to show us this afternoon, I think. Come, Polly, we are all ready to see the stones from the wonderful African temple you told us about."

Polly's face flushed harder than ever. "I haven't got them," she whispered, huskily.

"Haven't them?" asked the teacher; and then, because it was Polly, Polly who never remembered, she said, "How did you forget them? Stay after school, and, children, since one of the scholars has forgotten what she promised to bring, we can have no reading aloud to-day. Betty Judd, name the largest river in Africa."

The afternoon dragged just as the morning had, only at the end there was to be no happy running home, no thinking of showing her treasures to the other girls. But when the sewing time came, and there was no fairy-tale to make the long seams shorter, poor Polly's head went down on her desk, and the tears that she had kept back all the afternoon began to come. Miss Gray, who knew that the little girl's worst fault was forgetfulness, and was sure that the soft little heart was sorry already, went to sit by her.

"O Miss Gray," sobbed Polly, "they weren't stones from Africa! They weren't stones from anything at all except grandpa's farm in New Hampshire. Brother was just fooling with me, and I felt so ashamed that I couldn't tell you out loud before them all."

And Miss Gray, who remembered what it had felt like to be a little girl, said, smoothing her hair all the time, "Shan't we tell them, Polly, dear, and let them see that it was a mistake and not forgetfulness? Then they shall hear the story, and no one can blame you."

So Polly wiped her eyes, comforted already, and Miss Gray told the scholars about the mistake. After this Polly needed no further lesson, nor did anyone think of calling her "Miss Forgetfulness."

PETE, THE CIRCASSIAN HORSE

(Continued from Page 6.)

be long before Pete was a hairless attraction.

I was rubbing away with the brush at Pete's side when my father entered the barn. He walked around Pete and examined him carefully.

"Huh!" he said; "he looks better." He went out and a little later he returned with Miggs, our grocer, and before me he completed a bargain by which Miggs became the owner of the recent Circassian horse for fifteen dollars.

As my father rolled up the money and put it in his pocket, Miggs glanced around the barn, and his eye alighted on the currycomb.

"Does the currycomb go with the bargain?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said my father very goodnaturedly. "Take it along!" And I had paid for it!

The Home Doctor.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Now begins the season for children's diseases and the following information will be of great value to mothers.

Nursing.

If a mother can nurse the child the problem of nourishment is easily solved. Sometimes, however, the mother's milk is not suitable and a substitute must be found. If the baby is being nursed, it should be fed once in two hours during the day, and six at night. If fed too often the baby cries. That is not to be interpreted as a demand for more food. The baby should not be disturbed when asleep. If the mother's milk is insufficient, food should be given between each nursing. The mother should live on milk, cocoa, good soup, meat and fresh vegetables, as well as cereals. If the baby cries after feeding or throws up the milk curdled and sour, the digestion is faulty. It will be well to give two teaspoonfuls of lime water just before nursing and one or two after nursing. Mothers should notice the effect of foods they eat upon the baby and should be guided accordingly. After six months a child should gain a pound a month.

Feeding.

The food which the child most easily digests is the best. Cow's milk, when properly prepared, is the best substitute for mother's milk. It is slightly acid but this can be corrected by adding a little limewater. Here is a good recipe: Cream, 2 tablespoonfuls; milk, one tablespoonful; limewater, 2 tablespoonfuls; milk, sugar, water, 3 tablespoonfuls. Give one-quarter every two hours in day, and two or three times at night for first week. Gradually increase the amount. At two months the child can take all. The proportions at three months will be: Milk, 3; cream, 1; limewater, 1; sugar-water, 3. At five months the proportions will be: Milk, 5; cream, 1; sugar-water, 3; limewater 0. After 5 months the amount of milk may be increased.

Limewater.

One ounce lime. Place in quart cold water which has been boiled. Shake until dissolved. Stand for 12 hours. Pour top into another bottle so as not to disturb sediment.

Barley-water.

When the recipe above does not suit, the child may require barley-water. Take 2 teaspoonfuls pearl barley. Wash. Put in double boiler, in one pint water. Boil two hours. Use barley-water instead of limewater and sugar-water; and sweeten with a tiny pinch of dry sugar of milk.

Peptonized Milk.

This is milk which is partially digested before being taken. The pre-digesting of food has saved many lives. Every druggist keeps the peptonizing agent with directions for use.

Sterilized Milk

There is so much impure milk that it should be sterilized. Heat to 180 degrees for 15 minutes. It will then keep for 24 hours. The flavor is not destroyed. Patent sterilizers may be bought and are very convenient. The mother should know for certain that the child has pure milk. Even filtering is better than nothing.

Giving Food.

The bottle should be held so that the top is well-filled with milk. If air is sucked in, stomach-ache may result. After eating, child should be

placed on right side for one hour, then turned to left side. This ensures digestion and prevents deformity.

Water.

Give plenty. A young baby should have a teaspoonful several times a day and the quantity should be gradually increased. If water is impure, boil. After boiling shake in a jar or pitcher to remove flatness.

Diarrhoea.

Look to the food. Wash the bottle. Sterilize the milk. Boil the water. Omit cream for a day or two and increase the limewater. Even stop milk, if necessary, and give limewater. If no improvement, get the doctor. With older children wrong food is usually the cause. Give castor oil. Afterwards light diet, as arrowroot, sago, biscuit or crackers, gruel, boiled custard.

A Nice Little Story.

The following story is true in every particular so far as the food is concerned. The names of the several persons are likewise accurate.

Once upon a time when traveling in Tartary in my diamond chariot with twelve snow-white steeds, I was invited to tarry over night with a prince. His name was Smith—Bob Smith. He had five sons and two daughters—Eunice, Jonathan, Patience, Asa, Benjamin, Israel, and Bob, Jr. As the sun went down behind the Carpathian Mountains, we sat down to our evening meal. When I tell you what they ate, you will readily believe that these Smiths were regular Tartars. We had hot soda biscuits and butter, fried pork, fried potatoes, apple pie, doughnuts, preserved plums and green tea.

The royal children were able, on account of the great variety, to eat a hearty supper. If there had been but a single article they would have eaten but little; but taking a few mouthfuls of each, they were enabled to consume a large quantity.

Of these seven royal children every one had discolored and decayed teeth and they all carried a general look of stomach and nerves. During the evening, while the Grand Princess was pepperminting Prince Bob for a pain under his apron, the Grand Prince and I fell into friendly chat about the health of the young Princes and Princesses. I humbly begged permission to speak. His Royal Highness was so condescending as to assure me that I might discourse without reserve.

Thus encouraged, I delivered myself of the following:

If your Royal Highness will observe Prince Ben's mouth you will discover a foul cavity. His teeth are black and decayed. I am sure his mouth smells as it looks. The mouths of the other Princes and Princesses are ditto. Now, if your Imperial Magnificence will go out on your estate and examine the Imperial young animals of all sorts, you will find their mouths clean and sweet.

If your Resplendent Eminence will bring your gorgeous brain to bear on the subject, you will conclude that this curious difference between the Royal young inside your house and the Royal young outside, comes of good food in one case, and of abominable compounds in the other.

His Royal Highness was good enough to say that if I would mark out the right course they would follow it. I did it.

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In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgements of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world, I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, Mrs. E. H. F.

Receiving as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable, almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific, remedy, and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

Free Trial Offer

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the organs, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3-cent stamps, MRS. FRANCES Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

WHY THE HOT SULPHUR MAIL WAS LATE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

day, facing his enemy — that enemy now harmless, but all powerful if free. Why reverse their positions. Black Jack looked at the Range ahead. It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Sullivan — silent, waiting Sullivan—then at the empty hole, spotted with his own blood. Why not kill him quickly? One thrust and the cold-tortured man would be out of his misery—surely an act of mercy. Was not this enough? The reckless, murderous robber, careless of life and death, hunted by seventy-two millions, a bounty on his head, thoroughly understood the situation. So did his victim. The camp-robber flickered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the pine tops, looked again at the Range, stiffened to his feet, picked up the bowie glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing Sullivan.

"I would not trade places with you," came from the carrier's lips; but the murderer was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Black Jack took the knife by the blade and handed it to Sullivan.

The carrier tried to speak. Black Jack smiled, and with wooden fingers fumbled for his pipe. Sullivan bent into the hole to hide his tears—and to work. A half hour and Black Jack pulled the carrier from the hole. A

Jump 'em, and a week from now you'll cross the Rio Grande—*quien sabe?* Go to the Three Triangle outfit in Chihuahau; tell the foreman—Pete Miller he is known by down there—I sent you, and he'll give you a job puching. He'll do it 'cause I snaked him out of the Grand two years ago with his chaps on and she was boom-in'—runnin' ice. I'd help you to fish out those webs, but I've got a case of cold feet, and guess I'll have to quits ya."

"Your foot's frozen, ain't it? And I reckon I'd better be goin' a piece back with you," said Black Jack.

"No; no need of that; only frosted; all right now. I can stump it in all right. These Dutch socks 'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. You've no time to lose, pardner, so adios. Good luck to you. And—"—Sullivan stopped embarrassed—"and—if I were you, I'd quit this business. Don't pay."

"You're right. I made up my mind to that in the hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't—you—" Black Jack left the sentence as it was, but Sullivan knew. He gripped the desperado's hand again; but its five bloody fingers made him think of five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," the carrier replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then with the knife held like a sword, Sullivan saluted the other and left him. Black Jack's face was working, but he said nothing. At the edge of the timber Sullivan turned and once more waved the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. Then Sullivan passed beneath the pines.

Three hours late the carrier limped into Chipmunk's. Ten feet of snow on the level had buried the station in December; only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Sullivan had been thinking; the inevitable reaction had set in and he staggered under his load, for it seemed to him as if that sack contained the mail of the whole nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was divided against itself, for the carrier was an honest man. One word to those in the cabin and by midnight Black Jack, the most dangerous mail robber in the United States, would be behind the bars.

Sullivan opened the hinge-complaining door. Ganson was swearing—had been for two hours.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"Think I'm agoin' to hold that team here a week and drive it all night, with the spirit thermometer fifty-two below at the Springs this mornin'? If I miss the Colter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat-ax for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a mowing-machine had been havin' an argument."

"Oh, nothin'," said Sullivan. "Bucked into a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed, and I lost most of my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of bumps and such things, besides a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess its delayed in Denver; or else good people don't mail papers in the winter time. See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla! I want you to let up on trapping along my trail. I don't like it. Found a marten in one of your infernal machines, and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles somewheres off into the timber. I don't want any more of it."

"Well, adios, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time—perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance, sure. Ask the Colter schoolmarm to save me a waltz. Sure, now! Ta-ta."

"Say, Chip! Get a wiggle on ya. Got any coffee? I'm tired." And Sullivan lifted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. He soon had the coffee boiling.



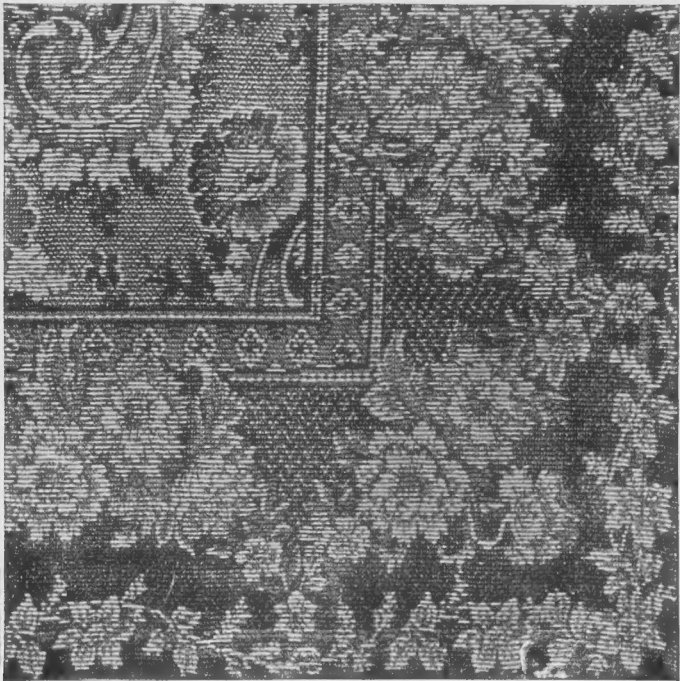
"Leave Him There—Why Not?"

minute more and the two men, the morally white with black spots, the morally black with white spots, stood face to face. Sullivan put out his hand. Black Jack took it.

"Pardner, you're a square man. Thanks. Here"—Sullivan peeled off his fur jacket, his cap, and his overshoes—"take these, and this," added the carrier, as he handed the robber two bills and some silver. Then he hesitated—but with a jerk unbuckled his cartridge belt and, with its holster full of snow, gave it to Black Jack. "You'll find the gun in the hole: I felt it with my foot. Don't use it unless you have to. She's sighted to a hair, and has a soft trigger—but I want this knife. Good-by. Mexico is the place for you. Less snow 'there.'"

—Both men smiled grimly.—"Take straight down the gulch on the other side; it'll be frozen by the time you get there. A freight is due at Empire at two in the morning—usually late, though. You can make it if you hump yourself. The shoes are in the hole there. I kicked them off. Eat that bacon when you get on top; it'll help limber up your legs. Leave the trucks at the mouth of the cañon—she slows up there for the switch—for Golden is right ahead, and your picture is in the post-office. Cut to your right across the saddleback, which you'll see about four miles to the southeast; then straight on south-east fifteen or twenty miles, and you'll hit the Santa Fe tracks going south."

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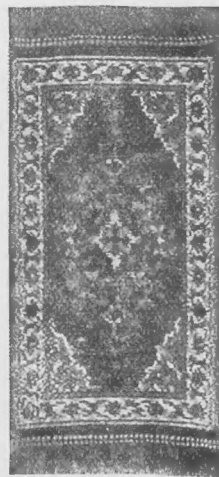


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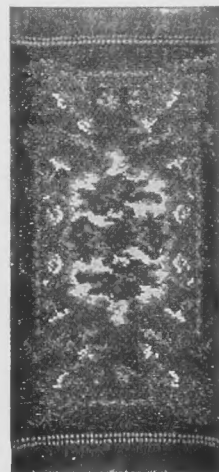
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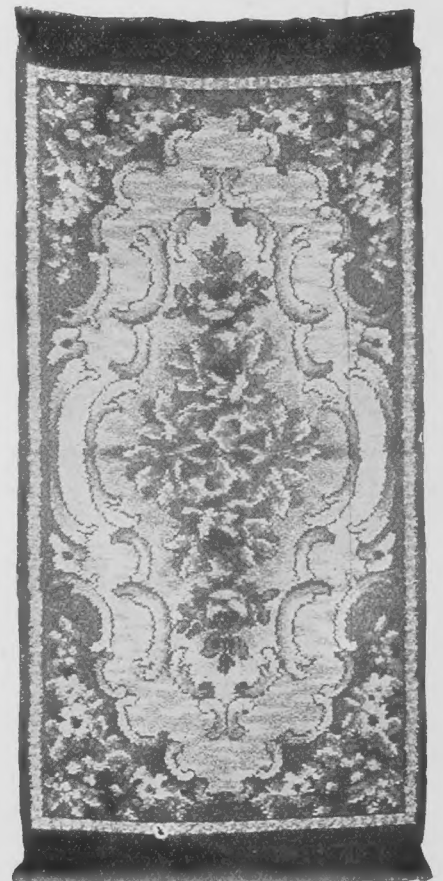
MADE IN TWO SIZES.

30x60 in. free for 800 wrappers

18x33 in. " " 350 "



Free for 350 Wrappers



Free for 800 Wrappers

The Coupons off **GOLDEN WEST SOAP** are accepted at the same value as Royal Crown Coupons

Address **The Royal Crown Soaps Limited**

Premium Department,

Desk No. 1

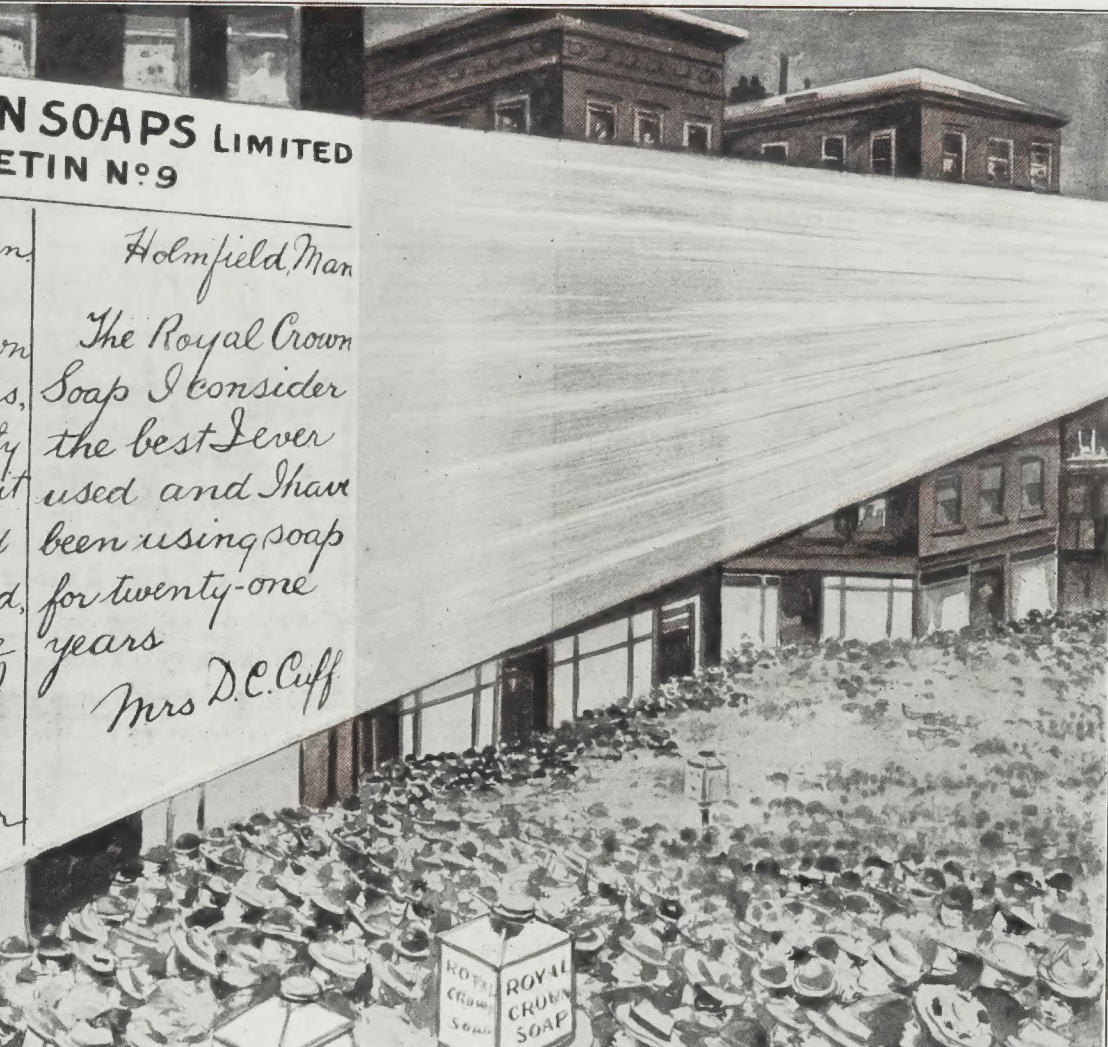
Winnipeg, Manitoba

ROYAL CROWN SOAP

SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR PREMIUMS, SEND FOR OUR LIST,
MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED
BULLETIN N° 9

<i>Letellier, Man.</i> I have used your Royal Crown Soap for two years, and I can honestly say that I like it the best of any soap I ever used, not only for the laundry but I like it for the bath. <i>Mrs. Stouffer</i>	<i>Holmfild, Man.</i> The Royal Crown Soap I consider the best I ever used and I have been using soap for twenty-one years. <i>Mrs D.C. Cuff</i>
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FOR HARD WATER

MADE FROM A SPECIAL FORMULA FOR THE HARD WATER OF THIS COUNTRY

FROM A TEST (6 Bars of Royal Crown Soap will do more work than 8 Bars of Ordinary Soap.)

MADE ONLY BY THE **ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED.**

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WINNIPEG.

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